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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 3, 1937.

G.P.O., Sydney, for
sale by newspapers.

Published in Every State

PRICE 3d



IN DEFENCE OF WORKING WIVES . . .

When Husband and Wife Go Out to Earn the Family Fortunes

Here is a provocative new angle on that much-discussed question, "Should Married Women Have Jobs?"

In defence of working wives, one of them has written to *The Australian Women's Weekly* to show how, in her case, it has been to the benefit of the community.

She contradicts the widely-held theory that married women in jobs deprive men of work. Her experiences and arguments are set out below. Do you agree with what she says?

By FEMINA

I AM an office employee with a husband and two children, and we live in a flat in a city suburb.

The family income amounts to about £500 a year, of which my husband's earnings represent about two-thirds.

Anyone can grasp the significance to the family of a fifty per cent. increase in family income; the benefit to the community is less apparent.

There is an impression abroad that working married women spend the whole of their wages on dress and personal embellishment, giving employment only to an increased number of women.

I propose to show that I, and probably most other working wives, have helped quite substantially and directly to give employment to men.

Industry Benefits

SOON after I commenced work my husband found himself able, for the first time in our married life, to afford made-to-measure clothes.

He previously had to be content with ready-to-wear suits, which are made mostly by women; but high-class tailoring to measure is done almost entirely by men.

Thus, though no actual increase in employment is represented, the balance of employment has been transferred to men at greatly enhanced wages.

Our next venture was a motor car, a thing quite beyond my husband's means and only made possible by my earnings.



BABIES OR A CAREER—or both? A wife, a worker, and a mother, the author of this article defends the principle of married women seeking employment if they so choose.

The manufacture, sale and servicing of cars is, of course, entirely in the hands of men.

Recently we have been able to re-furnish our home throughout. In Australia, at any rate, timber-working, cabinet-making and furniture sales are exclusive to men, and this also is a field of increased spending impossible on my husband's income and resulting directly from my earning.

Why cabinet-making should be wholly a masculine trade I cannot understand.

It would be ideal for strong, healthy women; indeed, I hanker after some such trade for my own daughter who shows no aptitude for any sedentary employment, and would be most unhappy in an office or shop.

Actually, there are no manual trades left for women who in the centuries before the mechanisation of industry performed somewhere about half of the much heavier manual labor of those days.

mechanisation, not to mention the lightening of labor involved.

Every woman's trade of a hundred years ago—spinning, weaving, dyeing, tanning, baking, brewing, butter and cheese-making, jam-making and many others—has been mechanised and transferred to men at much higher wages, whereupon men howl that women are "taking men's jobs" because they must enter new and less suitable fields.

It will be noticed that men do not hanker after women's jobs until they have been made comparatively easy and profitable.

Any kind of filthy, underpaid slavery is left to women without any protest that they are "doing a man out of a job."

Why It Is Possible

WITH all our increased expenditure, my husband and I have found it possible to make savings and investments; so far giving employment only to bank clerks and insurance officials, but we hope at some not distant date to employ a share-broker.

It will be noted that if I were a single woman, none of the avenues of increased expenditure indicated would be possible to my single wages.

It is only the fact that I am a married woman worker with an earning husband that has made possible the increased employment of men which I have related.

My husband's earnings alone would cover none of the fields mentioned; they are possible only because of our combined earnings.

It must appear that, though the intentions of a working wife may be just as selfish as those of any single working girl or any stay-at-home wife, the net outcome of her enterprise is real benefit to the community in the way of increased work for men.

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Easier Housework

MOST of the housework we do ourselves; it was endless drudgery when I performed it alone, but four of us make fun of it.

Now and again I telephone a cleaning agency, and around come two men with a vacuum cleaner, and spring-clean the place and shampoo the carpets.

In this matter I feel somewhat guilty that I am defrauding of a job one of those good women who, before the mechanisation of cleaning, wore out their poor bodies chasing dirt for such a paltry reward.

Surely civilisation could have done better by charwomen; they might have been trained in mechanical cleaning and allowed to benefit from the enhanced earnings consequent on

Tactful Technique for Modern Girls

When should a girl give a man the "cold shoulder"?

It's a problem officially recognised in the United States, where the National Youth Administration is giving girls special lessons in the art of tactfully rejecting amorous advances and "dates."

ALTHOUGH specially designed for waitresses, the course is advocated for girls in other professions and careers.

The classes have been exceedingly popular.

"The girls are taught to take care of themselves," said Helen N. Gillin, of the National Youth Administration, explaining the scheme.

"Although we do not intend to have our graduates go into restaurants, we will teach them how to reject requests for 'dates' without angering customers."

The basic principle of rejection, attractive Miss Gillin explained, is that commonly known as the "cold shoulder."

"First the girl will be told to judge the man," she said. "She should determine whether he is merely being facetious or whether he is in earnest."

"In either case, the girls will be taught that the normal attitude in such cases will be one of calm, smiling, unexpressed ridicule."

In cases where a girl may want to accept a date, Miss Gillin advises them to "Use a little discretion."

Let's Talk G.

Interesting People



—Broomston.

Greatly Honored

DR. MARY HAM, who has been a general practitioner in East Melbourne for ten years, was invested as a Serving Sister of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem recently.

The Governor of Victoria, Lord Huntingfield, performed the investiture on behalf of King George VI, who is Sovereign Head of the order—one of the oldest in the Empire.



Leading Expedition

DR. C. T. MADIGAN, lecturer in Geology at the Adelaide University, has led geological expeditions into Central Australia every year since 1927. He went recently to the interior to make a geological examination of the Hay River district.

This area was explored by Winnecke in 1882, and has not been visited by geologists since. Dr. Madigan is a keen supporter of the Boy Scout Movement.



—Poulson.

Tennis Champion

QUEENSLAND'S tennis circles regret that popular Mrs. B. H. Molesworth is to make her home in Sydney towards the end of this year. Her tennis victories are many. Perhaps her greatest triumphs were in 1922 and 1923, when she won the Australian singles championship.

Another triumph was in 1913 when, as Miss Mutch, she won the metropolitan singles championship, and in 1914 she shared the Queensland mixed doubles title with J. Radcliffe.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

FOLIES BERGERES for AUSTRALIA?



BLONDES AND BRUNETTES. Five of the 50 American beauties who are about to tour the Australian States.

Near-Nude Show Brings French Atmosphere to the Sydney Stage

Stage nudity, traditional in Paris, lately exploited to the limit in New York, and now stirring up controversy in London, is coming to Sydney.

The Marcus Show, a New York revue, in which many acts are displays of the feminine form in elaborate settings and little or no clothes, will open its Australian season at the Theatre Royal on July 14, afterwards going to the other capitals.

THE Marcus Show contains no Strip-tease acts. It is more like the glamorous confessions of Ziegfeld, but with nude appeal added.

Already brochures have been handed out to Sydney theatre-goers, advertising the Marcus show and including pictures of several scantily clad show-girls who appear in it.

Let us quote from this brochure a few facts about the new show, written in that colorful idiom that only theatrical publicity men can master:

"Indicating the pretentious nature of the Marcus Show, one-fifth of the stage space on the Avon, when it arrived in New Zealand (where the show appeared before coming here) was occupied by lavish scenery, stage accoutrements, lighting equipment and personal baggage. One-third of the passenger equipment was occupied by the artists.

"The Marcus Show has always been identified with spectacle. At more

than 30 diverse incidents, five are outstanding visual achievements. In 'Birdland,' for instance, eight Marcus Peaches, representing canaries, perform a hazardous routine while poised on trapezes high above the stage. Below, the avian effect is completed, where a score of figurantes, garbed in the features of various birds, strut behind the golden bars of a huge cage.

"'Maid of Silver' is a gorgeous sight. Beautiful girls, symbolising the precious metals of the earth . . . thousands of yards of rich, silver-embroidered draperies . . . an appearance of a sensational dancer, clad only in a film of metal pigment . . . the dazzlingly lovely nude in the ascending curtain . . ."

We learn from this brochure that the girls include many nationalities, from the distinguished cantatrice Argentine, Benorita Sophia Alvarez, and Sara Obovov, the Russian beauty, to Nita Lopez, a Mexican girl.

Nita appears on the brochure

cover nude except for a fur collar and muff, 'Bobby Hugonot,' who is described as French, and dear, simple little Agnes McAffery, just listed as "one of the fifty nifty female members of the entourage of 100."

Another (anonymous) young lady pictured in merely a tulle drape is captioned, "A dainty piece of baggage who graces the Marcus Show."

ACCORDING to the Wellington (N.Z.) "Post," the Marcus Show was a great success there.

"There is an abundance of girls, all good-looking, attractive in face and figure, especially in figure, of which they displayed much, even when they wore anything more opaque than celophane.

The show went on . . . with a snap and vim that by comparison made other shows to which Wellington has been accustomed seem slow, dull, and vapid."

This invasion of Australia's theatrical traditions by French ideas of entertainment will take place, singularly enough, on July 14, which happens to be the date on which the French revolutionaries stormed the Bastille. Will the show cause a theatrical revolution here?

The French are a people to whom morality and respectability are ex-

Results of our S.P. ballot will appear in next week's issue.

remely important, despite what foreigners may think.

But their moral code is peculiarly their own, and it does not in the least interfere with their love of gaiety, and their frank admission of sex-appeal as a feature of entertainment.

For that matter, sex-appeal has, for half a century at least, been a dominant motive in English revues, music-hall shows, and musical comedies—but it has been handled with strict discretion.

Not so in Paris. The Parisian says—if feminine allure is permissible, then let us exploit every phase of it, elaborate it, make a cult of it.

The English have been content to go on from generation to generation with nothing more provocative than rows of buxom ballet-girls in lights and frilly skirts high-kicking across the footlights.

The Parisians have, in such shows as the Folies Bergeres, exploited actual nudity, costume so designed as to be more suggestive than nudity could ever be, and sensuous allure in posture, gesture, and the dance.

Other nations have frowned and clicked their tongues, but millions of tourists have gone to Paris to see these shows. The French police, under pressure from the more rigidly moral sections of the public, have periodically raided the naughtier shows, but in a week or two things have been back as they were.

Paris to America

WITH the rise of the American entertainment colonial, like Ziegfeld, George White, and Earl Carroll, sex-appeal on the stage got a tremendous stimulus. Only a section of Americans could afford to go to Paris, and that not every night, so the smart boys of Broadway brought Paris to America.

But they were smart enough not to forget that America, like England, had a tremendous force of popular respectability to be reckoned with. They got over this with typical American aliveness by capitalising a new idea: feminine beauty.

Parisian entertainers said frankly

to their audiences: you want to get a kick out of pretty girls with not much on, so come along.

Ziegfeld said, "I am glorifying the American girl!"

Ziegfeld went in for stage settings more sumptuous, and in even more appalling taste, than Paris had ever done. Vast stages were packed with masses of opulent, glittering drapery, spangled landscapes shown under limelight moon, Italian gondolas drifted past Austrian castles . . . and always in the foreground were the statuesque figures of the new-type tall show-girls, stripped to mere jewelled jointcloths, but always dignified.

The public went for it in a big way—it gave them sex-appeal with an air of respectability and vulgarism. It got into the films as films grew, and on stage and screen the new cult of "glorified girlhood" spread around the world.

Strip-tease Acts

BUT meantime there were other smart boys on Broadway who knew that a big mass of the public—the tougher type—didn't need all that sentimental hooey around their sex-appeal. In the type of theatre called in New York "Burlesque Shows," and in the profession "Burlesque," they began to put on acts aimed frankly at the provocative and the suggestive.

The latest development of this is the "Strip-tease Act," in which one or more young women undress to dance-music.

As with the "fan-dancers"—nude

NEXT WEEK!

Big Surprise Cooking Issue Something Very Special

dancers protected only by a huge feather fan—public protest was met by the Strip-teasers with an avowal that the act was not the least bit naughty, but was purely artistic.

Three New York Strip-tease girls have even offered to perform their act before three judges in a courtroom in order to prove how innocent and artistic it is.

And now Strip-tease has got into London. There is controversy over it, but it is going on. And with it, many Parisian nude acts are invading London, too. One consists of an "artistic" tableau of three living nudes grouped about a fountain, while a young man in ordinary clothes sits on the rim of the fountain and mimes.

It is all very artistic, very provocative, and great box-office.

AND now the nude show comes to Australia.

How will Australia like it?

NO PLACE Like HOME —Dame Enid Lyons Had a Wonderful Time, But Saw No Pictures or Places

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Dame Enid Lyons is leaving London a disappointed woman.

Not that she has not had a wonderful time and been honored and feted, but she has not been able to do the things she wanted to do—talk around and see the sights and indulge in those simple pleasures so dear to her heart.

DAME ENID had unique opportunities during a most memorable season in London, and because of these she was envied by all other Australian visitors.

But her official engagements occupied so much of her visit that she did not find time for the outings she really enjoys.

For instance, she has never seen the Tower of London, and, consequently, on her return, will not be able to tell round-eyed youngsters of the place where Anne Boleyn walks "With her head tucked underneath her arm."

"Each time I have come to London," Dame Enid told me, "I have been determined to visit the Tower, but Fate seems equally determined that I will not.

"I could not find time either to see Hampton Court or Madame Tus-

sand's or even slip in to see a picture show.

"Really, I envied those Australians who had the leisure to see the landmarks we read so much about.

"Of course I was absolutely thrilled with some of the ceremonies I was privileged to attend, but I suppose one is never satisfied.

"I would have liked to have lingered about on my own and seen many of the things I wasn't able to see.

"When I get back to Australia, I will have plenty to tell, but not the homely experiences others will be able to recount to their families and friends."

Dame Enid said there was one promise she had kept—she had written to her children every week.

"I am most anxious to get home and see them," she concluded. "We have had the most hospitable reception here, but—well, there's no place like home."

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HUNDREDS of people are not themselves—lost unhappy lives, because they allow nervousness, fear of criticism, shyness, and other fears to shape their lives. Yet fears of the future, fears of themselves, fears of others are absolutely unnecessary! If you suffer in this way you can apply a simple method that has changed the lives of hundreds of people. There is no inconsistency, you won't have to wait years for results. Send for this book now; you will be astonished!

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1/1/37.

QUEEN ORDERED *a New* Permanent WAVE But Plan to Change Royal Coiffure Was Rejected

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN, Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly—by Air Mail

Queen Elizabeth has just had a permanent wave—the first she has had since she became Queen.

The royal head was tied up in clamps and pads for some two hours at the palace as beauticians of Emile's, the royal hairdresser, worked nervously over Her Majesty's coiffure.

MR. FRANK, of Emile's staff, an Irishman who is sometimes the Queen's personal operator, supervised the waving.

He made a tentative at-

tempt on this occasion to change Her Majesty's hair style, which has been the same for years, but met with a gentle, firm rebuff.

"I will wear it exactly the

same as before," Elizabeth decreed.

This was the first time the hairdressers have had to leave the shop to permanently wave the Queen's hair.

Her Majesty Helps

WHEN she was Duchess of York she used to come personally to the elaborate shop in Conduit Street, but since she became Queen the hairdressers have had to go to the palace and conduct all beautifying operations in the royal boudoir.

This caused no difficulty while the Queen's hair required only finger-waving, but when she announced she wanted a "perm"—as it is called in England—there was some consternation at Emile's, since it is a major feat to haul a large permanent waving apparatus to the royal castle.

The problem was solved when the



SISTER LINKE, the young nurse who had to hurriedly prepare last week to accompany a patient from Adelaide to New York. (See story below.) —Crown Studio.

Queen consented to have a "machine-less" wave, in which chemical pads take the place of ordinary wires and machinery.

Maids and ladies-in-waiting hovered about as Her Majesty, enveloped from neck to hem in a white barber's

coat, underwent the beautifying ordeal that even queens must go through if they were not born with curly hair.

The Queen to-day is the exact, although more mature, counterpart of herself when she was 14. Her coiffure has altered not a whit since the day she first put it up.

BACKACHE RHEUMATISM

The Danger Signs
of Dire Kidney and
Uric Acid Trouble
conquered!

ONE Remedy that succeeds
where all else fails

Why Harrison's Pills Give Superior Results



It is easy to lull the pain of Rheumatism and other bodily tortures. Aspirin, and many simple pills, will do this. But it is temporary—the cause of the trouble remains and the pain frequently returns.

Harrison's Pills work on different lines. First: They cleanse and soothe the kidneys and urinary tract EFFECTIVELY. This alone gives immediate and exceptionally beneficial relief. Next: they lastingly strengthen the kidney-action. Then: They dissolve the uric acid crystals and deposits that lie along and torture the joints, nerves, and muscles. Finally, they eliminate the danger-elements from the system. Other remedies do not provide the same guaranteed

action and thorough security as Harrison's Pills. No other gives such a quick, safe, completely assured clearing up of all aspects of the trouble in so short a time.

'Life' begins at 40—if Kidneys O.K.

Kidney, Bladder, Uric acid and Urinary Disorders can quickly age you by 10 years or more. To end them means rejuvenation—new vigour—new comfort—new peace at night—new happiness each day. At about 40 years of age, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles start most men and women on the downhill road to premature "old-age." DO YOU KNOW THE "WHYS AND WHEREFORES" OF THIS SERIOUS MATTER? MILLIONS of filter-tubes in your Kidneys, put there to rid you of Acids, Poisons, Germs, must be kept in order—all the time. These vital filters can fall—if they do, misery results. If everyone knew the urgency of keeping the Kidneys well, there would be no neglect of the early signs of Kidney Disorder.

Uric Acid Crystals
like Splintered Glass Tear
NERVES & MUSCLES

With every movement—TORTURE! Tiny pain-points that with every move, make you gasp and limp—waken you, and spoil life. Rheumatism is deadly. It starts with kidney-failure. Cleanse your system of the trouble-causing crystals! Reel your raw, weakened kidneys—by taking Harrison's Pills. This remedy reaches the spot. In quick time, sufferers who have failed to get benefit from other remedies find Harrison's Pills bring grateful ease.



Diagram showing types of Needle-point Uric Acid Crystals

HARRISON'S PILLS

—2½, 3 AND 5— AT ALL CHEMISTS —

WARNING
PAINS
IN
THE
BACK



END
That
PAIN
With
HARRISON'S
PILLS

**WOMEN GET
SPLENDID RESULTS!**

"Dear Sirs.—My daughter has suffered a lot from swollen feet. She tried many other remedies, but obtained no benefit until taking Harrison's Pills. They gave her relief straight away, and we cannot speak too highly of them—they really are wonderful. She has had no recurrence of the trouble. (Signed) O. E. McKELLAR."

MADE HIM A NEW MAN!

"Dear Sirs.—Due to uric acid and severe rheumatism, I was practically dead at 77. In spite of the severity of my trouble, Harrison's Pills have made a new man of me, and I feel not a day older than 75. I have never known any remedy act in such a remarkably beneficial manner. (Signed) S. JACOBSON."

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**IMMEDIATE RESULTS
OR NO COST!**

Either you prove that Harrison's Pills will quickly throw off your aching pains, weakness, stick condition and haggard appearance, giving quick, immediate relief, or the trial costs you nothing! Simply get a package of Harrison's Pills from the nearest chemist. Take as directed, and if not freed from your aches and pains—if not more than pleased with the improvements in your health, strength and general bearing—your money will be returned. This guarantee protects you in making a trial—if Harrison's Pills succeed at once in your own case, they are worth the cost. If the first bottle fails—it is free!

DRAMATIC Trip for Young NURSE

Off to New York with Patient

Most excited person in the Commonwealth last week was pretty Concordia Linke, a trained nurse who, at a few days' notice, was told that she had been chosen to take a patient from Adelaide to New York with passage and salary paid.

AFTER a whirl of packing and good-byes, she and her patient left Port Adelaide on the Manunda for Melbourne on June 26 to embark upon the passenger cargo ship, Unicoi, bound immediately for the United States.

The patient is Mr. R. Pierce, a ship's officer, who was travelling to Australia.

Becoming ill on the trip, he was transferred to Wolverton Hospital when his ship arrived in port, and he was in a serious condition when Sister Linke first began to look after him.

He is a widower of middle-age, whose home is in America, and it became apparent that he could not travel home without either a doctor or a trained nurse in attendance. He is stricken with what is thought to be a form of paralysis.

Despite the fact that she had only a few days' notice that she must take her patient home, Sister Linke managed to gather together a travel wardrobe consisting of frocks for all occasions, for she will have five or six weeks in New York.

Is Engaged

SHE will, of course, spend most of the days, while travelling, in uniform. She knows nobody at all in New York, but she has been assured that not only her patient's friends, but also the shipping company, will look after her.

She is a very lovely, fair-haired girl in her twenties, with particularly attractive blue eyes, and she belongs to a well-known family of Auburn, S.A. She is engaged to Mr. Scanlon, of Adelaide.

Although so young, she was senior nurse of Wolverton Hospital, where the matron thinks highly of her capabilities as a nurse. She will be missed from the staff.

The matron says that Sister Linke will certainly be a good advertisement in America for Australia in general and Australian nursing in particular.

She will be on duty the whole of the time on board, but the idea of ship life is appealing to the fair-haired nurse. The thought of six weeks in New York with nothing to do but enjoy herself is perhaps even more enticing.

She trained at the Adelaide Hospital, and has been through for about five years.

**Please Teacher—
CAN You
Spell THIS?**

From Our Special Representative in New York.

THE word is the thing nowadays for applicants for teachers' licences in New York City.

The Board of Examiners, whose duty it is to weed out the unworthy among applicants for teachers' posts here, think a teacher worth his or her salt should be able to pronounce and spell "adscititious" as easily as c-a-t.

Hence, the Board has prepared a list of twenty-five "tough ones" which all applicants are expected to be able to define, pronounce and spell.

Among the posers listed are contumacious (all right—what DOES it mean?), tenebrous, daedal, adscititious, bowdlerise, seneschal, and Apocalyptic.

The word list has aroused a storm of criticism against the board—the gist of which is that the "cultural standard" demanded of would-be teachers is much too high.

BLUE RIBBON

A Complete
Short
Story

Nancy and Bob hated each other so much that even their dogs fought...

AS TRAINING joyously against the breast-band of his harness, wire-haired Tam was very deep in the ever-delightful pretence that he was really a brewery horse. At the end of his taut leash Nancy followed him, scowling darkly.

After all, three broken engagements in less than ten months might be a new local record, but it wasn't necessarily an international standard of unmanly behaviour—which was more or less what her mother, two aunts, and a married sister had been insinuating for the last forty-eight hours.

"But, just the same, I guess they're partly right," Nancy reflected gloomily now. "I'll probably just go on and on and on being too-oo choosy. And then some day I'll wake up with a start and discover that I'm old, and I'll grab desperately at the first man who comes by. And people will shake their heads and say, 'Poor Nancy!' ... Tam! Oh, Tam! Come back, sir!"

For, with a frenzied sideward leap, Tam had jerked the leash from her hand and was hurling himself towards the opposite sidewalk, where a tall young man led a coal-black Scotty. With equal enthusiasm the Scotty hurried to meet Tam. His course took him between his master's legs, with a half-turn of the Scotty's leash mumbled around his ankle the young man sat down, suddenly and very hard, upon the cement sidewalk. And Nancy began to run.

Tam and the Scotty had combined into a snarling, delirious, black-and-white pinwheel before Nancy finished her sprint. The young man, his eyes slightly dazed, was beginning to scramble to his feet. Nancy grabbed for the nearest leash and tugged. The feet of the young man jerked towards her, with an agonised grunt he sat down a second time. Nancy dropped one leash and caught at the other. An instant later she was scooping a passionately reluctant Tam into her arms. The tall young man was pulling his dog towards him now and getting to his feet, rather cautiously this time. With Tam's unwilling head tucked under her chin Nancy faced him thereby.

"Why didn't you have sense enough to pick up your dog when you saw mine coming?" she cried. "If you let that ravening black beast of yours hurt Tam—"

The young man's still dazed eyes cleared suddenly. "Has it by any chance occurred to you that your dog started the trouble?" he inquired in an icy voice. "Not that I think you'll find him seriously damaged. As a fight it was mostly sound and fury. Of course, if Cully had really wanted to hurt him—"

He looked complacently down at the bristling Scotty. "But he didn't. ... Though I can't see," he added, with a scornful glance at Tam, "that it would matter much if he had."

NANCY'S arms tightened around Tam. "Oh, wouldn't it?" she said hotly. "Tam is an especially valuable dog. Why, his father—"

The tall young man smiled. He had an infuriatingly superior smile. "Spare me!" he requested. And he turned and walked away, the Scotty trotting at his heels. Nancy glared viciously after him. With difficulty she restrained a violent impulse to shout at him the names of the three international champions in Tam's expensive pedigree. She had an even stronger impulse to put out her tongue at his supercilious back. ...

Margery Allen phoned Nancy that evening. "We've decided to roll up the rug and have a party," she announced. "I'm phoning everybody. And listen, Nancy—there's a new man in town! His name is Bob McKenzie, and he's come from New

York to take charge of the Updegraff office here. You know—where Ted works. So we're having him over to-night."

Margery's highly informal dance was already under way when Nancy arrived. Margery deserted her partner to greet her. "But there's a complication," she whispered. "Tommy Jennings has wandered in. And he's feeling very sorry for himself. Ted is listening to his troubles in the kitchen now, but he can't keep him there forever. I hope—"

Nancy made a slightly wry face. "I'll be all right, I guess," she decided. "We didn't really quarrel, you know. Anyway, I'm still perfectly willing to be an old friend or a big sister to him."

Margery caught at her hand. "Oh, here comes the stranger within our gates," she

breathed excitedly. "He's really quite nice-looking, isn't he? ... Nancy, I want you to know Mr. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie, this is Miss Waring."

Nancy said something which sounded very much like "Ooif!"

THE tall young man was still smiling, and his smile was still infuriating. "Did your dog pick up any scars in the battle?" he inquired blandly as Margery danced off again. "Cully didn't, I'm glad to say. But then, Cully's a show dog. With your dog it wouldn't be so important."

Nancy had managed to catch her breath. "No?" she said acidly. "Well, it happens that Tam took first in the puppy class last year. He's entered in the show next month, and he's going to win at least the blue in his class and the Courtney Cup! That's all he'll do!"

Bob McKenzie was considering her.

"And just what might this Courtney Cup be?" he asked.

"It's a special cup that old Judge Courtney puts up every year for the best terrier in the show," Nancy informed him coldly.

"Well, I won't say anything as to how your dog will do. I don't pretend to know anything about a wire-haired; I've never been interested in anything but genuine terriers. But

"Genuine terriers!" Nancy cried fiercely. "What do you mean? Why, Tam—"

Bob McKenzie shook his head at her. "Suppose you look the word up when you get home," he suggested kindly. "But I'm afraid you'll have to give up your hopes of that cup. You see, I'm planning to enter Cully in your little two-day show. And Cully—well, he took his first blue last autumn, too; in the puppy class, of course. But that was in a three-

Illustrated
by
WYNNE DAVIES

day New York show, if you know the type of competition that means. And Cully's breeding—"

Nancy managed a superior smile of her own. "Spare me!" she said sweetly. She was going on to say other and angrier things when she saw something. The something was Tommy Jennings, sidling wistfully along the wall towards her. It was obvious that Tommy was trembling on the verge of mad reproaches. Nancy looked up at Bob McKenzie. "Ask me to dance!" she ordered. Bob McKenzie's eyes were mildly

By
JOHN REID BYERS

startled, but his arms extended automatically. Half a dozen leisurely steps took them away from Tommy Jennings. And at the end of half a dozen more Nancy had forgotten Tommy and Tam and very nearly everything else in the shocked realization that she had spent the best years of her life being trundled around dance floors by ten-ton trucks. This was marvellous.

"Do you know this one?" Bob McKenzie demanded.

Nancy didn't know the intricate new step, but she managed to follow

Tam and the Scotty had combined into a snarling pinwheel before Nancy finished her sprint.

his lead, not too clumsily. And when the music from the Allen radio gave way to an announcer's voice Bob McKenzie nodded almost approvingly down at her.

"Do you know, you're the first girl I've danced with in months who seemed to have some vague notion what she'd been given feet for," he told her.

Nancy thought suddenly of Tommy Jennings. Yes, Tommy was still

do," Nancy said. Her voice was—for Nancy—very nearly respectful.

"You might say I am one," Bob McKenzie replied carelessly. "At any rate, I've been paid for it. I worked my way through Columbia University by towing kittenish dowagers around."

NANCY remembered that infuriatingly superior smile of his. "Oh," she said brightly. "A gigolo!"

Bob McKenzie was once more considering her, with tilted head. This time he was not smiling. "The only man who ever pulled that line on me has been wearing his nose a little to one side ever since," he said levelly. "Of course, you're a girl. And I hardly know you well enough to turn you over my knee. I might stop dancing with you, though. Would you like that?"

Nancy made up her mind, angrily but instantly. Nancy liked to dance, and she had just discovered that she had never really danced before to-night. "No, I wouldn't," she said. And then, as Bob McKenzie continued to regard her expectantly, "I—I apologise!" she added, bitterly, and with some difficulty.

Please turn to Page 14



THE FOUR MARYS

Another exciting
Instalment of
Our Popular
Serial...

The Story So Far:

MEG SWIFT, successful writer on a New York paper, is the ex-wife of

VIVIAN SWIFT, also a journalist. Meg is visiting England with

BROOK AVERY, whom she has decided to marry. Her beautiful but irresponsible daughter,

MIMI, is in love with **ALAN WYTHE**, husband of her girl friend, **ELIZABETH DENT**.

Elizabeth is aware of the deception, and decides that if she is to keep her husband they should go for a long holiday together.

Meanwhile **MOLLY DAVIS**, Mimi's grandmother, worried about the scandal Mimi and Alan are causing, cables Meg to return to America immediately.

NOW READ ON—

AT half past two on the morning when Molly, from the house in Connecticut, was repeating with painful distinctness over and over to a sleepy cable operator Meg's address in London, and Meg, having written but not posted her letter to Mimi telling her that she had decided to marry Brook Avery, was still sleeping like a tired child with her cheek on her outflung right arm — when early — morning sunlight, daffodil yellow, was just seeping through Meg's drawn curtains and Molly's way up the stairs to her chilly bedroom was still hushed and dimly lighted — Mimi sat on the edge of a couch in a man's sitting-room in New York, her hands locked together in her lap.

"All right," she said. "It's my fault as much as yours, darling, but what do I do now?"

Alan sat on the couch a foot or so away from her. Behind them, inertly sprawled in a rest more thorough than graceful, lay Tommy Gaunt. His blond hair was comfortably ruffled. His face was flushed. From time to time he snored gurglingly, seemed about to choke, then passed the crisis and went on sleeping.

"Never could carry his liquor," said Alan regretfully.

"I think he's marvellous," said Mimi. "Jumbo himself couldn't carry all Tommy's had." She managed to grin, but her eyes were frightened. "Getting on to three o'clock in the morning," she reminded him. "Can't very well go to an hotel, can I? Why didn't I take the train home after the matinee today? Up to then everything was so perfect."

"Because," said Alan softly, "I wouldn't let you go."

It was true. He had insisted on walking up Fifth Avenue. "You know you love it this time of day," Fifth Avenue had taken a good bit of their time, and when they had passed the shops and come to the dark, windy spaces of Central Park, Alan had suggested: "You're cold. I saw you shiver. Let's duck into the Arabian Room and have something to warm you up."

"But my train," Mimi had protested weakly.

"I'll put you on your train," Alan had told her. He might really have done it eventually except that in the Arabian Room they had happened on Tommy Gaunt and a girl from California, and from then on things had seemed to be out of Mimi's hands.

On the couch behind Mimi and Alan, Tommy Gaunt muttered now incoherently, "Arline . . . can't do that . . . be a sport . . ." His voice trailed off.

Arline Norman had been the name

of the girl from California, a tall, slim, dark creature with too much mascara, too much perfume, too much manner and not enough control.

If only they had not gone on to dinner at a swell place, just opened, to which Tommy had insisted on taking them—"Start you off home the minute we finish, Mimi." So she had stayed, knowing there was a train at ten.

But at ten they had all been on their way up to Tommy Gaunt's place—"Just for a nightcap, Mimi; you can take the train at midnight just as well as not. You know you can."

In the cab Alan had crushed her hand and whispered at her ear, "It's all right—it's perfectly all right. Don't crab the party." So Mimi had stuck around and after that things had gotten more out of hand than ever.

TOMMY had got very tight, as usual, and had begun to go on about what a beautiful woman he thought Mimi was and how she never, like most women, let a man down, and what he'd give if she'd ever look at him twice. Arline had put on her things and left. Not without cause, even Tommy had had to admit.

He had fallen asleep at about eleven. "You've got a whole hour at least before your train," Alan had told Mimi, drawing her over to a window seat. They had sat there talking almost in whispers, at first very quietly; after a while, swept by their own nearness, daring more greatly in the quiet of Tommy's pleasant room, they had sat with their arms about each other, talking less and less. When suddenly Mimi had said: "Darling, what time? It must be—" they had both glanced at the clock on the mantel and by the clock on the mantel it was still eleven. Horrified, Mimi had checked by her wrist watch; reluctantly, Alan by his.

"Alan—it's after one!"

"That's what it is. Can you beat it? Tommy would have a thing like that around."

"No train for home till morning," said Mimi. So she had stayed on in desperation, trying to decide where to go. How she could have forgotten the time, she didn't know. Or rather

My Favorite Poem

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE
A Fire-Mist, and a planet—
A crystal, and a cell—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the cloud,
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

W. H. CARRUTH.

Sent by Mrs. E. B. Becke, 264 Park Road, Paddington, N.S.W.

she did know—all too well. With Alan's arms around her there had been no time.

"Hey, you old grampus!" said Alan, giving his recumbent host a smart jolt in the ribs.

Tommy made vague noises of objection, struggling meanwhile into a sitting position. "Was I asleep?" He smoothed his rumpled sandy crest with a broad, stubby-fingered hand, smothered a Gargantuan yawn in chivalrous recognition of Mimi's presence. "How's to scramble some bacon and eggs?" he inquired hopefully.

"Tommy, you rat," said Mimi. "I've missed the last train."

"I'll write to the Grand Central tomorrow," said Tommy with menacing dignity. "What's this country coming to when a lady can't take her time?"

"Skip the country's coming and goings," said Mimi imperatively.

By . . .

FANNY
HEASLIP
LEA

Illustrated by
FISCHER



"Why didn't I take the train home after the matinee?" said Mimi. "Because," said Alan softly, "I wouldn't let you go."

"Question is, where does a lady go from here?"

"To go or not to go?" put in Alan grandiloquently.

"There you are!" said Tommy. "Why go anywhere at all? Park the lovely streamlined chassis right in my little white bed."

"Don't be funny," said Mimi coldly.

"F U N N Y!" said Tommy. He grew almost tearful in reproach. "Who do you think I am, Mimi? What do you think I pay dues to dear old Yale for?"

"He means to say," said Alan, laughing, "that we'll go down to his club, Mimi, and you can bunk here."

Mimi decided abruptly, "All right. You two get out and I'll put myself to bed. Another moment and I'll be asleep on my feet."

She stood with Alan in the scrap of a hall while Tommy bumbled about in the bathroom, collecting razor and toothbrush.

"Darling, I am sorry," said Alan, very low.

He pulled her close and kissed her. She let herself be held. She could hear Tommy still clumsily busy with preparations for departure.

"Shall I call you to-morrow morn-

ing?" she murmured when Alan's lips left hers.

She felt subtle withdrawal in him, nothing she could be sure of. "Better not, Mimi. Better go straight on out home. Does your grandmother know you haven't got the room any more?"

"I never tell her anything."

"Then you're perfectly safe. Just say you stayed in unexpectedly."

Then Tommy came out in an old polo coat, pulling a scarf into shape about his bull neck, and Alan and Tommy went away and Mimi locked the door on them and went to bed in a pair of Tommy's clean pyjamas which she found in a drawer of his loughboy.

SHE was tired, so she slept well enough till nine next morning, at which time Tommy's telephone rang. She let it shrill itself out unanswered, still its ringing unnerved her. She got into her clothes, put on her hat and coat and collected her belongings. When at last, going out into the corridor, she closed Tommy's hospitable door behind her, there was a maid in blue striped uniform and not too fresh apron standing two doors away. She

looked at Mimi curiously. Mimi walked past her as casually as she could. The elevator man had a distrustful eye, and the desk clerk a suspicious stare. Going through the lobby, Mimi began to feel like Godiva going through Coventry. Not until she was on the sidewalk, putting up a finger to a waiting taxi, did she draw a long breath.

"Where to, Miss?" asked the taxi driver. Was he curious, too? The street was cold and wind-swept, oddly empty. Sunday, of course.

"Grand Central," said Mimi. She thought: "I'll get a train right away." In her relief at being out of Tommy Gaunt's place without misadventure, she tipped the taxi driver a lordly quarter and walked into the station. She was getting low in change, but ignored the fact. Meg owned a commuter's family ticket, good for twenty-five trips, which Mimi had lately been carrying about with her. She groped for it now in the depths of her smart brown leather bag.

The ticket was gone, and three dimes and a nickel was all she had left.

Please turn to Page 34

Wandering Gentile

Savaran takes control of a Residency, resists an invasion, and frustrates a plot against two young lovers

Complete Short Story

— By —
**Douglas
NEWTON**



ASKERN stood on the tiny verandah of his "Residency" waiting for death.

Far across the clearing, against the deep mystery of the dark and brooding jungle, a body of Sharti spearmen danced about a blood-red fire to the howled chant of a witch-doctor. They were working themselves into the right frenzy for slaughtering him.

He could do nothing. His bearers and his Askari guard had boited. There was nothing for it but to stand ready to meet death with a white man's dignity—and to think.

He thought of many things, but mainly he wondered if Flemalle had really been as kind as he had seemed. Louis Flemalle, Secretary of the Interior to the Mandatory Government that had taken control of the vast Malaria Coast, protectorate after the war, had given Askern his chance by sending him as the first envoy to the Sharti. Only, now, in the bitter-clear moments between life and death, Askern could not help remembering that Flemalle had never given him a thought until Blanche had come to Paronga, the capital, to marry him.

An ugly idea . . . he fought it. But Blanche's corn-fair beauty undoubtedly did appeal to Flemalle's semi-Eastern darkness, and Flemalle had shown that it appealed.

Wasn't it because Flemalle liked Blanche that he had given Askern this opportunity? Why else had he singled out an unconsidered subordinate for so tremendous a task?

Beastly thoughts. Askern beat them back. Flemalle had been so generous and so frank. He had never overstepped the bounds of social propriety in his calls on Blanche during her long—too long—stay at Government House. He had

never hidden the fact that he liked Blanche so well, as an uncle likes a nice niece, that he wanted her to start her married life auspiciously—in a Residency instead of in a small bungalow in Paronga's cheaper white quarter, with a Pro-consular status instead of at the social level of a senior clerk.

HE had said this quite frankly to Blanche and Askern in the presence of both. For that reason he had given Askern this chance; and to make the most of his chance the wedding had been postponed.

But had there been something behind it? Askern lashed himself for being an ugly-minded brute at the mere thought. His mood was only the result of frustration and failure—failure! He stared across at the dancing figures looking so like devils in the flickering wood flames, and his hands, reeking with tropic heat, clenched in an effort of self-control.

How long now before he was hacked down and life and ambition—and Blanche ceased to be for him?

A whisper came from behind him. Amazing! A whisper from his empty hut!

"Come inside!" it said in English. Askern jerked nervously. Were his wits cracking? Was he hearing imaginary voices?

"Sit yourself, my gallant General Gordon," said the voice. "They'll be ripe for murder in about three minutes."

Askern was inside the hut, gazing with shaky astonishment at the strangest-looking scarecrow that had ever uttered words in English.

It was a man tall and incredibly tattered. He was a spider-spare fellow, all iron

sinews and fierce resolution. There was an unmistakable if cheerful ferocity in his dark, aquiline face; a mocking ruthlessness that was also a charm.

Askern realised him as a sort of shock.

"Who the blazes are you?" he gasped.

"Ha," said the other, "are you the complete working model of a re-



Savaran dropped Askern with a wicked blow to the jaw. "No time to argue with great white souls."

signed and noble death? Don't you even carry a gun?"

"Not on me," stammered Askern.

"Don't want to parade force. No use anyhow against a whole mob."

Best meet what's coming with dignity.

"Glorious!" said the stranger with a flash of splendid teeth. "But I'm not. I want a gun."

Askern lifted the lid of a carrier's box . . . dropped it again.

"It's no good," he said. "We'll only stir up bad blood for generations to come . . . My orders are particular about avoiding that sort of thing."

"I thought your type died with Casabianca," the stranger said, and, smiling pleasantly, he dropped Askern with as wicked a blow to the jaw as a man could give.

"No time to argue with great white souls," he said and grabbed pistols from the box, loaded each with a full magazine and crammed extra clips into his tattered pockets.

He had, as a matter of fact, no time for niceness; the Sharti spearmen were already advancing on the hut led by the gibbering and howling witch-doctor. They did not halt as the stranger appeared, just brandished their spears with blood-curdling yells. The big scarecrow stood and looked at them—and laughed.

He stood a tall, almost eerie figure, wrist on ragged hip, automatic pistols dangling behind—and he laughed. And the clear, cutting mockery of that laugh halted the line of buck warriors like a brake. He gave them plenty of time to look at him, and then said cheerfully in the Sharti tongue:

"My brothers, I have not been so moved to joy since the day I shaved the beard of your chief, the Shartikor. France on. It amuses me!"

They did not prance. They sucked

back. Hoarse murmurs came from them. . . . The man was dirty and a scarecrow, but they feared him like death. . . . And Askern on his hands and knees saw that the man enjoyed the effect of that fear.

"My shadow still makes you tremble, eh?" came the mocking voice. "Good! now you will take your ju-ju man and hang him on that baobab tree for daring to threaten a white lord."

The witchman loosed a frenzied torrent of words. The spear line showed confusion. A big negro sank from the hip to heave his spear. He died even as he moved, though the spitting pistol did not rise above the stranger's hip.

"So, you only half remember," he cried. "I will take one in three of you then to refresh your minds."

THE automatics in both hands rapped and flamed. The braves buried a harmless spear or two, and died even as the stranger had promised. A regular one in three went down before that extraordinary pistol play.

The scarecrow actually strutted as he saw the terror his shooting had created. He roared:

"You know me. You know I am lord over your lives. Throw down your spears. . . . Now the witchman to the tree or do I take one in two?"

The fetish doctor leaped forward screaming, an axe whirling in his hand. The stranger fired once and dropped him with a bullet in his leg. Then with a flamboyant gesture he waved the blacks to their task.

They nearly fell over each other in their haste to obey.

As they carried the yelling ju-ju man to the tree Askern fainted.

It was days later that Askern came to himself. He knew this by the state of his surroundings.

He was in a clean-sheeted camp bed. The room was spic-and-span. He heard the laughing voices of house boys, and, more startlingly, the stamp and rattle of an Askari sentry halting at the end of his beat outside.

He thought he was dreaming. He was not. As he sat up a man put a pretty native girl from his knee and came cheerfully to his side.

It was the lean and dashing stranger, but he was no longer a scarecrow. He was in a silk-twill tropic uniform that made him almost extravagantly dapper—a beautiful suit. Askern glared stupefied at it. It was the one really good suit of his own that he had preserved through all adventures to grace the "king palaver" that was to be the great triumph of his residency.

As he glared at it, at the row of medal ribbons the stranger had had the cheek to sew to the breast, the cheerful hawk face flashed in a smile.

"Made a first-rate job of it, eh?" he said calmly. "tailoring is one of my minor gifts. Made a first-rate job of you, too. . . . You've had a bad bout of fever. You'll be yourself in no time, medicine is also one of my accomplishments."

Please turn to Page 22



Blanche's fair beauty appealed to Flemalle.

So NEAR, So FAR

A Complete
Short Story

BY

Helen
HULL

Illustrated by WILBOW



WHEN Anne Stephens, in her early forties, reached the plane to which her life had climbed, and looked back along the path she had come, some half a dozen incidents stood out clearly defined. In their place along the path they had seemed no more prominent than many others. But from her final elevation much of the rest was lost, too vague, too hidden in undergrowth to be visible.

She remembered one still, white winter day. She must have been very young, for she was small enough to sit unobserved beneath the window bench in her father's workshop. Content, still and white as the day, filled her. She watched the colorless vibrations above the small rusty stove in the corner and sniffed the comforting air, thick with fresh paint and sawdust. Her father worked above her, humming under

his breath. That feeling of content must have been his, too. Perhaps hers came from him. He was making something, a case for the works of an old clock, she thought. Then the door flew open, and crisp, sharp as the winter air, her mother stood on the threshold, her blue eyes hard and snapping.

"So you're out here, wasting your day, John Stephens, when you might be finding something useful to do!"

Her father stepped away from the bench so that his curly fair hair no longer caught the pale sun. He smiled apologetically.

"Put away your rubbish and go and help Harry in the shop. If you can't get work for every day for yourself, the least you could do as a man is to be of use to your son! Is that Anne, now, under the bench! Come into the house."

Her mother slammed the door and was gone, but the still content had fled. Anne crawled out, shaking the shavings from her hair. Her father fingered the polished boards on his bench, and then picked up the tools.

Harry and his sweetheart had a far-away, happy look in their eyes—thought Anne.

"It's the fun there is in making things. The only joy that is good. Women don't know it—the joy of making."

THEN there was a night, how much later Anne did not know, when she woke with her heart cold at the sound of her mother sobbing. She crept out to the head of the stairs to listen.

"It's only that she isn't good enough for you, my Harry, my first-born! Harry, I've worked my fingers to the bone for you—served for you—to give you what you desired—and you have no more love for me, your mother!"

And then Harry's voice cajoling, caressing.

"Now, mother, can't a man have a wife? A man has a mother and he wants a wife, too, doesn't he? Now, mother—"

Anne knew that her mother had

thrown her arms about Harry's neck. She had always known that her mother loved Harry more than the rest of them.

"Go your way!" her mother's voice shrilled out. "You're cruel, stubborn and set. Keep her away from me, I tell you. I'll hate her!"

"Now, mother, you wouldn't. I'm bringing her home to dinner this Sunday, and I'll show her what a mother I've got. You'll be used to the feeling by then."

"Leave me alone! I'll have no more to do with you!"

Anne had crawled hastily back to bed, and had listened in the dark to the choking, sobbing breath of her mother as she climbed the stairs. On Sunday Harry's sweetheart had come to dinner, and Anne had waited, tortured, for something to happen. Harry and his girl had a far-away, rapt look in their eyes as if they were too happy to notice anything, thought Anne. Her mother's

cheeks were bright beneath the smooth bands of her heavy hair, but Harry had thrown his arm over her shoulders and joked at his Marie—"See how you'll have to work to make up to me for leaving such a mother!" And nothing had happened.

Then there was the dreadful time after Peter, the second brother, had come home from abroad, where he had gone in search of gold and found only the seed of death, so that he lived but three weeks after he had come back. Anne felt the chill darkness of the house. Her mother, coming into the house after the funeral, had stared for a moment at her father. Anne remembered her face distinctly. The skin had drawn tightly over the high cheekbones and temples, and a grey, dusty pallor lay upon it. She had gone into her room and locked the door. How many days had she stayed there? Anne heard her father begging outside the door, begging against that awful silence within.

FINALLY he had cried, crouching on the floor, cried like a little child; then he had called out, "Unless you come out, Kate, I will bring my axe and chop down this damned door!"

Anne remembered the slow opening of the door, the dreadful pause while her mother stood above her father, staring down at him. She had said, "If part of my body was torn off, you would give it time to heal. And you cannot let me be—"

Suddenly her father had taken her mother in his arms, and she was crying, too. Anne had run away out of the house.

Another thing she remembered. She had been sitting in a crotch of the old apple tree at the side of the house, sewing for a doll. She had a family of dolls which she tended carefully, without enthusiasm. As she sewed, a wonderful idea had seized her, gripping her heart with its splendor until she was dizzy. She had climbed down from the tree and gone in quest of her mother. She had found her in her low rocking chair, sewing, her eyes shining. One of her rare, light moods was upon her. Anne stood in front of her, trembling, eager.

"Mother, will you—that is, I want—"

"Well? Don't stammer." How fast that little pricking sound of the needle ran!

"Will you tell me, please, where I can get a baby? Of my own? I must have a baby."

"What are you talking about?" Her mother dropped her sewing, wary suspicion in her eyes.

"I want a baby—" Anne found it difficult to say more.

Please turn to Page 16

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



● THE STRAIGHT, loose-hanging jacket of this black suit somehow grows out of a check waistcoat. Both are broadly bound with pink velvet.

● "SUEDELLA" in forest-green and a brilliant mustard shade makes this six-pocketed, close-fitting suit. The yoke-like collar extends to the shoulder seam.

● EVEN shorter and tighter is this bright blue jacket with its fully-pleated tartan skirt. An absurd little forage cap in tartan is added, and a yellow chiffon blouse with red drawstring.

● THE "grey-blue" of distant mountains has been captured here. Baroque leather trimming, a cascade of white cambric, and a tiny hat with rolled brim and leather band complete the ensemble outfit.

JUDGE THE SUIT BY ITS JACKET

EVENING...



● CUT on classical lines, this model by Worth, London, is of cerise crepe. There is a medieval, monkish touch about the corded waistline, which has gold and metal tassels. Worth named this model "Marietta."



● AT RIGHT: An evening frock of white cloque. With the décolleté very low at the back, it features a high neckline in front and a quaint collar peaked at the back. This model adopts the new fashion of self-covered buttons.



● RIGHT: A dramatic gown of black lacquered taffeta and tulle. The bodice of taffeta has a large bow at the back of the neck. A black tulle skirt, posed over the taffeta, is adorned with tulle rosettes.

②

● AT LEFT: An evening dress of lilac silk relies for its effect upon its simple line and the intricate use of tucked folds.



MARCH OF THE MODE by *Rene*

WEAR A MATCHING SCARF With Your WINTER HAT

The simplest little hat can be transformed into a snappy triumph by the clever placing of a restrained trimming motif.

ONE of the most attractive of midwinter fashion notes is the matching scarf and hat idea. Another is the skilful use of veiling. Rene has here sketched some delightful little hats which would be ideal for present wear. Her sketches suggest a happy variety of scarf-and-veil treatment.



• A BECOMING model in nut-brown velour with matching twist of velvet halo-wise around the head. The coarse mesh veil matching in color covers the face, winding round the neck to knot under the chin, the ends giving a jabot-scarf effect.



• A BLACK VELVET HAT, knotted into a bow at front, is accompanied by a scarf-muff of lacquered red-and-black velvet. This fastens at the back.



• BRIGHT TARTAN wool taffeta in shades of yellow, green, and brown makes an exaggerated beret-tam with a matching cravat. Ideal for those cold days when you must wear a fur coat "sports-spectating."



• ABOVE: Black doeskin makes a brimless hat for wear with a suit. In front is posed, upside down, a large white kid bow. From the rim of the crown falls a wide mesh veil.

• RIGHT: For cocktails here is a very new note from next season's collection. A tiny black stiffened lace pill-box, with a row of white carnations across the forehead, and, to be different, a small veil worn at the back, falling over the coiffure.



Too light to cake upon your skin, too "Velvet Skin" is inexpensive. It costs fine to clog the pores, yet possesses 1/- for the standard size, or 2/3 for the of an uncanny power to cling for hours, large box that includes a Gift Package "Velvet Skin" face powder will give you of "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream. The what you seek. Will ensure for you a five glorious shades of "Velvet Skin" delicately lovely petal-smooth skin, a face powder contributes to the flatter-nose devoid of shine or "orange peel" ing effect. . . . an effect so strikingly look, a lasting charm that you will find lovely that London says this is the in no other powder—unless, indeed, it's greatest face powder achievement yet product.

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FACE POWDER 1/- and 2/3

An Editorial

JULY 3, 1937.

OUR EDEN—A
TOURIST DESERT

EXCEPT for North Queensland, we perceive the hand of winter on this summery continent. But we hardly realise that the same hand that brought the fogs and the bogs, the gale and the hail, has created a wonderland in this country—a snowland bigger than the Alps of Switzerland!

That is what winter gives to us, a holiday land full of health and happiness, a place of lovely scenery and a perfect playground for winter sports.

Properly publicised, and equipped with adequate facilities, Australia's alpine regions could become a playground for the world.

But we have to face the sad fact that when Australia as a tourist resort is mentioned abroad there is all too often a chilly response. Foreigners are willing enough to admit that our country has natural attractions, but they want more than that.

Who would go to Switzerland if it were not for its splendid hotels? A handful of hardy adventurers. Now the little country grows rich on tourists in millions.

And what do we offer the tourist in the way of accommodation? It should bring a blush to our cheeks to admit it.

Admittedly the few hotels in the principal snow playgrounds and a handful of others are adequate, but what of all the rest of the country?

As far as decent accommodation for tourists goes, the rest of Australia is a desert.

Hotels that boast of their "de luxe accommodation" here would be out of date in a small town abroad. Heating, plumbing, furnishing, service—all are not years but decades behind the times.

Until there are sweeping changes in the hotels, boarding-houses and tourist business generally, not all Australia's natural charms will make it the first-rate world resort that it should be.

THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

A Torch for Culture

THE much-discussed Academy of Art has finally been founded at Canberra. It is unfortunate that it was launched in such a welter of discord, suspicion, and acrimony. The suggestion that certain cliques were at work to keep their own members in and others out is most unsavoury, but unfortunately such petty squabbles are not always remote from the affairs of artists, any more than of more mundane folk.

But however it was launched, may the new Academy develop into a source of encouragement for Australian talent, and a fountain-head of culture for the people.

Let it not be a dry museum of antique prejudice, nor on the other hand a grotesque poppyshow of fake modernism, but a sound judicial institution.

Sentimental Barrie

SIR JAMES BARRIE is dead, and with him the fountain of his imagination. But the fairies that danced out of that fountain for many years—all the lovely thoughts and merry fancies that delighted the world—these do not, and will not, die.

Barrie was a man of sentiment, and unashamed of it in a world of cynicism and half-baked materialism. He knew far more than the tough sceptics who dismissed him, because he knew the world of fancy.

Bernard Shaw says: "Barrie and I were always good friends, but I do not feel sentimental about his death."

To which millions of people will answer—we were not privileged to be his friends, but he was ours—and we do feel sentimental about him.

Fighting Disease

BREITAIN'S health Minister declares that the fight against ill-health is steadily being won in that country. It may be safely said that this is true here, but with less cause for congratulation.

As an open, pastoral country, with a pioneer stock, we started off with a high standard of national health. It is our task to see that the steady urbanisation and industrialisation of the country does not cause our standard to fall. The price of health, as of liberty, is eternal vigilance.

LYRIC OF LIFE

IN CITY PARKS

People who have no gardens of their own,
Or seek the sunlight of the parks alone, . . .
Aged men forgotten and misunderstood,
And women grown old in spinsterhood;
Or lonely wives with children at their side,
Walking with dreams that long ago have died;
And men glad to escape the cloying ties
Of homes destroyed by subterfuge and lies, . . .

All these who in their loneliness are flung
Far from the dreams, the raptures of the young,
But watch with saddened eyes the lovers pass
With hopeful steps over the autumn grass.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Wise Freedom

HOW refreshing, in this era of iron bars and rigid restrictions, to observe that the party of Girl Guides who left Australia the other day for a world tour have been trusted to exercise their own good taste instead of having to obey prison rules.

The girls are 19—and well out of the nursery. Therefore, to encourage that spirit of independence and decision that Guides seek, those in charge of the tour declared: "Smoking and drinking will not be forbidden. They will not be encouraged or appreciated."

It is safe to say there'll be less smoking and drinking among those girls than there would have been in a party crushed by the awful weight of a censorious ban.

Human beings like freedom—and the repose of their seniors' confidence.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, who celebrated her stage jubilee recently, is a great admirer of Australian women. (See story, column 4.)—Claude Harris photo.

Land for the People

ALTHOUGH Australia people will welcome the news that at last a practical move is being made towards closer settlement. To allow huge estates to remain inviolate in areas where the land could better be used for farming is uneconomic and unprogressive.

The opening-up of these areas will benefit not only the eager land-seekers—though it is worth while to encourage this type of Australian—but also the community in general.

As a community we must put behind us the wasteful pioneering stage, and make full use of every acre of land.

The Unhealth Department

AGILBERTIAN note was struck the other day by the declaration of a critic that in one of the State health departments rats were so bad that they constituted a public health menace!

Old buildings can be very charming—just as some can be ornate atrocities—but the preservation of their antiquity surely does not prevent the modernisation of their basements. Many Australian public offices are rat-nests, draught-haunts and dust vaults. Rebuilding or renovation might have a dual benefit—it might eliminate the unhealthy conditions and also the antique bureaucratic mentality that still lurks in these corners of the past.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

Veteran Actress
Pays Tribute
To Our Women

By Air Mail from Mary St. Claire,
Our Special Correspondent in
London

"Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who celebrated her stage jubilee the other week, proved herself immensely popular with audiences during her two visits to Australia.

Now she is returning the compliment by expressing her admiration of Australian women, Australian homes, and Australian food.

PERHAPS she would be regarded as old-fashioned by the modern girl, but she believes in housework and is firmly convinced that the physique of Australian women is due to the fact that the majority of them do their own household "chores."

When I went to see Miss Vanbrugh in her pleasantly tranquil London flat, I expected she would entertain me with stage reminiscences. Instead she told me how much she enjoys housework—especially scrubbing floors and making beds, because it is good exercise.

Though completely 1937 in outlook, Miss Vanbrugh, tall, slim, and elegant, still retains the dignity and graciousness of her youth when a woman was a lady, a dress was a gown, and one drove regally in a carriage instead of tearing about in an automobile.

"It seems so strange to have achieved my jubilee," she sighed. "I have seen other actresses reach theirs and wondered how I would feel if I attained mine. Now that I have, my whole 50 years on the stage seem to have telescoped, and all the crowded years to have passed in a flash."

Housework Healthy

THEN we talked about housework, "Housework," Miss Vanbrugh maintained, "need not necessarily be drudgery. Care in selection of furniture and ornaments reduces work to a minimum. Two or three really beautiful pictures are more decorative, and create less work, than a lot of pictures and ornaments. That is one reason why modern furnishing is so pleasant and practical.

"Though it is necessary, especially for the woman who does her own work, to have a routine in the house, it need not be monotonous if she remembers that her work is a way to health as well. Scrubbing floors and making beds seem especially good for the muscles and carriage.

"And the knowledge that one's house is spick-and-span, that there are no guilty secrets of untidiness in cupboards and corners, is as big a thrill as a successful first night.

"I am extremely interested in Australian homes. Though their general trend is towards modern design, there is a marked individuality about them. I like their intelligent use of natural beauty in wide windows for sunlight and glorious views. Your builders seem to twist the houses round to provide lovely aspects from windows and open doors, and there is a sense of comfort and relaxation in the big rooms, a sense of beauty in your love for flowers and color.

"I admire your Australian housewife, too. She not only does her own work and cooking, but plans a menu so intelligently that she can serve a seemingly elaborate meal and yet dispense with servants to wait on table.

"Australian food expresses the same individuality as the home. Food is what it seems. You avoid synthetic substitutes.

"The fact that so many Australian women do their own housework may explain their splendid physique. Their form, figure, grace, the poise they have developed in a remarkable manner in the time between my two visits, and their beautiful feet and ankles make them a joy to behold."

Miss Vanbrugh is delighted that her daughter, Prudence, who is now Mrs. Blomfield Dickson, of Sydney, is coming to England with her husband and small son, at Christmas time.

PREFERRED her Typewriter to WEALTH and TITLE

"The Twelve Pound Look"
In One Act

THE play opens with Sir Harry Sims rehearsing his part for an investiture in which he is to receive his knighthood. His wife takes the part of the exalted personage conferring the honor. She is seated on a chair. He is only partly in costume, the sword and stockings for his Court dress having not yet arrived.

He rises, bows, and glides about the room, going on his knees to various articles of furniture and rising from each a knight.

The butler announces that a young lady from the typewriting agency has arrived to answer all the letters of congratulation.

Sir Harry tells his wife to interview the woman.

Kate, the typist, begins to type the letters.

Lady Sims: I should tell you that my husband does not care for honors. Only his duty.

Kate: Yes, I have that. They all say that.

Lady Sims: I want you to say that he would have declined a title were it not—

Kate: I have got it here.

Lady Sims: What have you got?

Kate (reading): "Indeed I would have asked to be allowed to decline were it not for my wife, whom I want to please."

Lady Sims: How could you know it was that?

Kate: That is what they all tell us to say in these letters.

Lady Sims: It is quite as if you knew my husband!

Kate: I assure you I do not even know his name.

But she does. When Sir Harry comes into the room he is astounded

Excerpts Of Famous Play Written
By Creator Of Peter Pan

A DELIGHTFULLY whimsical and sympathetic insight into the minds and hearts of women characterised the plays and books of Sir James Barrie, whose death took place in London last week. He was the creator of the famous character, Peter Pan.

Barrie's story of Kate in his play, "The Twelve Pound Look," tells of a woman who preferred a typewriter to a title in order to preserve her personal liberty.

This play, excerpts of which are given on this page, is typical of Barrie at his best.

to discover that the girl from the typewriting agency is really his first wife who ran off and left him without giving a reason. He hustles Lady Sims from the room.

Sir Harry: The shamelessness of you, daring to come here.

Kate (sarcastically): Think of it.

Sir Harry: Do you know what you were brought here to do?

Kate: I have just been learning.

Sir Harry: That is it, you come here as my servant, and you might have been Lady Sims.

Kate: Yes, I might have been Lady Sims.

Sir Harry: And you are her typist instead. And she has four men servants. Oh, I am glad you saw her in her presentation gown.

Kate: I wonder if she would let me do her washing, Sir Harry?

Amazed at the cheerfulness of Kate, in what Sir Harry feels should have been humiliating circumstances for her, he asks her why she ran away from him. She tells him she left him because of his success.

Sir Harry: You are not telling me that you left me because of my success?

Success or Failure!

KATE: Yes! that was it. I couldn't endure it. If a failure had come now and then, but your success was suffocating me. The passionate craving I had to be done with it.

Sir Harry: I tell you I am worth a quarter of a million.

Kate: That is what you are worth to yourself. I'll tell you what you are worth to me, exactly twelve pounds. For I made up my mind that I could launch myself on the world alone, if I first proved my mettle by earning twelve pounds; and as soon as I had earned it I left you.

Sir Harry: Twelve pounds!

Kate: That is your value to a woman. If she can't make it she has to stick to you.

Sir Harry: How did you earn that twelve pounds?

Kate: It took me nearly six months, but I earned it fairly.

(She presses her hand on the typewriter.)

I learned this. I hired it and taught myself. I got some work through a friend, and with my first twelve pounds I paid for the machine. Then I considered that I was free to go, and I went.

Kate tells him she was sorry for him and his friends because they looked sad. She felt that they might have come to something if they had not got on in the world.

Sir Harry: Kate, I'll be worth half a million yet. That's how I've got on.

Kate: I'm sure you will, and you're getting stout. What was the name of that fat old fellow that used to fall asleep at our dinner parties?

Sir Harry: If you mean Sir William Crackley!

Kate: That was the man. Sir William was to me the perfect picture of the grand success. He had got on so well that he was very, very stout, and when he sat on a chair it was thus (her hands meeting in front of her), as if he were holding his success together.

That is what you are working for, Harry. You will have that, and the half-million, at about the same time.

Sir Harry becomes nettled, and asks the girl to leave his house. Her independence has annoyed him. Her desertion in the past is still a sore point with him. Yet she has been



SIR HARRY rehearses for his Knighthood—a scene in Barrie's play.

woman happy in her married life that woman is Lady Sims.

Kate: I wonder!

Sir Harry: Then you needn't wonder.

Kate (slowly): If I were a husband, I would often watch my wife quietly to see whether the twelve-pound look was not coming into her eyes. Well, good-bye, Sir Harry.

As Kate is about to depart, Lady Sims enters.

Sir Harry: This typist person doesn't suit, Emmy.

Lady Sims: I'm sorry.

Kate: So am I, your ladyship, but it can't be helped.

After she has gone Sir Harry looks still at his wife. He is very proud still of his success, but wants his wife's feelings on the matter.

Continued on Page 29

Who would think
that she'd
Just had
the 'FLU



TO-DAY she's herself again—a picture of health and vitality. Yet 'flu left her as it leaves all of us — depressed, unable to sleep, without appetite or energy. Why not do as she did? Start at once with a course of Bile Beans and speed up your recovery.

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—Mrs. E. Russell.

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—Miss L. Sharp.

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BOOKS

OUTSTANDING event in the book world last week was the death in London of Sir James Barrie. "Peter Pan" was his most successful and probably his greatest work.

Excerpts from Barrie's charming one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look," are given above.



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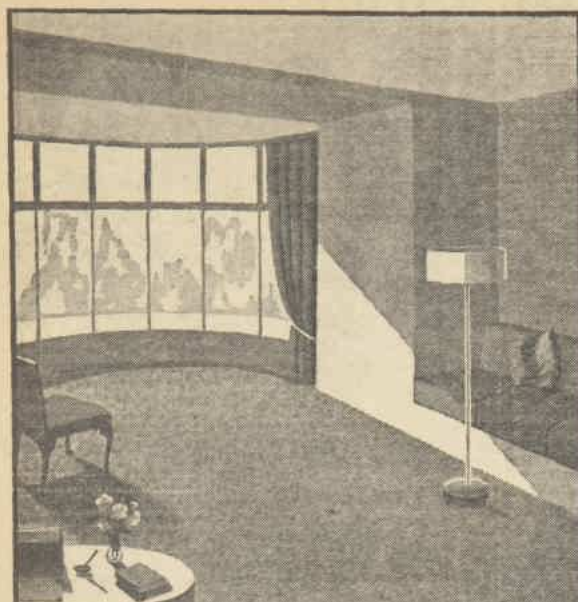
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Nursery Viyella (Cream)	Was 4/11; now, per yard, 3/11
Nursery Viyella (Pastel shades)	Was 4/11; now, per yard, 4/6
Nursery Viyella (Printed designs)	Was 5/9; now, per yard, 5/6
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But you can have easy, comfortable feet and enjoy every moment of your shopping if you follow this nightly treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed, chilblains are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Buy a box of Zam-Buk to-day and get your feet ready for Spring. You'll get far more enjoyment out of your walking and other recreation.

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"My corns were so painful it was a great trouble to get about. I used Zam-Buk nightly after first bathing the feet in warm water. This softened the corns, which were then easily removed."—Mrs. M. A. Andrew.

"Having such a lot of trouble with my feet I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief and made my feet better. Friends were astonished to see me about again."—Mrs. G. Hutchings.

NANCY made no more attempts at conversation; and Bob McKenzie seemed quite content to dance in silence. They were still dancing together forty-five minutes later, when with a final barnyard squawk the Allen radio ceased to produce music. Ted Allen conducted a brief autopsy and rose with a headshake. "Valve gone," he announced.

It was Dick Warren who suggested driving out to his bungalow at the lake and going for a swim. Everybody accepted; and everybody seemed to take it for granted that Nancy would go with Bob McKenzie. In his car he turned to look at Nancy. "I haven't the faintest desire to go swimming," he told her. "But I have," Nancy informed him. "I'd much rather go down to the hotel and dance." Bob McKenzie went on placidly.

The idea was attractive, and Nancy knew that the lake would be cold. For a moment she weakened. Then she remembered Bob's maddening smile.

"I," she said firmly, "want to go swimming."

The corners of Bob McKenzie's mouth were wearily scornful. "You're expecting me to give in to you just because you're a girl," he declared.

"And you," Nancy retorted, "are hoping that I'll let you have your way simply because you're a man!"

Their eyes met angrily. At the end of an astringent moment Bob McKenzie's tightly scornful smile relaxed into a faint grin.

"It looks like a stalemate, doesn't it?" he said. "We might toss a coin."

The suggestion seemed eminently fair. "All right!" Nancy agreed defiantly.

He produced a fifty-cent piece. "Heads we dance. Tails we swim." He flipped the coin, caught it, and opened his hand. Tails.

Bob McKenzie drove Nancy to Dick Warren's lake-shore bungalow and went swimming. And if he did not enjoy it he kept that fact to himself.

Nancy was ready for bed when she remembered that lofty remark about genuine terriers. She padded noiselessly downstairs and into the library. She was scowling darkly once more when she put the dictionary back on its shelf. "Terrier," she had discovered, was derived from "terra," and the original terriers had been short-legged dogs, especially adapted to going to ground.

"He's precisely the unpleasant sort of man who would know what he was talking about," Nancy confided to Tam, who was blinking sleepily at her from his bed in the big leather chair. "But we'll show him! Him and that black turtle he thinks is a dog! Won't we, Tam?"

Three nights later Nancy found herself seated beside Bob McKenzie at a dinner at the Forrester's. She decided that he must have come to town with excellent introductions. The Forrester's somewhat stodgy dinners were nothing if not exclusive. Nor were they anything but dinners. At about ten Nancy was descending the Forrester steps. Bob McKenzie walked beside her.

"It's rather early to go home, don't you think?" he asked.

Nancy eyed him warily. "The orchestra at the hotel plays till one," she said.

But Bob McKenzie shook his head. "Sorry, but I don't feel much like dancing to-night. And there's to be a late showing of that new German movie."

NANCY raised her chin. "I," she said, "can imagine nothing more deadly than going to a picture that has dialogue in a language you don't understand. Unless," she added acidly, "it's going to one of them with somebody who explains everything into your left ear!"

Bob McKenzie studied her in silence for a moment. "Of course I could take you home and go alone. But I don't care much for going places alone, and I could manage to dance. So if you feel like gambling—"

He had drawn a coin from his pocket and was looking at her inquiringly. His smile was particularly infuriating.

Nancy's teeth clicked together. Then suddenly, she laughed. "In a quiet way you're quite the rudest man I've ever met," she said. "But you can dance. All right! Heads we dance. Tails we go to your silly Dutch picture!"

It was a long picture, and it might, Nancy decided, have been rather exciting if she had the faintest idea what it was all about. Bob McKenzie carefully abstained from interpreting any of it.

Nancy met Bob McKenzie at an anagrams party at the Hadley's two evenings later. Thereafter she con-

BLUE Ribbon

Continued from Page 5

tinued to find herself meeting him nearly everywhere.

While they somehow managed to avoid any quarrel which would be final, their minor disagreements were frequent, prolonged, and intense. When the question at issue was one of what to do or where to go, Bob's fifty-cent piece was called upon to settle it.

Of course, fundamental differences could hardly be settled by the toss of a coin. But at the end of three or four weeks, it occurred to Nancy that these last were oddly few and unimportant. It was disconcerting to discover that two people who didn't like each other at all could have so many likes and dislikes in common. For Bob, too, disliked whipped cream and golf and bridge. Bob, too, liked horses and sail-boats and tennis and lots of lemon in his tea. They even liked or disliked the same books. Yes, it was disconcerting.

Nancy spent several otherwise unoccupied half-hours trying to make up her mind what she really thought of Bob McKenzie. She disliked him intensely—but she enjoyed herself in his company. He irritated her constantly—but she continued to go out with him.

And if it was hard to arrive at any final conclusion as to her opinion of Bob, it was practically impossible to guess what he thought of her. Something had obviously left him with a poor impression of girls in general.

It was not often that Bob said anything which might help Nancy in her vague and irritated speculations. But there was the night when Nancy casually mentioned having had a letter from a friend at Vassar. Bob smiled sourly. "I was engaged to a Vassar graduate once," he said.

"Oh," said Nancy innocently. "Do you go in for engagements, too?" She added the last word a little defiantly. Bob had undoubtedly heard all about Bill and Jack and Tommy.

"The trouble with women—" Bob began suddenly; and stopped.

"Please tell me!" Nancy begged. "I've always wanted to hear an established authority on that subject."

"The trouble with women," Bob resumed grimly, "is that there are just two kinds of them. Either they're cute little cases of arrested development, dying to have somebody call them Baby, or else they're strong-jawed females who want to lead you through life by the nose."

"Men seem to offer more variety," she said sweetly. "I've succeeded in isolating at least three types: There's the dominant male, for example. He wants to lead you around by the nose." That had been Bill Hendryx. "Then there's the neuter type, who simply drifts through life refusing to take anything seriously, and radiating bored charm." That, Nancy thought, summed up Jack Cartwright rather neatly. "And then there's the male clinging vine, who never says anything but 'Yes, darling.'" And that, of course, was poor Tommy Jennings.

Nancy waited, rather hopefully, to see if Bob would risk asking which type she thought he was. But then, quite suddenly, she unexpectedly realised that he didn't belong in any of her three classes. He was more like Bill than Jack or Tommy, of course; but he wasn't just another Bill. Bob had been insistent on having his own way simply because he wanted it; not at all because he wanted to dominate her. She was relieved when Bob changed the subject.

"I saw that cup Judge Courtney's putting up in a jeweller's window," he remarked. "It reminded me that the dog show's less than a week off. Of course, you don't show your dog yourself?"

Nancy had handled Tam in last year's show. But that had been in the puppy class. She had been thinking of employing a professional handler this year. But now—"I certainly do!" she said.

Please turn to Page 33

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OSTRICH FEATHERS were much in evidence at England's famous Ascot races this year. This photograph of three Marshall and Snelgrove creations for Ascot show off to advantage the wearing of ostrich feathers. On white dresses a black ostrich feather is worn as contrast, and on black dresses white feathers.



ENLARGING TELEVISION PICTURES FOR THE SCREEN. Big drawback to television heretofore was the diminutive size of the images obtained over the radio waves. Dr. Law, of the R.C.A. Laboratories, has surmounted that obstacle with a device which projects television images to a screen enlarging the size many times, as he demonstrates here.



AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM snapped before taking off from California on her round-the-world flight. She is about to stow aboard some of the small quantity of luggage that the restricted space allowed. "I don't look at this as a stunt trip," she said before she left.

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OCT. 21	NEW ZEALAND .. Returning Nov. 3 .. From	£19 15 0
NOV. 11	NEW ZEALAND .. Returning Nov. 20 .. From	£13 15 0
OCT. 30	LORD HOWE .. Returning Nov. 5 .. From	£10 15 0
NOV. 11	LORD HOWE .. Returning Nov. 20 .. From	£13 15 0
DEC. 22	LORD HOWE .. Returning Jan. 11 .. From	£10 15 0
DEC. 24	NEW ZEALAND .. Returning Jan. 3 .. From	£19 15 0
DEC. 25	Parlor Coach Party to Melbourne, via coast. Return, Jan. 4, 4.30 p.m.	£12 15 0

Return via Canberra, 5 days Melbourne, with sightseeing. Return, Jan. 4, 4.30 p.m.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

"WHO has been telling you things you shouldn't know? Come here!" Anne had shrunk away. "What are you talking about?" "Nothing! I just thought it—please, mother!" She winced under her mother's sharp grasp. "Fave the children." Her mother sighed. "Oh, you are so stubborn! Don't shut your mouth like that! What has been said to you about babies?" "Nothing! Nothing!" Anne was hot with shame now, an inexplicable, harrowing shame. "Well, think nothing of them then. You're a baby yourself. Don't let me hear you talking of such things." Anne had played no more with dolls. One day at school the teacher had said, "Now, children, let's all think what we want to be when we are grown up." She had gone round the class until she came to Anne. "Anne, do you want to be a milliner or a teacher, too?" Anne shook her head. "No, I want to be a mother." The sound of the laughter, sudden like thunder, rattled against her still. She had never spoken her desire again.

In March of her last year at the university, Anne met Robert Duffy. He was giving a short series of lectures. Anne had been unimpressed by the comments upon him; he was the youngest man on the staff of the university, with a reputation of brilliance and the forecast of a great future. When he walked out on the platform, Anne, in her corner, leaned forward, the pupils of her eyes dilating. He was thin and dark, with hasty gestures, and a hostile eagerness sprang from his voice and eyes.

At the end of his second lecture, Anne waited at the edge of the crowd about the platform. She proffered some question, simple, almost irrelevant, and as he answered her, she stood near him, her brow, her beautiful throat, her relaxed fingers touched with subtle humility.

After that he watched for her, and Anne's days leaped up like a ship at the flick of the wind. Robert Duffy may have thought he drove her down the seas before him. Anne knew.

He had not wished to marry so immediately. He was working for a degree, was developing a new chemical theory. But Anne, lifting his hands to clasp the pillar of her throat, had said, calmly, "Why wait? You are tired and nervous now for someone to take care of you."

In April Anne was summoned home. Her mother had died suddenly. Her father wept for her as the young girl he had loved, and Anne, looking at the pale oval face between the sleek, dark wings of her hair, saw her for the first time as a woman of passion and force caught in too narrow an orbit.

The father went to live with Harry and his wife, and in June Anne was married. She remembered only one thing her father had said. "I thought that now, Anne, you would become an artist."

SHE had smiled and gone on swiftly with her preparations. Her mother's death had foreshortened life for her, until she felt at times a fear that she, too, might die with her desire unachieved. Out of the next years there were two moments with sharp outlines, the rest blurred into full tide of passionate tenderness, fear, absorption. One moment was at night in that first summer. She and Robert walked along the river just outside the university town, silent, until Robert turned on her.

"Where are you? I can't reach you," he had cried out. "I am afraid of you! You drown me, and I never touch you. What are you doing with me?"

She was glad of the darkness which hid the fierce contraction of her body, hid the terror and hatred that leapt within her. But she had laughed softly and said, "You are tired. You work too hard," until he lay with his head against her breast, her fingers in his hair, while she stared with sombre, heavy eyes at the pale glow on the water at her feet. She had been shamed at the coil of emotion his cry had struck, so that she had thrust the moment out of memory.

The other sharp moment was shortly before the birth of her second child. She lay on the couch in the sitting-room, staring dully at the dingy carpet, the litter of papers on the desk. Margaret, who slept in her arms, had stirred, and the touch of that silky head in the curve under Anne's chin drew her up from her apathy. Robert came to the door,

So Near, So Far

Continued from Page 8

and she knew the conflict she had waited for was upon her. "I understand you have talked with Samuels," Robert began. "You might have said so—all this time!" "I thought you would like to make your decision yourself." Robert slumped into a chair near the desk. She thought for the first time that she knew how he would look as an old man, the eagerness drained out of his dark face.

"Samuels told you his offer, of course? I harness my brains to his chemical plant for life." "He said there would be opportunity for you to carry on any experiments you wished." Her voice trailed off wearily, as though she had no spirit for a fight.

"You'd like me to take it?" "Only if you wish." She pressed that small, silky head against her throat.

"You know what I want! To go on my own way—" He stopped. "Have you thought of the children?"

"You give me little chance to think of anything else!" She turned her face away from him, her eyes closed. Presently he rose heavily.

"Very well, have it your way."

"No, Robert. You must decide. Are you so sure your own way leads anywhere?" She saw in his eyes the great weight of her own passive, inert body, of her immobility.

"I was, once. Anne, I don't mean to be selfish—" He hung out his hands, with their slender, nervous fingers, in a limp, impotent gesture. "Samuels' offer is profitable. I am taking it."

"Why so tragic, Robert?" Her words hurried slightly. "Even if you leave your university for someone who appreciates your value, you'll still have time for your own work in the evenings and all."

WHEN he had gone, Anne laid her lips gently against the fragrant warm crease of Margaret's neck, her eyes closed to hide their triumph.

After that, ten years in which Anne had been as God walking in his garden. Her children were the miracle, herself extended beyond her own narrow limits, the work of her flesh and her spirit. In them she was fulfilled, and in their growth she saw her own work. Her passion was that not that of the mother so much as that of the artist. She could have created pictures; instead she chose to create human beings. Robert begged her to spend less time with the children, to leave them, and she brushed his words carefully aside.

Almost overnight, it seemed, James, the youngest, was four, sandy-haired, chubby, jolly, and Margaret, fourteen, was a tall, slim thing with dark eyes and hasty gestures like her father. She developed stubborn, reticent moments, against which Anne thrust herself vainly.

Margaret came in from school one day, her eyes afloat.

"Mother, the girls are going to Miss Truesdale's holiday camp this summer. Could I go?"

Anne asked which girls were going, and added, gently:

"Mother would rather have her girl with her."

"Oh, mother!" cried Margaret, and then was silent, her whole slight figure stiffening into protest.

"Wouldn't you rather stay with mother?"

Margaret lifted her dark eyes, and Anne had a sudden impulse to seize her, to shake out of her the hostility that lay within her glance. But she said, with her persistent gentleness: "At any rate, I should have to know more of the camp before I could decide."

At the sight of Margaret rushing down to meet her father that evening, Anne's decision clicked into shape. She would send the child to the holiday camp. It would, after all, be excellent training, with the regularity of the life, and all Margaret had been growing too fast, and perhaps studying too hard. She was over-emotional.

Margaret came back after a month by the sea, brown, slim, apparently docile. Anne had moved her household to the country, near enough to town so that Robert could spend week-ends with them. The second week of Margaret's return Anne discovered that her casual manner of wandering down the road in the early afternoon had a definite motive; she went to intercept the post-man.

Anne's first thought was one of horror. Had a silly flirtation started? Surely Margaret was too young for that? She was only a little girl.

The next afternoon Anne followed with swift, silent feet, when she saw Margaret start down the lane. She found her on a bench near the tennis court, her dark head and slim brown throat bent over a letter.

"Oh, she is beautiful," thought Anne, "this young girl-child of mine! I won't have her touched—not yet!"

At the sound of her feet on the gravel, Margaret crumpled the letter into her pocket and flung back her head, scarlet running into the tan of her cheeks.

"A letter?" said Anne, as she sat down beside Margaret. "How nice!" Margaret slipped to the end of the bench; in her bright eyes something fluttered desperately, seeking escape.

"Who is writing to you?" Anne kept her voice gentle, in spite of the inflexible impulse behind her words. As Margaret rose, poised at the edge of flight, she added: "If I weren't sure of you, Margaret, I should think you were hiding something you were ashamed of!" She saw the girl flinch.

"It's nothing," she protested. "Just from a friend, from Miss Innamore who was at the holiday camp."

"Won't you show me her letter?" Anne sat very quiet. She stretched out one firm white hand towards Margaret, and her face showed nothing of the sharp fear that circled within her. Was Margaret lying to her? "You see, mother doesn't know her."

"It's just a letter to me." The girl's hand clenched over her pocket and she retreated a step.

Anne rose deliberately and laid her fingers on the girl's wrist. She was taller than Margaret; the child was a reed she could bend in her fingers. But the quiver of the wrist under her fingers disturbed her, and, unexpectedly, she was agitated at the flame of defiance that leapt in the dark pupils of the girl's eyes.

In that moment Margaret wrenched her wrist free, and with a fierce "Oh-h!" was running across the tennis court towards the house.

At luncheon Anne felt Margaret's eyes touch her warily; she paid no heed. Once when Margaret was a mere baby she had been stubborn, and Anne by quiet ignoring of her brought her swiftly to her arms in hot tears.

Then she knew that she must see that letter. Quickly she went to Margaret's room. She must protect the child. There lay the child's dress, but her fingers found no letter in the pocket. She stood in front of the little white desk.

There in one of the pigeonholes were the letters. Anne hesitated. Margaret need never know; there seemed no other way. She brushed aside the strange qualm and drew out the letters, several of them, addressed to Miss Margaret Duffy, in a bold, square hand. Freda Innamore, they were signed. At least the child hadn't lied. She had the folded sheet in her fingers when behind her she heard a little strangled cry, and turning, she faced Margaret. She made an instinctive gesture of concealment, but the envelope slipped to the floor. For an instant, as the wide, incredulous horror of Margaret's gaze travelled from that white square up to her mother's face, Anne shared that horror, as though she saw her guilty reflection in the girl's dark, stormy eyes. Only for an instant. Then she spoke, crisply:

"I am sorry, Margaret. But if you insist upon concealment, it is necessary for me to do this."

MARGARET stood motionless, a little figure of bronze, save for her quick breathing.

"Perhaps you came back to hide these letters?" Anne added cruelly. She saw the adorable young curves of shoulder and knee melt from bronze to trembling flesh. "Unless you are ashamed, Margaret, why do you hide them from mother?" Her voice filled again with its soft, rich tones. "Come and sit here beside me, and tell me about this new friend."

Margaret shrank away from her outstretched hands, retreated along the end of the bed, clinging to the frame, her knuckles showing white through the tan.

"Oh, you shouldn't touch them!" she cried out. "They are mine—and you shouldn't touch them!"

"Margaret, dear, mother wants only what is best for you. You know that. This woman has made you secretive, ashamed."

Please turn to Page 18

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



1st GOLFER: Fore! Fore! It's no good, Bill, they won't move.

2nd GOLFER: Try them with three and eleven and see if that will shift them.



"Does your wife choose your clothes for you?"
"No, but she picks the pockets."



SIBYL: When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water.
MAUD: Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught.



CIRCUS MANAGER: Where's the Human Fly to-day? He seems to be missing.
ASSISTANT: He can't perform to-day. His wife swatted him.



Attack FLU 3 ways with **DOUBLE "D"** Eucalyptus Extract

FLU germs settle in the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes and must be attacked at these three sources if you would make a speedy recovery from Flu. The Take-Rob-Inhale method of the Double "D" 3-Way Treatment enables the antiseptic vapors of Double "D" to penetrate these three main centres in which the flu germs lurk.

- 1 **TAKE** 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
- 2 **RUB** chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 **INHALE** 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water before retiring.

You cannot do better than follow the Double "D" 3-Way Treatment—it smashes Flu in record time. Double "D" Eucalyptus is guaranteed free from all impurities. For your own safety demand it and take no other.

9d. ————— Enormous Sales ————— 1/3

THE PURE STRONG EUCALYPTUS WITH THE SWEET FRESH SMELL

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MISTRESS (to new maid): I would like you to be kind, friendly and affectionate to my children—with the exception, of course, of my eldest son.

COMMUNIST FATHER: What do you mean by staying away from school? What do you mean by playing truant?
Son: Class hatred, Father.

MAGISTRATE: This is the fourth time you've been here for stealing chickens. What's your explanation?
Thief: The night wasn't dark enough.

FATHER: What do you want now? Haven't I just set up your husband in business?
Daughter: But Harry wants you to buy him out!

"Is your husband a handy man around the house?"
"Yes, he can knock up anything! Only yesterday I wanted a new box to keep my old rags in. Within half an hour he had run me up a splendid box out of the lid of our piano, the side of the radio, and two or three shelves from the bookstand!"

"YOU want six pairs of trousers with this suit?" asked the tailor in surprise.
"Yes, somebody gave me a full-grown Alsatian for a birthday present."



Sunshine Moonlight and Enchanted Hours

Travel by sea to Cairns for your winter holiday, through the calm lazy seas of the Great Barrier Reef. Cruise among the islands lying like emerald jewels in sheltered waters, with brilliantly coloured coral reefs and virgin tropical jungle. Enjoy swimming in warm blue lagoons—wonderful fishing—beautiful scenery—rich coastal lands, and magnificent mountains.

All the pleasures of shipboard life are yours:—Dancing, deck games, swimming, congenial companions, and the quiet unobtrusive service of the ship's staff makes your enjoyment complete.

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(Offices also at Newcastle and All States.)

TO CAIRNS BY SEA

How You Double The Harm Of INFLUENZA

WHEN you FEAR the 'FLU you double its power to do you harm. The condition of fear is generally brought about by lack of knowledge regarding the method of overcoming the complaint.

There is no need to fear the 'Flu when you take 'ASPRO.' It is the greatest protector and one of the greatest dispellers of 'Flu attacks that has ever been produced in the realm of medicine. No greater proof can be evidenced than the public acceptance of 'ASPRO' in leading countries of the world as the safest medicine to have on hand to smash up attacks of 'Flu. Take 'ASPRO' according to directions. It will smash up a 'Flu attack in one night. 'ASPRO' dispels the fever—clears the head—banishes the pain. 'ASPRO' works quickly and there are no dangerous after effects. So the obvious thing is . . .

DON'T FEAR the 'FLU SMASH IT WITH

'ASPRO'

"'ASPRO' Keeps Me Free From Colds"

11 Forrest Street,
Mt. Lawley, W.A.,
1/8/36.

Dear Sirs,
I take 'ASPRO' at the least indication of Cold or
Chill, and can say I go all the winter without a
Cold. I have recommended 'ASPRO' to very
many who come into my little shop who also have
had similar results.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. J. SLACK.

'ASPRO' Never Failed To Break Up a Cold

C/o Post Office,
Dartmouth, Vic.,
22nd June, 1935.

Dear Sirs,
Living in the country and having to work in
all weathers, I am often subject to Colds. I find
on taking two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon
drink at bedtime, they have never yet failed to
break up my cold. It is best to take 'ASPRO'
as soon as you feel a Cold coming on.
Yours truly,
(Signed) N. K. WILLIAMS

15 PROVED USES FOR 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging Pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without burning the heart.
- 8—It soothes away irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere—everywhere.
- 12—It gives relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of Alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a Gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

12/37

Victim of 'Flu Epidemic — 'ASPRO' Had Me Back at Work in Three Days"

140 Park Road Section,
Ipewich Road,
St. Brisbane, Q'ld.,
12/5/36

Dear Sirs,
During an Influenza Epidemic I was taken home with a severe attack. I immediately started dosing myself with 'ASPRO' according to directions and was able to go back to work within three days. For Colds and 'Flu I consider 'ASPRO' invaluable. We always have a supply in the house available for immediate use.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) E. L. MILLER

Nicholas Pty Ltd

So Near, So FAR

Continued from Page 16

"I'm not ashamed!" Margaret's lips struggled with tears. Anne lifted the sheet and unfolded it. With a swift movement Margaret was in front of her.

"If you read that—I'll hate you!" she cried.

Anne dropped the letter and pulled the girl into her warm embrace.

"Margaret, little Margaret! You are my daughter! Flesh of my flesh, spirit of my spirit! I won't have a stranger standing between us!" She felt the child's tears on her throat, felt her body stiffen within her arms. "I shall not read those letters against your will. But you will bring them to me."

She went slowly from the room. She turned at the door: Margaret stood motionless, her head averted. Something in her posture told Anne.

Anne took out her sewing. She had discovered years earlier that whenever life snarled itself up, she had only to sit down with something in her hands, something requiring attention, and gradually, without effort on her part, things would smooth themselves out. So she sat now, her fingers busy with bright wool with which she embroidered a blouse for Margaret. Finally she heard James wake, and scramble off in search of his brother.

Then she heard within the house Margaret's voice, clear with delight: "Father! I didn't know you were coming to-day!"

ANNE laid aside her sewing with a secret faint dismay, which she banished instantly. She found Robert in the hall; Margaret, hanging over the banister, drew back at Anne's approach.

"Hello, Anne!" Robert kissed the cool cheek Anne offered. "The city was so beastly. I came out a day early. Had your swim, Margaret? Fine; I want to see that new dive you wrote about."

"I'll wait for you down by the boathouse," said Margaret, and she whisked down the stairs and out of the door.

"Don't let her stay in the water too long, Robert," said Anne. "She seems tired. And bring the boys back when you come."

Anne went slowly back to her sewing. A faint disturbance lingered under her ignoring concentration on the stitches.

Dinner was rather silent, in spite of Anne's gentle and insistent talk. Margaret and her father had come in just in time to dress. Margaret had twisted her damp hair on the crown of her head and bound it with a green ribbon. That, with her green linen dress, gave her small, pointed face with its winged brows the look of a startled dryad. Anne glanced at her often; there hung about her a cloud of excitement, like light over water. Once she found Robert, too, eyeing her speculatively.

When Anne came down from James' good-night she found the house deserted. Little Robert came back presently, somewhat disconsolate because Dad and Margaret were out for a long walk and didn't want him. He sat beside Anne, telling her in his shrill young voice all he had done since morning. She sent him to bed finally, and at his summons climbed the stairs to bid him good-night. As she descended she heard Margaret and her father at the door.

"Good-night, Bobs," Margaret was saying. "And you'll tell her? Oh, Bobs!"

"If you'll promise to go straight to sleep and get unstrung a little. Good-night, Margaret."

Margaret's flight up the stairs carried her past her mother before she saw her.

"Good-night, dear," called Anne. Margaret hesitated, whirled, came back the few steps, lifting her face mutely towards Anne.

"Good-night, mother's little girl," Anne kissed her wistfully. "Sleep well." Again at Margaret's hasty withdrawal, she felt that strange fear. But she went calmly down to where Robert waited.

"Have you no time to talk for a bit?" he asked abruptly, and she heard in his voice an excitement like Margaret's. He waited until she had settled herself in a low chair, and then dropped into a chair opposite her. He lighted a cigar, the light glowing within his fingers.

"Are you very tired this week?" she asked.

"Nothing unusual," he dismissed

her inquiry brusquely. "I want to talk about Margaret."

Had the child gone to her father, tale-bearing? That would be unendurable.

"She's been telling me things—"

Robert paused.

"She didn't tell you about her letters?" Anne spoke with friend scorn.

"Letters? No."

"Well?" Anne waited, the autumn dusk wrapping her in outward tranquillity.

"The beginning, I suppose, is a visitor I had last week. I thought I wouldn't write about it. A Miss Innersome came into the office one day. She was at this holiday camp where you sent Margaret, a dancing teacher. Quite a personality, too, I judge, young, vigorous. She came in about Margaret. Thinks the child has a talent for dancing."

"Why did she go to you?" Anne found it difficult to keep her voice from bristling.

"Because you weren't in town, I suppose. She seemed to think we wouldn't take to the idea, and so she came to talk it over."

"What idea?" Anne's antagonism rippled in her tone.

"Why, of Margaret's dancing. She thinks she ought to study—Margaret, I mean. Not intensively, for a few years. Then she'll know whether it's the thing. And Margaret wants to."

"You mean study dancing professionally?"

"Yes."

"Ridiculous! I hope you told her we had our own plans for Margaret."

"Now, wait a minute, Anne. You see, Margaret has been talking to me, too. She wants to do it."

"You haven't encouraged her!"

"I have listened to her, Anne."

"Why hasn't she come to me about this?" Anne shut her hands together in her lap. The letters! They were about this scheme!

"Can't you see? She is afraid you will disapprove. Afraid she can't make you see how much she wishes to try it."

"She knows it is absurd, then. If she is so sure of my disapproval."

"Is it Anne? Why?"

"A public dancer! That child? Are you mad, Robert?"

"Margaret said to me to-night, and she didn't sound childish, that she thought she must dance. She studied last year, you know, at school. She says—and you know how she is with words—that it is the only thing she loves. That she can say things she feels and thinks that way. That she feels as though she had just been waiting until she found this out. We walked down through the woods to-night, and she danced for me, a dance she had made for the trees, she said. Anne, it was the loveliest dream I ever saw!"

Anne was silent. Her hands moved together up to her heart. After the grief of the afternoon Margaret had taken her father away to dance for him, Margaret was afraid to come to her.

"You know, Anne," went on Robert eagerly, "I have a strong belief that a desire like that is—well, somehow sacred. That we haven't any business to stand in the way. Don't you think so?"

"She's only a child," said Anne coldly. "She doesn't really know what she wants."

"I'm not so sure. I knew what I wanted earlier than that. Didn't you? I didn't get it." His voice dropped wryly. "That's no reason why Margaret shouldn't."

"Surely, Robert, you don't believe what you are saying—that a child knows better what it needs than its mother—its parents can know?"

"Ah, Anne, we don't know much! If this isn't the right thing, she has plenty of time to find it out." Robert pulled himself to his feet, drew a chair near Anne's, and seated himself. "You think, probably, that I don't appreciate how this makes you feel. Shall I tell you? You are feeling as though a picture you had started to paint suddenly walked off your canvas!"

He puffed strongly at his cigar, and the momentary glow touched into relief his cheekbones and temples, lighted his eyes with a glimmer of their old eagerness. They were Margaret's eyes. The same pointed fold of eyelids, the same dark fire. What had he said? A picture walking off the canvas—

Please turn to Page 20

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

FRUITLESS AMBITION

MUCH has been written about ambition. Authors have woven tales round ambitious persons, and have suffered them, after experiencing a period of striving, to pass on into a happy future with ambition realised.

That is fiction. In our world of reality, how many dreams come true? How many people live and die, having striven with all their might towards a goal, and yet been defeated?

Ambition is supposed to stimulate one, to give one something to battle for; but if, having battled and been robbed of hope through lack of opportunities or adverse circumstances, what is one's reaction?

To the thwarted one comes discontent—a discontent that grows, day by day, as we dwell on what we might have been, and what we might have accomplished.

Ambition, I like you not. Though one may reach your shrine, a thousand, hopeless and disillusioned, fall by the wayside.

£1 for this letter to Miss Pauline Connolly, Rosebank, 85 Pine Street, Randwick, N.S.W.

CURE FOR NERVES

THE great prevalence of neurotic disorders among women of to-day is said to be due to their increased leisure. Our grandmothers (it is said) never had nerve storms because they cooked, sewed or scrubbed for about 18 hours out of the 24. The moral seems to be—Get busy! There are hundreds of interesting pursuits and studies—something to interest every type.

If you don't like or can't afford sports, why not study and practise one of the many branches of art, music, or freelance journalism?

Miss S. Hungerford, No. 7 Glenorie Flats, West Esplanade, Manly, N.S.W.

GUARD-OR GUIDE?

IN many large department stores a guide is employed—one who has a thorough knowledge of the position of all the different departments. To harassed shoppers, more especially to visitors to our city, this service is invaluable.

My opinion is that similar service should be given by transients—that they should be able, when asked, to give information regarding the names of streets on their route.

Their lack of knowledge in this direction is deplorable; for surely their job entails more than the mere collecting of fares?

If visitors were to receive the answer I received on inquiring of a guard if he passed a certain street, "Why ask me?" they would have a very low estimate of the courtesy and intelligence of our transients.

S. Kay, 19 Cuthbert St., Waterley, N.S.W.

SHARING JOYS

LOOKING back through the years, I heard a friend remark recently, "I can honestly say that I never lacked sympathy, very practical sympathy, too, whenever I have met with adversity."

"On the other hand, there has been a dearth of rejoicing with me among my friends when any good fortune came my way. Somehow, contrary to their unbounded sympathy in distress, I rarely felt that their pleasure at my blessings was really genuine."

This is not the first time I have heard this, and I am wondering what are other people's experiences.

Mrs. W. Miller, 140 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

Is a Wife a Help or Hindrance to Man's Career?

IN reply to L. Chapman (12/6/37). I think it is absurd to say the acquisition of a wife and family must retard a man's progress in his career. Rather would I say that a man, urged on by loyalty and devotion from a wife, is more likely to attain success than a single man.

There are on record many men whose careers have made history in the past who were spurred on by a woman's love and guidance.

L. Mealy, 117 Crystal St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Happiness First

APPARENTLY L. Chapman means that a wife hinders a man from winning material success in this world.

This is quite likely, seeing that he has an extra person to support, and in many cases he must be prevented from striking out on his own, experimenting, risking a job in order to do better eventually.

But most men aim for happiness before material success, and only marriage can give this.

Mrs. J. Philpot, Grafton St., Warwick, Qld.

Helps and Steadies

A WIFE and family provide a man with his greatest incentive to rise in the world. His sense of responsibility, far from hampering him, tends to give him a steady quality which single men find hard to acquire.

Quite a few men of my acquaintance only became ambitious after marriage.

Mrs. E. Blanchard, 150 Denison St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Spurs Him On

I DISAGREE with you, L. Chapman. In many instances men have been helped to climb to the top of their particular ladders by their wives.

I can quote instances where, had it not been for the help of wives, men would still be where they were years ago. A man who loves his wife will strive to better himself for her sake.

Mrs. C. A. Reside, Lucknow, via Bairnsdale, Vic.

Gives Practical Help

THE majority of our Australian women have sound common sense and are capable of helping their husbands. Many of them have been to work and have gained an experience of the outside world, and they can often assist by opening up before a worried husband a fresh avenue of thought upon a subject under discussion.

Even the woman who cannot help in this way does her husband an invaluable service by managing his home so that he can leave all his cares behind at his work and look forward to peaceful relaxation at home.

Many a young man after marriage takes a keener interest in his work. His wife becomes his inspiration, and he finds himself with fresh ambition.

Miss June Revel, Annie St., Windsor N2, Vic.

Ambition Killed

I AGREE with L. Chapman. I have watched the careers of many promising men who have married while still fairly young. After marriage each has been more concerned with keeping his job and providing for his family than furthering his ambitions.

Indeed, any ambition to do any better is destroyed by the worry of providing for his family.

M. L. Cook, East Parade, Kensington, S.A.



Shackled by wife and family.

Would Equal Pay for the Sexes Kill Romance?

I DO not care if "equal pay for sexes" should prove "a blow to romance" as Miss Macpherson (12/6/37) suggests.

What is wrong with a fifty-fifty basis? It is a sound idea and the only fair one. Why shouldn't each one pay for his or her own entertainment? Or are women setting a price on their company for an evening's dance or pictures?

That is rather like gold-digging. Only by equal pay will each individual receive fair treatment, regardless of sex.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 51 E. Crescent St., McMahon's Pt., N.S.W.

Romance Would Suffer

I THINK Miss Macpherson is right. If men and women were on equal pay, many women would lose their jobs.

And romance would certainly suffer badly. Much as they pretend otherwise, women like to look up to men as being more successful in business than themselves, and they enjoy the attentions and protective care of the men who take them out.

All this would be lost if all outings became "Scotchman's" shoots, as it is only right they should be if both were earning equally.

Winifred Arthur, 4 Maitland Ave., Rose Bay, Vic.

Marriage More Important

J. MACPHERSON is wrong. Equal pay for men and women would prove a boon and not a blow to romance.

What caused the decline in marriage? Cheap female labor.

The greatest thing in a woman's life is love and marriage. Too many

Horried At Women's Reading!

I AM a librarian in a big city library, to which come people of all types and ages.

I am horrified to note that with the younger members of our sex detective stories and impossible love novels are most popular; with the older women just the romances.

It is the older men and a fair sprinkling of young men who read anything worthwhile. Women's mental development is far behind that of men!

Bessie Clive, Ocean Road, Cottesloe, W.A.

girls to-day are holding down men's jobs at less than men's pay, and so preventing potential husbands from marrying.

Mrs. Alta Isabel Knight, Fitzroy St., Guilford, N.S.W.

Equal Pay Every Time

FOR centuries women have been dependent on men for their very existence.

Behind men's so-called chivalry and protectiveness towards women they have secretly despised us as weak females.

In Russia to-day men and women are working side by side on an equal basis. And yet romance exists there. If men and women were paid on the same basis for their work, men would look upon women as equal, and treat them as comrades. We would not have to be dependent on men to pay for our pleasures and pastimes.

Millicent Berks, 174 James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Unfair Advantage

IF a woman can do a job just as efficiently as a man why should she be paid less?

I think it is taking an unfair advantage of men to push them into unemployment by doing their work at a smaller wage.

There are many young men eager to marry and have homes of their own if only they had permanent work.

Mrs. Sylvia Smith, Campbell St., Wauchope, N.S.W.

Cutting Out Saturday Morning Work

IN reply to Mrs. Wood (12/6/37), employers, I feel, would welcome the introduction of a five-day week just as much as the employee.

Business is conducted on a Saturday morning by shops and stores for the convenience of the public. If it were known that the public would be satisfied to confine their shopping to a five-day week there would be very little opposition to it.

Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Not Much Done

YES, I have often wondered why people work on Saturday mornings. In many offices Saturday morning is a joke. The amount of



Would mean healthy week-end breaks.

work to be done really doesn't warrant coming in and breaking up a good day and a possible week-end.

Factories close down on Saturdays, and quite a number of the big general stores, as well as most offices, could do likewise.

I would like to see our young people getting an opportunity for healthy week-end breaks.

P. Alexander, Walter St., Claremont, W.A.

Why Work At All?

WHY do people work at all, Mrs. Wood? Why not cut it all out and have one long holiday for fifty-two weeks of the year?

Employers work on Saturday mornings to further their business. If they could cut it out I am sure they would for their own sakes.

Miss Atkinson, Abbot St., Launceston, Tas.

WOMEN'S CURIOSITY

ARE women more curious than men?

Tradition says so, and my experience endorses this. Gently insert a little bit of gossip into an intellectual discussion between members of both sexes, and the women will forget their previous arguments, and eagerly discuss personalities. But the men are definitely not interested.

Women's curiosity faculty seems to be more highly developed than that of men. What do you think?

L. Lindsay, Ferris Avenue, Somerset, S.A.

PUZZLED GIRL

WE are always being advised by our elders that even if we treat young men in cavalier fashion—if we break appointments, or keep them late, make constant demands on our swains—we'll get them in the end.

But as a girl with some principle, I am puzzled how such treatment could bring any reward. Are our young men fools?

Patricia Roberts, Claisebrook Rd., East Perth, W.A.

FIRMS CAN HELP

I AM pleased to note that many of our larger firms are providing day-light, air-conditioning, and better equipment generally for their staffs.

But why can't more of them organise sporting and literary clubs, and social entertainment within themselves?

A better spirit would be fostered in the firm, and employees would take their enjoyment with those in whom they are most interested.

Mrs. Wood, St. George's Terrace, Hobart.

THIS PRETENSION

WHILE recently lunching at a restaurant I noticed that the menu included "Fried Flathead au Citron." Why on earth, in an English-speaking country, does one allow of lemon transform a dish from plain fried flathead into "Flathead au Citron"?

The piece of "citron" is as natural a condiment with fish as pepper or salt, so why this pretentiousness?

M. Taylor, 15 Swete Street, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

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Modern science has come to the rescue of the dyspeptic martyr. No longer need you purge and purge your system with weakening salts or old-fashioned strong mineral preparations—"hoping for the best." With De Witt's Antacid Powder you can treat your digestive troubles in a truly natural and scientific way.

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"I WONDER why I said picture," he went on slowly, out of the darkness. "I must have been thinking of that career you might have taken. You chose children, instead, and human beings aren't so docile as paint and canvas, are they?"

"Why discuss that?" Anne moved impatiently. "You must admit that I have no interests, no concerns, except the good of the children. That's why I won't consent to this plan. You've been wheedled into it by a strange woman and a child! I—I think it's rather unjust of you to encourage Margaret without consulting me."

"Don't be hasty, Anne. There are so many things I'd like to say to-night." He flicked his cigar end over the railing. "You've no idea how much thinking I have done this week. It began after Miss Innsmere's call. Then young Carsdale came in. Remember him? That boy at the university? He has carried through several of the things we started—and more of his own. He was telling me about them. When he left, he grinned at me and said: 'They've made you properly domesticated and successful, haven't they, Duffy?' He was a little shabby in that gilt-edged office where I sit all day."

Anne caught her breath sharply.

"YOU are suggesting, I suppose, that I am to blame for your—commercialisation?" she asked, incredulously in her cool tone. "I want to show you how I feel about Margaret. I know why she is afraid to come to you with her desires. You are indomitable, Anne. You are like the earth itself. No one sees its movement, but no one can stop it and everyone is whirled along with it. Sometimes I have known that you chose me—shall we say to father your children for you? Sometimes I have pretended I was a free agent. Sometimes I have been sorry you didn't devour me utterly—the female spider has a neat way with her spouse, you know! I shouldn't say these things now, when it is all too late, except for Margaret. She doesn't want to be eaten. The boys are still too young to mind."

"How can you sit there and say those things!" Anne's voice was thick with whirling rage. "As though I were a monster!"

"Anne, dear, you insist upon misunderstanding me. You have been a very beautiful mother. That I know. I am not blaming you that I am prosperous and respectable instead of lean and hollow-eyed from wrestling with ideas and schemes. There was at least a motive there. The children did need food and shelter. But Margaret is no longer a baby. She must have what she wants."

Something snapped in Anne, and a terrible grinding pain, a physical anguish seized her. She huddled back in her chair, her hands pressing against her breasts.

"Oh, you can't know!" she cried. "You think I am selfish, devouring! You can't know! Before she was born I dreamed of her—beauty and health and loveliness. And since she was a baby I have watched her, worked to make her what she is. A dancer—in public. You have tried to get her away from me! You have tried!"

"Anne! You know that is a lie! I have been humble enough that she has cared for me. When I saw her dancing to-night I was jealous to frenzy that others might watch that. But if she wishes it, who are we to stand in her way?"

"SHE doesn't know. She doesn't need to dance—to do anything! I had planned so many things for years to come. Surely if I have made her what she is, I have a right to decide what she shall be!"

"Made her?" Robert sat forward; Anne could see his shoulders hunched against the dim light through the window behind him. "We like to think that, don't we? Instead—I was a fool for you, and you, even you, Anne, were a fool for what? An obscure drive of peoples behind us, craving embodiment. What have you made about her? When she was born you felt you had created her. What had you done, but wait, wait, while she grew?" He was silent.

"You know—" Robert's voice dropped into a puzzled wonder. "That's what all creative work seems to amount to. You wait. You think you are making something, but you only wait while it grows." Another silence. "I have filled my days so full I had no time

So Near, So FAR

Continued from Page 18

for that slow waiting. Do you see, Anne? We are nothing but the soil—lying fallow under the sun." Anne sat very still. The dreadful rending within her had ceased, and a heavy, lethargic cessation of pain, like that after child-birth, brooded over her. Incredibly there hung about her a moment of white peace, like that of her old dream, in which she lay in the great windless meadow curving against the sky, part of the waiting soil.

Robert had spoken the truth. He knew Margaret's struggles had been only an inarticulate expression of the same truth.

"That's all, Anne." She felt his fingers brush her shoulder. "After all, you are an artist. Perhaps you should have chosen otherwise than children for your work."

Anne could not speak. Humility, a strange garment for her, enclosed her.

"It is late. Perhaps to-morrow—after you have slept on it." He pulled his tone back to an ordinary level. "You are cold?" She had shivered under his fingers.

"No. Only stripped." Her laugh trembled into a sob.

"Won't you come in, now?"

"Not yet, please." A moment of hesitating silence, and Robert moved towards the door. "Robert—" Anne found words with cumbersome difficulty. "Perhaps to-morrow I can thank you." She saw him draw his body erect, as though a weight had dropped from him. "Good-night."

She sat for a long time, like one who accustoms himself to the thin, clear air of a mountain top. She had reached the plateau from which she could see the winding of the path she had followed. When at last she went to her room, she slept with the exhaustion which follows bodily suffering.

She woke early, trying for a time with her eyes closed. Then she rose. She dressed carefully, choosing a blue dress that Margaret had

always liked. Then she went to Margaret's door, and knocked. After a silent moment she pushed it ajar.

Margaret stirred, sleeping. Her face flushed and young in a cloud of dark hair. At the sight of Anne she woke instantly, and the wistful alertness in her eyes wrenched at Anne's pulse.

ANNE sat down on the edge of the bed, her hands clasped, her eyes caressing the sweet curve of the child's body beneath the cover.

"Margaret, dear," she said, "father talked over your plans with me—"

She saw terror leap in the girl's eyes, but she kept her voice serene. "I shall be glad for you to study dancing. Will you, some day, show me some of your own dances?"

Margaret's eyes widened, and a flame ran into her cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, I thought you wouldn't like it!" She sat up against her pillow. "I must tell you—a bewildered shame in her face—that I burned those letters yesterday. They—they were just about the dancing."

"I am sorry about the letters." Anne's severity had a tinge of pitiousness. "Margaret, can you understand how hard it is to find your baby has grown up? I am sorry."

Margaret brushed away the episode impetuously.

"You really mean that you are glad about the dancing?" Her slim hand moved shyly along the blanket towards her mother. "You are glad?"

The reticent caress winged into Anne's heart.

"Yes," she said steadily. "I wanted to tell you, to begin your day!"

She stood for an instant beside the bed, before she turned to leave. In that instant she had her vision of further waiting; a waiting into which Margaret might some day return.

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I AM A LITTLE ASHAMED OF FREDDIE. I WOULD LIKE HIM TO PLAY LIKE OTHER BOYS. I WONDER WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HIM.

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NARDA: Princess, dwelling in Gizeh in Egypt, who has been
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SEGRID: Whom Mandrake holds responsible for the kid-
napping, because by gambling away trust funds he put

himself into the power of his sister's kidnappers. Man-
drake tells Segrid he must pay his debts by selling his
estates and stables. Both Segrid and Narda refuse
to do this, and Segrid says he intends to get back the
money lost by gambling again. Mandrake determines
to save him in spite of himself, and, to this purpose, hyp-
notises him. NOW READ ON—



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WANDERING GENTILE

"ANYTHING else?" Askern asked feebly.

"Everything else," the big man grinned, and something in his smile made Askern feel he was right. The fellow had a curious force.

"What has happened?" he groaned. "The Government has resumed control," said the man with his fierce cheerfulness. "Law runs in Sharti. I brought your boys back from the bush, shot the sergeant of Askari for desertion in face of the enemy, and you now have men you can rely on. The Sharti-kor—"

"Has called his tribe to arms," croaked Askern, trying to rise.

"The Sharti-kor has called on me," grinned the stranger, pushing him back into his bed.

"Nonsense!" snapped Askern. "He wouldn't let me even call on him."

"I sent me the head of a Portuguese trader to show what happened to white men who tried to force themselves into his land."

"The Sharti-kor called," said the stranger, enjoying every moment of his own wonder, "clad in penitential sackcloth with dirt on his head."

He crawled from the edge of the clearing to this hut on his tummy, rising only to make the five grovelling ritual of abasement demand—"

"The Sharti-kor!" gasped Askern. "Impossible!"

"You think so?" grinned the

other. "Well, we'll make him do it all over again when you're up and about."

Askern stared. But he knew this curious man was speaking the truth. He, too, felt the something in him that must have cowed the fierce old chief. There was not only power in this bizarre man, but also an extravagant joy in exercising it.

"And what next?" he asked feebly. "Oh, I started bringing the Sharti under the beneficence of white rule, reported same to the capital . . ."

"You've reported—blast your impudence. I'm resident here."

"You've been on your back for three weeks and the white man's burden had to be shouldered . . ."

Besides, we needed supplies, support and so forth, and your little portable typewriter made correspondence a temptation. I like to talk largely to government mandarins. And I do this sort of thing so much better than you ever will."

He brought a mass of carbon duplicates to Askern. "Look these over. You'll find they are models of what a district officer's communications should be. Paranga will be startled at your brilliance."

"My brilliance!" Askern feverishly read to the final page, saw the carbon duplicates of a signature and gasped. "My name—my signature! But, by heaven, this is forgery!"

"One of my lesser gifts," smiled the other. "There were reasons why I could not take the credit I deserved . . . But you'll get it, Bobby"

Continued from Page 7

Askern. When those reports are read in Paranga you'll be a made man."

And that was likely to be true, Askern realised when he read those reports: they were masterly. Then however, he could only rage at this stranger-out-of-nowhere's infernal impudence.

"Who are you?" he snapped. "The Wandering Gentile," grinned the other, as he produced Askern's cigarette case, full of Askern's cigarettes, selected one and lit up.

"I was told," said Askern slowly, "that there was no white man in this belt save a ruffian dodging the law."

"That's me, naturally," said the stranger.

"I see! And that's why you're ashamed of your name."

"This is where the ruffian wince and hangs his head," grinned the stranger. "Ashamed of it? Lord no, I'm proud of 'em—all. I've made history with most of them and must have at least twenty by now."

"Twenty aliases—?"

"None de guerre," said the other, puffing luxuriously. "Apart from their legal convenience, I have a taste for them. Which of them do you know . . . Le Geyt?—no! Jorgensen?—no! Voysey . . .?"

"Voysey!" cried Askern, his fists clenching "or rather Savaran, who calls himself Voysey."

"Yes, I prefer Savaran to most of the others," the man mused. "I've done all my best things in that name, and it has a sound."

"You've a price on your head!" Askern raged.

"On most heads under most names," said Savaran indifferently. "Oh, I see; a sense of duty gnaws at your vitals. You are ready to arrest me, bare-handed but strong in the might of the law, eh?"

He stood up, leant across the bed and patted Askern's shoulder.

"You're a nice child, Bobby," he said. "But you've a lot to learn about Africa—and me! Being arrested single-handed is one of the few sensations denied to a nature like mine."

"That was a bad break," said Askern hoarsely. "See . . . I took this from your holster."

He held a wicked-looking automatic pointed at Savaran's chest.

"That's one of the guns I saved your life with," smiled Savaran, flicking the ash off his cigarette.

"Great scott! You make use of that to serve your own ends?" cried Askern.

"That or anything," Savaran's eyes crinkled up in amusement. The pistol in Askern's hand began to wobble as he tried to master the lean man's glance. Then he flung it down.

"I thought it would act," said Savaran in a sort of intoxicated glee as he picked the weapon up.

"It's the force in me, Bobby. I enjoy testing it. Oh, yes, I let you get hold of that gun purposely. I've got that extra power . . . the super-man force that makes you and other men do my will."

Savarán had certainly done wonders. Askern saw when he could get out and about.

Where there had been merely the lonely Residency hut cowering under the threat of the jungle, a busy village had sprung up, with the once sullen Sharti active as traders, house-builders, road makers, and couriers carrying trade and reports along the six weeks' jungle trail to Paranga.

All this was due entirely to the power and genius—his king instinct, he called it—of Savaran. Askern, lost in admiration, could only find one flaw. That was the presence of too many women and Savaran's too evident interest in them.

"Hang it all, haven't you any dignity, man?" Askern rapped, as in response to a languishing glance from a superb pair of native eyes Savaran chuckled the lithe, red-brown owner under her chin.

"Dignity!" Savaran's eyes gleamed dangerously as his strange, overwinding egotism was touched. Then he laughed. "That sort of condescension is the privilege of princes, as history will show you. You take romance, like everything else, too seriously, Bobby. It's that darned Sir Galahad kink in you. I bet even your engagement—"

Askern strode on white with fury. He knew Savaran had made no bones about prying out all there was to be known about his engagement while he was unconscious.

"Pretty girl—Blanche," mused Savaran, who really knew no more



IRENE VERA YOUNG, Australian dancer, who will give a dance recital on June 30 and July 1 at the Theatre of the Dance, 252 Pitt Street, Sydney.

about her than her photo, signed with that single name, told.

"Curse you!" cried Askern swinging on him. "You go too far! I won't have you mention that lady's name."

"She waits in England for you?" asked Savaran unmoved.

"No!" snapped Askern. "In Paranga."

"Here . . . and you didn't marry her before coming to the Sharti?" Savaran's eyes showed surprise.

Askern said nothing, just faced him ready to dash a fist in his face. And Savaran went on with his disarming charm.

"Come along and see the rich Sharti trade pouring into your godowns."

Please turn to Page 26



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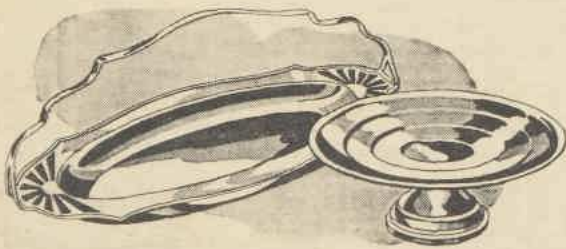
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Very extraordinary evening footwear at very ordinary prices

Evening shoes—like the exotic settings that will be their background—a symphony of rare designing and exquisite craftsmanship—to subtly complement your most glamorous gowns. As thrilling as the gala nights they are meant for. On Third Floor.



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USUALLY 21/-. Exclusive cake or sandwich trays in the very latest designs, beautifully proportioned. 12/6

Silverware, Ground Floor. Country carriage extra.

USUALLY 12/6. Our most distinguished new comport, particularly suitable for a jam sandwich stand. Value 8/6



ALL WOOL and a cosy inch deep 1/3

You need these white, washable lamb's wool insoles that can be changed from shoes to slippers as desired. Women's 2-6. Men's 7-10.

Haberdashery, Ground Floor.



Knit these

They look so breathlessly costly

Looks an import; you can knit it with 5 2-oz. hanks of Spina Boucle wool at 1/6 hk., and 1 ball of Angora at 2/8 ball, making total of 10/2

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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Poetry Is An Inspiration To Profitable Punting

By BETTY GEE

It isn't time for spring racing or spring poets yet, but one of my "fans" has burst into verse about the fallacy of punting, and tipping winners.

What was my reply to his warning? Something really devastating. Theolos at 10/1 at Randwick! It just shows you that poetry is an inspiration to us punters.

THE burden of his song was a warning to me as a punter.

From tipsters and jockeys and trials and gallops, the glory has gone,

For this is the wisdom of Hazif, that sages have pondered upon:

"The very best tip in the world

is to see the commission go on."

Well, that was just what I wanted to see—the commission go on—and it did. Theolos won by a trifling matter of five lengths and I had £10 to collect.

Until then Randwick had been a forlorn sort of prospect, rain falling, feet wet, the betting ring under water like an Olympic pool, and those great, mournful Moreton Bays dripping huge gouts of moisture down your neck just as you were noting the jockeys for the next race.

Yes it had cost me £1 on Sydney in the first race to realise how nasty racing can be on a wet day, even at Royal Randwick.

Sydney came home as late as an erring husband to get second to Brazandt.

I could see visions of a dwindling purse sending me to the 5/- combination ticket tote windows—the coward's retreat for misers and cautious old women, I heard somebody describe it.

Fast Young Thing

The next race, of course, was the one in which I backed Theolos. It wasn't a race. Theolos was the youngster of the party, being only two, but it was flaming youth with a vengeance, and as fast as they make 'em. It was so far in front that the jockeys on the other horses must have felt ashamed to come in. I was smiling through the showers when I handed up my ticket for £10 to my pet book-maker.

I had backed Equable for the big Hurdle Race at £7 to £2 early to make for shelter in the lea-room, and there, by the greatest stroke of luck, met Mrs. Dolly Clayton, and she said, "Our horse will win."

She always takes the horses of the stable under her friendly wing. She had scratched her own horse, Tre-donner, but her trainer, the big, handsome Geo. Brown, had Trechillo going. Off I went into the storm again for £3/10 to £1 on Trechillo, hoping the tip was good enough to justify another wetting. It was.

Little Norman Brace kept him behind Kerry Bay and Bowthorne till they ran themselves into falls, then shot his horse away. At the last hurdle I'm sure Trechillo was down. He scrambled through it like an elephant. But Good Little Normy just picked him up, put him on his feet properly balanced, and Trechillo brought home the rashers.

Oh, yes, I forgot Equable in my thrills.

He just came along at the rear like the last banner in the Eight-hour Day procession, and never lost his position.

Arrived Too Late

Another one who arrived late was After Six. It was my own fault busting £1 on one so named in the Amateur Cup. He ran third.

"Fast horses for a muddy day," Dickie always says.

That's a great rule for winter racing. Most effective, in fact infallible; but there's one little drawback. You never know which is the fastest horse until the race is over, and then the books won't let you back 'em.

I went off Cid, but Golden Treasure cost me a new hat in the Winter Flute. I had 7 to 1, and was just visualising a week at Kewinaka when Gay Knight snatched it off him by about a skirt-length (new short mode), drat him.

It was funny about Cid. He went along all right until he had run a



Betty in the wet winter of discontent at Randwick.

A 10/1 winner, however, helped to brighten prospects.

mile, and then decided to call it a day. He just wouldn't gallop any more, and that's all there was to it.

But good old Darby Munro came to my rescue in the last race with Buonarroti. I heard that Seiby Clark declared Buonarroti a "cert." He's the owner, and you can bet he got that from Ted Hush, the trainer, and he's the shrewdest I know in this racing game.

Anyhow, I worked it out that way, and took £5 to £1 Buonarroti, and wasn't it right?

With Darby working overtime all the way he simply stole the race off Blue Blood and Dutiful, and I could have kissed him with delight.

Well, Randwick's all over till next September. But do you think I'm going to hibernate till then? Not me. Next Saturday it's Rosebery, and Dickie says that is the best wet-weather track in Sydney. The way things are plotting out it'll have to be.

Watch My Namesake

I've got Legislator for that day from the head waiter, but he's not giving it as a ping-pong par excellence, because he doesn't trust politicians much, and, anyhow, the entries aren't even taken yet.

Brown Betty's ready to smash the books, our butcher boy reckons, and Monogram's name's already written in the judge's box, the flower-girl says, and she had the tip from a girl she knows who walks out with an Adonis from the stable.

10,000 jars of Charmosan Cold Cream given away free to advertise the new square jar

Charmosan Cold Cream is now being packed in a new square jar specially made for it. This cream is, as you know, all the rage for cleansing the skin at night and for massage to get rid of wrinkles, crows feet, sagging flesh, etc.

In order to introduce the new jar quickly to the public the Australasian distributors are making this offer.

Go to your chemist, draper or store and buy one jar of Creme Charmosan and one box of Charmosan face powder and get a cash receipt docket for your purchase. Send this docket together with sixpence in stamps to Clement Black and Coy., Little Regent St. Sydney, or Clement Black and Company, 530 Collins St., Melbourne, giving your name and address plainly, and a full size jar of Charmosan Cold Cream will be posted to you by return mail.

This offer applies to New Zealand as well as the Commonwealth.

The sixpence in stamps is to pay the postage on the free jar.

This offer closes on the 31st July, 1937.

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What Women Are Doing

Business Partners

CONDUCTING a successful stock and estate agency in Inglewood (Q.) are the Misses Elsie and Jean Cheshire.

Big deals are made by these capable women, who frequently drive many miles inspecting cattle and advising buyers of the market value of stock inspected.

Friends Benefit

From Her Handiwork

MRS. HORACE WHIDDON, wife of Mr. H. Whiddon, M.L.C., is an active worker for many public causes in her husband's electorate — Parkes (N.S.W.)—including the Red Cross and the Scout Corps of the district.



Mrs. H. Whiddon

But it is probably her garden which gives her the greatest delight, and, incidentally, her friends also, for she is most generous in passing on to them, and to charity, the results of her handiwork in this regard.

She is a keen horticulturist and specialises in orchids. In recent days Mrs. Whiddon has been actively engaged in the organisation of the annual ball of the Parkes Electorate, in which she had the co-operation of workers from all branches.

Y.W.C.A. National Secretary Visits Many Centres

MISS WINIFRED CARRUTHERS, national activities secretary of the Australian Y.W.C.A., has been travelling in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne and Bendigo.

She will be at headquarters, Melbourne, for a while preparing work for the Triennial Convention which she will attend in Newcastle (N.S.W.) next October.

Miss Carruthers first joined the Y.W.C.A. in Auckland, then came to Australia, and was general secretary in Geelong and Perth before joining the national staff in Melbourne. She next went to England and was general secretary of Nottingham Y.W.C.A.

Museum Guide-Lecturer

A NEW position has been created at the Perth Public Library, Museum, and Art Gallery for a West Australian Science graduate.

She is Miss Eileen Bowley, Master of Science, with a brilliant academic record, who became Guide-Lecturer to the Museum a few days ago. The appointment has been made under a Carnegie grant.

For over three years Miss Bowley has been an assistant in the Biology Department of the W. A. University. Beginning her scholastic record as dux of Perth College, she graduated in Science at the W.A. University five years ago, secured first-class honors in Zoology two years later, and gained the M.Sc. Degree last year. A member of the council of the local Royal Society, she was a delegate to the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science Conference in Auckland this year.

Extending Work of Australasian Women's Assn.

THE chief president of the Australasian Women's Association, Mrs. D. D'Altera, Melbourne, recently opened two new branches of the association, one at Casterton and the other at Bentley.

This brings the number of branches in Victoria up to forty-six.

Mrs. D'Altera is also treasurer of the association's auxiliary for the Queen Victoria Hospital, and is on the executive of the National Theatre Movement.

The annual conference of the Australasian Women's Association is to be held this year at Sandringham on September 7 and 8. Delegates from all parts of Victoria will attend to discuss national questions as well as those relating to the different friendly societies.

Holder of State Badminton Championship

ADELAIDE women badminton players who are available for selection in the State team to take part in the All-Australian badminton carnival, which will be held in Adelaide from July 14 to 21, are practising hard. The number of women players has increased this season, but only a few have had experience in interstate match play.

One of the players who seems most certain of inclusion in the State team is Miss Flossie Newman, the present State champion. She has been playing badminton for four years, and was a member of the South Australian team which competed in the interstate carnival in Melbourne in 1935.

Miss Newman

To Form Chain of Auxiliaries

MRS. T. K. ROBSON, of Launceston, who succeeded in interesting lots of women in a new sphere of welfare work by forming an auxiliary to the Laichlan Park Hospital, has now been asked to visit the north-west coast with the object of launching auxiliaries at the various centres. It is hoped to enlist the help of people in every part of Tasmania as this hospital serves the needs of the people all over the State.

Trying Hard For Their Places

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN and Victorian basketball teams have each won the interstate contest five times, and the result of the interstate matches this year to be contested in Victoria will decide the permanent holder of the Interstate Cup.

Miss Margaret Hargrave, secretary of the S.A. Association, says that this year the benefits of indoor training are being stressed.

Miss Hargrave, after playing in the association for seven years, and captaining the Varity team for two years, retired from the playing field last season to take over the secretaryship and help umpire club matches. She is a committee member of the newly-established Umpires' Association.

Mission Worker on Furlough

A RECENT visitor to Brisbane was Miss Edie E. Varley, of the Sudan Interior Mission, who is on a year's furlough from Iregue, in Nigeria, where she has been stationed for 14 years. She is an Australian by birth, and comes from Melbourne.

Miss Varley is a fully-qualified chemist, and as her work is both evangelistic and medical, finds her scientific knowledge very useful. She is one of the only two white women at Iregue, which is 800 miles from the coast, and she speaks the language of the pagan tribe among which she works and has helped to reduce the language to writing. She also helped with the translation of the Bible for them, a third of which has been completed.



Miss Varley

Travelled on Nine Different Ocean Liners

THERE can be few women in Australia who have travelled more extensively than Mrs. Reginald Walker, of Adelaide, who returned recently from a trip to South America, and who has been giving interesting travel talks.

Mrs. Walker has travelled in all the continents of the world, but votes her last trip quite the most interesting, though the most difficult, as it necessitated changing on to nine different liners. Mrs. Walker and her husband travelled down the West Coast of South America, then crossed the Andes, and went by train through the Argentine.

After spending a week in Brazil they visited the West Indies, staying at Trinidad and Jamaica before boarding ship for Australia via the Panama Canal and Pitcairn Island.

The trip took five months and the travellers covered 40,000 miles in that time.

Will Exhibit Decorations For Modern Flats

SINCE Miss Elizabeth Skottowe, of Adelaide, returned from doing a course at the London Central School of Art about two years ago, she has given an exhibition of pictures, and has been doing a lot of free-lance work—mostly children's stories illustrated with animals of her own designing.

Now she is travelling further afield, and will hold an exhibition of colored decorations for modern flats in Sydney this month. These consist mainly of animals and flowers painted in her own inimitable style, and framed in cream wood. The exhibition is to be at the Industrial Arts Society Club, and will probably be open for about a fortnight.



Miss Skottowe

A Friend to the Deaf and Dumb

MRS. E. BRYAN, of Brisbane, who has been made a life-member of the Queensland Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission, well deserves that honor. She has been a member of the Council since its formation in 1903, and has watched it grow from a mere handful of members to its present position in which it is engaged in helping the adult deaf of Queensland to become self-supporting citizens.

Her life since she left school has been spent in teaching deaf children in various parts of England, Ireland, and Australia. She retired from this work at the end of June.



Mrs. E. Bryan

Perth Songstress In London

MISS IVY STEVENSON, Perth songstress, has literally sung her way to England. She taught, and studied, and sang professionally and socially in Perth until she had made enough money to go abroad as she had one fixed goal—to study English methods in England under English masters.

She went to England just before the Coronation, had an audition with Sir Walford Davies, and was amazed and gratified to learn shortly after that she had been selected for inclusion in the choir to hymn the Coronation praises in Westminster Abbey. She was one of 29 women in a choir of over 400. The women were mostly from the Dominions.

Apart from making such a signal step forward in her career in London Miss Stevenson had an unrivalled view of the scene in the Abbey.

Taking Her Patient To New York

RUSH cases are more or less expected in the nursing profession, but seldom does a sister find herself sailing with a case as far as New York at only a week's notice.

This has happened to Sister A. C. Linke, of Adelaide, who sailed on June 21 for Melbourne, where she and her patient will board the Unicorn for New York. Sister Linke completed her training at the Adelaide Hospital five years ago, and since then has been on the staff of a well-known private hospital, Wollerton, in Adelaide.

Work for the Sick Of Their Home Town

THE "more we are together" spirit apparently dwells in the hearts of ex-residents of Mackay (Qld.), for 290 of them now living in Brisbane or its environs have joined the Mackay Association, founded less than two years ago by Mrs. P. H. Staines, its present president.

Members meet on the first Tuesday in every month to sew for the sick and ar-Mrs. P. H. Staines—Dorothy Coleman. range visits to hospitals. Mackay residents having first claim on their help.



Mrs. P. H. Staines

HINDS
SOFTENS ROUGH SKIN
Sooner!

For 31 years Hinds has been fairly-godmother to hands that must work by day, yet look lovely at night. Just a touch of this rich, creamy lotion smooths away all trace of roughness and redness caused by housework or weathering. Let Hinds work its magic for you. Its deep-soothing ingredients go in quickly, soften and enrich the skin immediately—without the least trace of stickiness.

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HINDS
Honey & Almond CREAM

'Tell me, doctor...'

Are you sure? I can't believe that all this should have started with a tiny cut on the finger! There must be some way of preventing such awful results... Tell me, what ought I to do?

The smallest cut or scratch is enough for the germs of blood-poisoning to enter. There is only one way to prevent their invasion: they must be killed—at once. 'Dettol', the Modern Antiseptic, can be applied immediately. 'Dettol' is gentle and tender on human tissues, non-poisonous and non-staining to the skin—yet death to germs. Your chemist has 'Dettol'. Price, 2/-.

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

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SLEEP TONIGHT



"What a relief! I was afraid it might keep me awake all night!"
 "No danger of that with Sloan's in the house! I wouldn't be without it."

BRUISES, SPRAINS

Quiet the pain—Sleep!

Bruises, sprains usually get more painful at night. Wrenched ankles and torn ligaments often spoil a good night's sleep. . . . To prevent this, put on Sloan's Liniment. It brings healing fresh blood to the injured spot. It keeps the swelling down, quickly stops the pain. Your sleep is not disturbed. Get a fresh bottle to-day. Only 1/9d.

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT

SAVARAN certainly had a magic, not merely in winning Askern, but in winning the difficult Sharti. . . . They were already bringing their palm oil, korpels, ivory, gold-dust, hides and such quantities as to promise that this territory was going to be what Flemalle had said: it would be the richest under Malaria Coast rule.

And he was resident. That is, he was, thanks to the astonishing way Savaran had mastered the Sharti, through the Sharti-kor, their redoubtable chief.

"He knew better than to set himself against Savaran," Savaran said indifferently. "I taught him what such folly meant months ago."

"I seem to recall something about shaving off his beard," said Askern, not really believing anybody could have dared that supreme insult to a fighting Moslem.

"That was it," said Savaran. "But—where were his warriors?" demanded the astounded Askern.

"Drawn up in a hollow square round him in his own palace place in his own capital, of course," said Savaran, enjoying the boy's awe. "Don't you realise yet that when I make gestures I make 'em big?"

"But—why?" Askern gasped. "He tried to raid an ivory caravan I was taking through his land to the Zeb Arabs."

"Ivory! But—that's illegal!" "I mostly am," grinned Savaran. Then his eyes narrowed. "This land is a paradise for the smuggler, anyhow. Take hashish running, for example. An immense field with an immense fortune in it."

He looked at Askern with such a curious light in his eyes that the boy felt he was feeling him out in the hope that he would abuse his position and join him in the trade. Askern's face became as stone.

"Fry any of that sort of vileness in my district, Savaran, and in

spite of all I owe you, I'll hunt you down like a dog."

"I believe you mean that," said Savaran softly, watching closely.

"Mean it!" rapped Askern. "Don't you understand? That's an ultimatum."

Savaran laughed in his quick way and flung his arm about the boy's shoulder.

"I shouldn't have doubted the Galahad strain, eh?" he said. "There's not much to you, Bobby, but what there is is pretty good."

"I notice you don't express any opinion on this filthy dog traffic yourself," said the boy, stiffly.

"On hashish smuggling!" There was a sudden cruel rap in Savaran's voice; his arm alid from Askern's shoulder, and for the moment he looked like a gipsy-skinned Lucifer.

"My opinion on that, Bobby? You saw me when I first came to you! I was fifth and tatters—me! Savaran! Hashish had done that to me, Bobby!"

"To you? Do you dope?"

Savaran jerked out of his trance of fury, glared, bellowed with laughter.

"Dope—me? Never! His own egoism is all the stimulant Savaran needs. No, a swine peddled the stuff to my bearers and gunmen."

His face became as harsh as death.

"And one day," he said slowly, "that swine will know what it means to cross Savaran." His quick mood changed. "It cost me seventy thousand dollars gold, Bobby; the profits of five months' danger and sweat getting that ivory to the Zeb Arabs. Oh, I wouldn't have minded losing it in fair scrapping with one of you Government 'wallahs' or even to old Sharti-kor—those are the chances of the game. But to lose it by foulness

Continued from Page 22

He paused, scowling.

"I was coming back from the Zeb with the cash. I was going to lay it out on more ivory—and treble it. I had a good lot of men; wild and dangerous, of course, they have to be for that game, but Savaran could handle 'em, or could until we got to a dirty little ford village, Tchik on the Tiboru."

"**T**HAT'S on our ground," said Askern. "I came through Tchik on my way up here."

"Yes," said Savaran grimly, "and, as a Malaria Coast official, you'll be overjoyed to learn that Tchik on the Tiboru was packed with hashish."

"I saw nothing," frowned Askern. "It is a fact that there's a traffic in the accursed stuff we don't seem able to stamp out. But I saw no trace at Tchik."

"It was there after you had gone through," said Savaran. "Yes, I heard of you there. Well, this stuff was sold to my boys and it made them killer-mad, of course. It was me they decided to kill—for my seventy thousand dollars in coin. They didn't kill me, but even Savaran couldn't fight one hundred and thirty doped blacks running amok. So, after I had shot a few, I had to run for it. Me, Savaran, had to bolt from a swarm of many blacks—pretty, hey? And that explains me as you first saw me."

"Why follow me—into the wilds?" frowned Askern, and Savaran answered with a strange twist to his lips.

"Oh, to join forces with a bold pioneer was very much to my fancy."

Askern did not think that was the true explanation, and the queerness

of Savaran's behaviour in the next few weeks strengthened his doubt. Savaran not only helped to build up the power of white rule with really uncanny administrative genius, but he also seemed to spend a great deal of time hunting for information of some sort. It was only after the first caravan got through with the capital with fresh forces and supplies that the reason for this came out. He said abruptly, one day across the Tiffin table.

"Who hates you at Government House, Bobby?"

"Hates me?" Askern felt a little sick. "Why?"

"Felt it yourself, too, I see," said Savaran.

"Never mind me, what do you mean?"

"I mean, I still can't see why you were sent up here alone—as ground bait."

"Ground bait—for what?"

"**W**AR!" said Savaran softly. "It's usually a too venture-some missionary who is allowed to wander to certain death at the hands of a tribe needing subduing, or maybe a trader whom nobody will miss. You're a puzzle. Government officials aren't usually wasted that way."

"You seem to me to be talking nonsense," said Askern, sweating and trying not to think of Flemalle.

"Man, it's plain," snapped Savaran. "There's your inexperience of jungle diplomacy; there's your caravan, as ill-equipped as any might be; there's your Askari, Urubi coastmen, no use in bush fighting and known for their habit of bolting at the first hint of danger—whoever sent you meant you to die!"

Please turn to Page 28



"MY LIFE'S A MISERY
 Can't I get Relief?
 Says this woman who has slipped into the
 habit of constantly taking medicine."

YES! says this famous American scientist.

"But not if you are daily forcing your system to act by taking a harsh medicine. Experimental studies on a group of women in various stages of health showed that the continued use of bran was thoroughly satisfactory. Unlike cathartics it did not lose its effect and restored each woman's system to normal regularity. Laboratory analysis also vitamin B and iron as well as sufficient proved that Kellogg's All-Bran supplies 'bulk' to keep you regular."



YES! says this 48 years old mother.

"I thought that the daily use of a medicine was the only way to keep regular. Three months ago my condition became so serious I had to go to the doctor. I was astonished when he told me that I was heading for the operating theatre if I didn't stop the dangerous habit of taking medicine every day. He recommended All-Bran as a means of getting 'bulk' into my diet. That was three months ago and I haven't had a 'perky' day since. I'm convinced that the daily use of purges is a thing of the past."



YES! says this 29 years old solicitor.

"Because I had so little exercise and was careless in my diet I tried to keep regular by taking medicine every morning. However, I soon woke up to the fact that I was completely dependent on the daily use of harsh medicines to keep me well. Then I read about All-Bran. The idea of getting 'bulk' into my diet seemed a good one, so I got the wife to have a packet sent over from the grocer. Now both of us are convinced that it's the only way to keep well and it's certainly more satisfactory to know that we're keeping well the way Nature intended that we should."



TAKING A HARSH MEDICINE DAILY IS DANGEROUS

Ask your Family Doctor. He will tell you that it is extremely dangerous to attempt to cure common constipation with a daily dose of harsh medicine. Common constipation is due mainly to lack of "bulk" in your diet. If you force your bowels to act every day with some kind of medicine you will gradually weaken your intestinal muscles. Soon your bowels will not act without larger and more frequent doses. The safe way is Nature's way. Add "bulk" to your diet and build up your intestinal

muscles so they function naturally. Unfortunately most of the food we eat, such as white bread, meat, fish, milk, eggs, cheese and butter contain little or no "bulk". "Bulk", the fibrous element found in rough grains, vegetables and fruits, is essential. In Kellogg's All-Bran you get "bulk" in a concentrated form, and since it does not break down within the system, it is actually more effective. Start eating All-Bran tomorrow—two tablespoonsful for breakfast every day for a week. If you do you won't need any more medicine. Play safe—cure your constipation Nature's way. All grocers sell Kellogg's All Bran.



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young and lovely
— by constantly renewing
Natural Moisture!



Your hands are part of your own special characteristic beauty — don't let them grow red and rough and old before their time! It's lack of natural moisture that destroys their beauty, you know — return this moisture by using Pond's new Lotion daily and they'll always be as soft and white and lovely as they are now. Pond's Lotion is entirely new. Its smooth fragrant cream sinks deep into the skin, nourishing, softening and whitening. Keep a bottle where it's convenient to use after washing the hands. Use on all skin surfaces — it's cooling after sunburn too!

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No-Risk Offer—

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"VIKELP" TABLETS do not...
1. Correct Malnutrition.
 2. Add at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh.
 3. Strengthen nerves.
 4. Banish systemic disorders such as constipation, rheumatism, gout, indigestion, insomnia.
 5. Make you eat and sleep better.
 6. Give you Radiant Health, New Strength, Tireless Energy.



Amazing Mineral Concentrate from the Pacific Ocean Builds This Worn-out, Nervous People into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women Without the Use of Drugs.

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of men and women, whose energy and strength have been sapped by over-work and worry—who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Nutrition experts say the principal cause of these nervous conditions is GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND FOOD ENERGY. When these glands do not work properly all the food in the world can't help you—(it just isn't turned into flesh). And as you starve, nervous, tired-out, and run-down. The most important gland, the Thyroid—need other tiny hidden glands which actually control body-weight and strength—needs a definite supply of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD ENERGY all the time (it's not a luxury, it's a necessity). Only when the system gets an adequate supply of FINE FOOD and MINERALS can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new health, strength and energy. To get these vital minerals (Iron, Magnesium, Phosphorus, Calcium, etc.) and iodine in concentrated and assimilable food form, take "VIKELP" Tablets, made of an amazing Pacific Ocean sea plant now recognized as the world's richest source of these precious substances. They contain 1,300 times more iodine than seaweed, and are considered the richest source. Your body is not only rejuvenated but malnutrition, fatty metabolism, constipation, gout, rheumatism, gravis, and other systemic ailments are corrected or disappear entirely. Try "VIKELP" Tablets for 10 days and notice the difference. See glowing, extra pounds of "happy" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollow. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep—and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. within 10 days (25-40 lbs. a month not uncommon) your money will be refunded. They cost but little to use. Your doctor will approve this free, obtainable everywhere.

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VIKELP HEALTH AND BODY-BUILDING Tablets



WHEN THERE'S CAKE ABOUT even little Princesses forget everything else. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are shown cutting the cake at a tea-party to ex-soldiers in the Royal Riding School at Buckingham Palace. Intently they tackle the task, oblivious of the crowd that surrounds them.

REAL LIFE STORIES

Courage and Fortitude Revealed in Flood Stories

Floods are a vivid chapter in the pioneer history of Australia, and they form the theme of the Real Life stories from readers this week.

The letters bring into the spotlight one of the ever-present dangers outback when tempestuous Nature runs wild, bringing disaster and ruin to property and threat to life.

THE winning story tells of the birth of a baby during a flood in N.S.W. some years ago.

It is a story that epitomises the courage and fortitude of the thousands of women outback who risk dangers and privations to help their menfolk in the immense task of conquering our sparsely-settled lands.

First prize of £1/1/- has been awarded Mrs. R. Robson, of 19 Gale St., Mortlake, New South Wales, for the following:

Baby Born in Flood

IT was early in March, 1917, in the town of Cowra on the Lachlan River. I was the eldest girl of a poor family of seven children living about three-quarters of a mile from the river.

It had been raining very heavily for days, and the river began to rise threateningly until there were grave fears of a serious flood, but "old hands" thought a quarter of a mile would be the utmost to which the banks would overflow.

This night we retired to bed early, and were aroused by loud knocking and shouting outside our home.

Then, before we could fully realise what was wrong we were being bundled out in our night attire and shivering, with cold we were directed in the only direction left open to us.

The flood water had travelled into our property and that of our neighbours, and was ten to fifteen feet deep before morning.

We took refuge in an old dairy about a mile and a half from our home, and I remember my dear mother taking ill a few hours later.

A kindly neighbor took her in and shortly after mother gave birth to a baby girl.

It was not until years after, when I became a mother myself, that I realised how dreadful that night must have been for my dear parent.

We lost everything and many shops were flooded, causing very heavy losses.

However, since that year the great Wyangah dam has been built, and no more will the Lachlan River overflow as it did that year.

Mrs. R. Robson, 19 Gale St., Mortlake, N.S.W.

Consolation prizes are awarded the following:—

Port Pirie Flood

THE memorable moments of my life happened to me while staying with grandmother at Port Pirie, South Australia, when the town was in flood, on August 14, 1934.

As it was a terribly rough night I went to bed early, but was soon awakened by grandmother saying: "Get up quick, the banks have broken away, we are flooded out."

Hurriedly I jumped up, horrified to see water rushing in, nearly to the top of my bed. I picked up some clothing and sat on the window-sill, while grandmother waded from room to room trying to save bedding, etc., but all in vain.

Suddenly the lights went out, making all dark inside and out. Grandmother returned to say, "If the flood doesn't soon cease, we will have to climb to the roof." Terrified, I sat thinking, "How can we climb up there?"

After sitting there in night attire, cold and wet, for 4½ hours, we heard a neighbor call out that the flood was subsiding. How relieved we were.

Next day we found things lost and ruined. I suffered from shock and was not able to attend school for a week.

5/- to Mrs. Gertrude Collins, Uraidla, S.A.

All Night in Roof

IT happened just seven years ago. I had occasion to visit my brother residing on his farm, Phoenix Park, Morphett, accompanied by my small daughter.

We retired early. I was awakened later by the splashing of water. I rose, slipped on my coat, and went out. My brother was sitting on a step of the high verandah measuring the water as it rose.

Such a sight I shall never forget! Water surrounding us, lights showing in the lonely farmhouses, wind blowing violently, splashing water all over walls and verandah.

At early morn it was at a standstill and remained so through the day. How we watched it! Towards night it commenced rising, the water lifting the linoleum and furniture.

My brother then placed one table upon another, climbed on them,

knocked some boards out of the ceiling, then pushed up a mattress, rugs, and placed a lighted lantern up in the ceiling.

Now the water was two feet in the house. We climbed into the ceiling, sitting on the mattress all night, the water splashing, the wind howling, and the house rocking on its blocks. We prayed earnestly through that night.

Morning came at last; the wind had ceased. My brother descended to the floor, calling, "Oh! it's falling!" My child and I lost no time in getting down. The water was falling rapidly. We smiled and thanked God.

5/- to Mrs. L. G. Hoad, Broad Crossing, Aberdeen, N.S.W.

Trying Experience

WHEN a child of eight I lived with my family in a very pretty spot between two hills, with a winding creek running in front of the house.

My parents had gone out for the day, leaving my sister, who was four years my senior, and myself at home.

Late in the afternoon a big storm passed in front of the house, travelling towards the head of the creek.

Darkness had just closed in when we heard a distant rumbling noise which seemed to be getting louder and coming towards us. We ran outside, not knowing what to expect, to find a wall of rushing water just spreading over the banks of the creek.

We stood spellbound for a few seconds, then my sister ran and grabbed the ladder from the shed and placed it against a tree. Climbing up we reached the branches, where we held on, watching the water rapidly rising beneath us.

When the flood waters had risen about ten feet, the tree that was sheltering us gave one big shudder, and slowly began to fall, being torn out by the roots with the force of the water.

We clung desperately to the falling tree, expecting every second to be hurled into the turbulent, seething mass of water.

To our relief and joy, the falling tree, as it dipped downwards, became firmly lodged in the fork of another big tree close by, and we were safe.

The flood waters receded with the same rapidity as they had risen, and we were left with a wrecked home.

5/- to Mrs. G. H. McKid, Cambridge, Nyanan.

Contributors to this page must give their full names and addresses. Real life stories may concern some memorable incident in the childhood, romance, or work of the author, and preferably should not exceed 300 words.

Letters should be posted to "Real Life Stories," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

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A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof—gloriously flattering. Six shades to make you lovely.

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STA-BLOND'S "Sun-Action" Lightens Brown-Blond-Fair Hair 2-4 shades in 15 Minutes Without Streaking—no harsh bleaches or dyes

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A regular course of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails to tone up your system and rid you quickly and safely of these distressing troubles.

Get a bottle of this world famous remedy to-day—its twelve distinct medicinal Herbs will quickly work a marvellous improvement in your health. Sold in Trial size, 1/9; Economy size, 3/-.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

ASKERN choked and sweated: it was horrible this proving of his own suspicions against Flemalle. Savaran went on.

"There's another item I haven't quite got the hang of yet, though I think it fits in somewhere. You left a little rat of a coast Kru at Tchik, on your way up. He went sick, I understand, but got well quickly enough to come up here in the next caravan. His name is Yaunde."

His hard eyes on Askern saw the boy wince.

"You remember Yaunde, Askern?"

"Yes, he was left behind at Tchik," the boy said hoarsely. "What did it mean, he wondered? Yaunde was Flemalle's pet agent."

"You don't see how he fits in—or don't want to," said Savaran harshly. "But you do get the general idea. You were to die

WANDERING GENTILE

to bring war on the Sharti and glory for someone—that's the real puzzle. The glory would naturally go to the Governor-General, and, whatever his faults, Clem Newington is white. One simply can't think of him doing that sort of thing."

"No, you can't," said Askern hoarsely, "and he didn't. Sir Clement Newington isn't at Paronga. His health's cracked. He's been on leave for over a year."

"Then who sent you up here?"

Savaran snapped.

"The Mandatory Secretary—Louis Flemalle!" said Askern.

"Flemalle!" Savaran was on his feet, his eyes blazing. "Did you say Flemalle?"

Askern, startled by Savaran's manner, nodded. "A dark, slinking cat-eyed Levantine."

"Cretan! He says he was born in Crete," Askern said.

He glared at Askern. "Flemalle! There aren't two. But how in the name of all the gods of decency did he get into the company of honest men?"

"You mean Flemalle isn't straight?" Askern gasped.

"Straight!" Savaran exploded. "Why, a cockcrow would look like a plumb line beside Flemalle."

"You mean Flemalle sent me here to die?" gasped Askern. "I can't believe it!"

"Is Flemalle pleased at your triumph over the Sharti?" Savaran countered.

Askern frowned, became nervous.

"No—that is, he's queer about it. His comments are strangely am-

biguous, and there are no congratulations."

"You robbed him of glory, a row of orders, promotion, and a money grant from the authorities," said Savaran. "I know Flemalle. He'd rather you poisoned him than that."

"There's something even queerer," said Askern. "There are hints in his letters—I can't make head or tail of them, but it's as though I had done something wrong. As though, presently, I might have to face some grave charge. He says he's my friend and will stand by me."

He looked up, and was startled to see Savaran grinning. "What is it Savaran?"

"I know the working of that rat's mind like a book," said Savaran. "You had a letter from Flemalle. Did she say disturbing things, too?"

"I think I'll leave my fiancée out of this," said Askern stiffly.

"By Heaven, you won't!" Savaran's face glared across the table, the glare softened. "I mean she's in it, too, if I don't mistake my man. What she says has a bearing—what does she say?"

"It's a strange letter," Askern faltered. "She doesn't say much about the Sharti business—doesn't seem to have grasped how big it is—yet the Government House crowd must have made her realise—"

"Flemalle has only given out what suits him," said Savaran. "But go on."

"Well, she's worried, too, about this mysterious 'something wrong.' She's heard whispers about me—overheard talk about ugly charges. She can get nothing definite, wants me to make a clean breast of it to her—"

"And Flemalle is her only comfort in this hour of stress, eh?" Savaran asked.

"Savaran," snapped Askern, his hand flashing to his pocket, "you've read—"

"I know Flemalle, that's all," said Savaran.

"Well, you're right," said Askern doggedly. "Flemalle is behaving splendidly. He's making a point of being seen a lot with her, to try and kill the whispers by the visible support of one in his position—and yet Flemalle says that, under all his kindness, she can't help feeling he thinks me guilty."

Savaran sat back and laughed. "He's an artist," he cried. "Plays the noble-hearted friend so that when the crash comes she'll recoil from you into his arms."

Askern was standing up, eyes blazing, pistol out.

"You foul-mouthed dog!" he roared. "Come outside! I'll kill you for that!"

"You couldn't kill Savaran," said the man evenly. "And, in any case, I wouldn't if I were you. You'll need me to save you from that charge—that grave charge. Bobby, meant to wreck you, your triumph over the Sharti, and your engagement to Blanche."

"What charge?" Askern cried hoarsely. "I've done nothing I'm ashamed of in my life. There can't be a charge!" He saw a gleam of mockery—or was it pity?—in Savaran's eye. "You—you know what that charge is?"

Savaran—he never could forgo the dramatic—threw a little round tin box on to the table.

"There's the evidence!" he said. Askern picked it up, frowned over the writing on the top. "Robert Askern, Personal Stores Only!" Said, "I don't know what this is; nothing I've ordered."

"Open it," said Savaran. Askern tore off the paper wrapper, forced open the tin, stared down at the unmistakable contents.

"Flash!" he cried in horror. "Flash!" said Savaran grimly. "The charge against you will be 'smuggling flash to the natives.'"

"Sit down!" snapped Savaran, as Askern reeled. "Give me that gun! No, I'm not afraid of you shooting me but shooting yourself. Now answer my questions without flaring up. I only want to know what Flemalle's up to. First, as he isn't the kind to marry a girl for beauty alone, has your Blanche money?"

"No—not now, that is. But when her father, Lord Balcomb dies—"

"Oh, Lord! She has a title, too—and influence?"

"She's Lady Blanche Buryon. I thought you knew—and, of course, that family has immense influence."

"The riddle's solved," said Savaran with one of his extravagant gestures and a flash of his fine teeth. "Flemalle's out to snatch his great chance. At a stroke he means to gather all the glory and rewards for

Continued from Page 26

subduing the Sharti, and while the world rings with his name, marry into the rich and influential family of Balcomb, when any heights in world politics or aristocracy will be his for the snatching."

"But—but haven't I spoilt that by remaining alive?" Askern faltered.

"You've taken the edge off it, but the main glory's still there. It's plain he hasn't let the world know how well you have done. It is also plain that he intends to belittle even what he was told by ascribing such success to your evil trick of winning the worst side of the Sharti with smuggled hashish. When you're broken for that, he'll come up and collect the glory."

"It's unbelievable," cried Askern. "No man—"

"No decent man," said Savaran. "But Flemalle isn't decent. He's smuggled drugs before; he put dry rot into half a tribe I was ruling with opium once. That's why I'd sworn to get Flemalle even before I knew he had a hand in the Tchik business. Oh, the hashish there was his all right. He's been making big profit in that line ever since he came to the Malaria Coast. He's the traffic you could not stamp out—of course, you couldn't with Flemalle both policeman and smuggler."

Please turn to Page 32

ECZEMA CONQUERED

Brilliant Chemist's Phenomenal Success

IMMEDIATE RECOVERY AFTER 10 YEARS' SUFFERING

After ten years' suffering from Eczema, a well-known Western Suburbs resident has written to Mr. J. J. McHugh, P.O. Box 2380, the well-known Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, of the 4th Floor, 124W Liverpool Street, Sydney, expressing unbounded gratitude for the wonderful relief his treatment has afforded in effecting a rapid recovery. Scores of others who also have tried numerous treatments without relief characterise Mr. McHugh's success in banishing Eczema and other Skin Diseases as almost miraculous.

This brilliant Chemist has added to his wide reputation by equally successful treatment of Psoriasis, Germ Under the Nail, Ulcers, Acne, Itches, Ringworm, Pruritis, Varicose Veins, Dandruff, and many other distressing Skin Diseases, which had been given up as hopeless. The exclusive new formula for the treatment of Skin Diseases, perfected by Mr. McHugh after years of research, combined with his individual treatment for each case whether personally or by mail, is responsible for the remarkable results achieved. Sufferers from skin diseases should write to or consult personally Mr. McHugh without delay. The Phone Number: MADON. Listen to Mr. McHugh's personal broadcast and advice on the treatment of skin diseases from Station 2UE each Wednesday morning at 10.30, and Station 2RM each Wednesday evening at 7.30. Mr. McHugh's knowledge and advice will help you.

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Just 2 minutes at the boil instead of 30 or 40 is the new Rinso way of washing clothes brilliantly white. Half-an-hour's fuel saved on every copperful, the whole job over hours sooner! No wonder women are taking to it like a duck taken to water!

ESSENTIAL TO USE RINSO
The Rinso 2-minute boil method is only possible because the Rinso suds being extra rich roll out every trace of dirt by themselves, while ordinary suds only work when the soap is rubbed on the garment.

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Give your woollies, silks and coloured articles a few mild Rinso suds and rinse well. No rubbing is needed—so silks wear far longer, woollens stay soft and fleecy and colours keep their brilliance week after week.

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JACOB GIMPEL, Polish pianist, who is associate artist to Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, on his tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, is very interested in taking movies. He is here seen with his charming Viennese wife. They have been married two years and are making this a honeymoon trip.

GAVE SYDNEY a Musical TREAT

Sydney concertgoers and radio listeners all over Australia have just enjoyed a musical treat which would be an event in any country, and is a rarity on this continent which does not often receive great artists at the zenith of their powers.

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN'S four appearances in Sydney Town Hall have provided music lovers with a feast of which they will still be talking years hence.

This fifty-four-year-old violinist is a superb musician.

A virtuoso, whose technical mastery of his instrument is equal to that of any violinist we have heard in Australia, he is something more: a mature artist in the fullest sense of that much-abused word.

Listening to Huberman playing one is conscious that one is listening not only to the music of Beethoven, Bach or Franck, but to that music surging with the added emotional power and understanding of a performer who is in perfect accord with the composers whose work he is interpreting.

It would be possible to write many paragraphs on the performance of the opening item of Huberman's Aus-

tralian tour, Beethoven's Sonata in A Major—the Kreutzer.

Sufficient, however, to say that from the opening of the first movement, with its preliminary three chords for unaccompanied violin, to the triumphant conclusion of the third movement, the tension induced by magnificent playing was electric.

One was caught up by an inspired interpretation and carried to rarely-attained heights of exaltation.

The two major Bach works, the Adagio and Fugue in G Minor and the Chaconne, figuring in the first and second programmes respectively, were a revelation of virtuosity and musicianship.

To cover the four concerts, item by item, is unnecessary, and impossible. But one can record a general impression. The only trouble is that, in doing so, people who have not themselves heard Huberman may doubt the very enthusiasm of one's praise.

He is a very great artist; to hear him is to undergo an experience which will not be vouchsafed too often to most of us. To leave it at that is carrying restraint as far as it will go.

It would be unfair to leave a review of the Huberman concerts without reference to Jacob Gimpel, the accompanist. A very accomplished pianist, Mr. Gimpel contributed in no small measure to the success of three of Huberman's appearances.

Perhaps the best way of indicating appreciation of this pianist's distinguished talent is to express pleasure in the arrangements that have been made for him to broadcast. At an early date, he will give four studio recitals.

Huberman will return to Sydney this week to give broadcast concerts on July 3 and July 6.—S.H.

Preferred Type-writer to Wealth

Continued from Page 13

Sir Harry: What a different existence yours is from that poor lonely wretch.

Lady Sims: Yes, but she had a very contented face.

Sir Harry: All put on. What?

Lady Sims: I didn't say anything.

Sir Harry: One would think you envied her.

Lady Sims: Envied! Oh, no, but I thought she looked so alive while she was working that machine.

Sir Harry: Alive! That's no life.

(In sudden dismissal). I'm busy, Emmy!

Lady Sims: I'm sorry, Harry. I'll go. Are they very expensive.

Sir Harry: What?

Lady Sims: Those machines.

When Lady Sims has gone the possible meaning of the question startles him. Another woman has given him the twelve-pound look.

Test these "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES



See how they soften your face in bright light

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FREE PARKING AREA
Corner of BAY and FRANCIS STREETS.

This 12 Days' Sale will be the BIGGEST BARGAIN SENSATION Sydney has yet known, and we advise all thrifty shoppers to watch

NEWSPAPERS ON THURSDAY FOR FURTHER NEWS OF TRULY AMAZING SALE BARGAINS

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Something to make wives and husbands, daughters and daddies, career women confer with their cheque books! Fashion-conscious coats . . . tailored, princess style! Dramatic values . . . result of some canny buying and lots of hard work! Better be waiting when we open our doors!



An all-wool fancy coating perfectly tailored makes an attractive semi-fitting coat. Lined throughout with art silk. Navy and black. Sizes are S.W., W., S.O.S. and O.S. Usually priced 35/-. Sale price is only 29/11

Double-breasted coat for Miss Junior. Man tailored from all-wool fancy coating on princess lines. Fully lined art silk. Sizes are X.S.S.W. and S.S.W. only. Usually priced at 59/6. Sale priced as low as 39/11

SHOWROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR

AUSTRALIAN ART and the OVERSEAS LOOK Keep Our Individuality, says Artist

Is it unhealthy artistically to copy another country, be it England or anywhere else?

Mr. Eric Langker, Australian painter, says it is. "We must look to ourselves and our own country for inspiration," he says.

IN a radio interview with Miss Dorothea Vautier, from Station 2GB, on July 1, he will discuss the question of Australian art in general.

To support his theories on art Mr. Langker quotes the words of Mr. Arthur Lismer, Director of Education at the Toronto Art Gallery, who says: "Australia, a virile young country, is retarded by an unhealthy and slavish copying of the English outlook and culture."

Mr. Langker agrees with this to a certain extent. "While it is good to tolerate all ideas in art, one must remember that they should not be imitated, as these movements in themselves tend to become academic."

"One feels in Australia that many painters are imitating the methods of expression of European artists, whereas it would be better if they expressed themselves in a more personal way."

"It must be remembered that a great number of the art movements were a revolt against the academic art of past periods."

"Most of the great art galleries in Europe are full of art work which to the living painter has a lifeless and dusty air about it. These works, while of historical value, often have very little art in them."

"Here in Australia, however, a country of a few decades, which is just beginning to build up a culture of its own, we have not this academic art to stifle the vision of the artist."

"One hears a good deal of criticism about our own Art Gallery," said Mr. Langker, "but it must be remembered that a public institution of this sort is there for the pleasure of the ordinary man as well as for the student of art, and that, while many of the pictures cannot be considered great art, they are in many instances the means of getting the average man interested in higher works of art."

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30:
11.45 a.m., London Calling. 3.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, JULY 1: 11.45 a.m., Interview with Mr. Eric Langker.

FRIDAY, JULY 2: 11.45 a.m., So They Say. 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, JULY 3: 6.15 p.m., The Music Box. 9.30 p.m., Artists of To-day.

SUNDAY, JULY 4: 4.30 p.m., The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m., Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, JULY 5: 11.45 a.m., People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, JULY 6: 11.45 a.m., Overseas News. 2.45 p.m., Swing Time.

"Painting was originally part of a building. People have the idea that a painting in a gilt frame is the highest achievement of art. It must be remembered that painting in the first place was used as interior decorating—for example, Italian mural painting of the Renaissance, and altar decorations. The idea of a picture being painted to be shifted from place to place is a modern idea. Too many pictures are painted without any decorative idea."

"I sometimes think," Mr. Langker said, "that shop windows are often more artistic than our art exhibitions."

"Of all the arts, painting is the one in which women have had most success," said Mr. Langker, who mentioned Madame Le Brun, Rosa Bonheur, Dame Laura Knight, Margaret Preston, and other fine women

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MR. ERIC LANGKER

painters. "In Australia, too, we have many good women painters—Hilda Rix-Nicholas, Thea Proctor, and Mary Edwards, to name a few."

On Thursday, July 1, Mr. Langker will broadcast a radio interview from 2GB at 11.45 a.m., with Dorothea Vautier, during The Australian Women's Weekly session. "Art in the home" will be one of the many topics discussed by Mr. Langker during this interview.

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2GB
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Did You Know—

That Pat Cape and Marie Coen have dashed into the art shop trade and are having lots of fun with their first business venture?

Present From Royalty

A VERY precious present arrived in the home of Sir Harold and Lady Gengoult Smith the other day.

This was a lovely sapphire, diamond and pearl brooch in the form of a four-leaf clover on platinum bar, the gift from the Duke of Gloucester to his little godchild, Marion, the baby of the family.

She was allowed to wear it for the day before it was put away to await the time when she can appreciate it fully.

Highlight

THE Polo Ball, held this year at the Hotel Australia, was quite the highlight of last week's many festivities. Frocking was positively lovely, and the scintillating jewels worn by the fair dancers made me hide my chain store pearls in a cloud of embarrassment.

The president's wife, Mrs. Tony Hordern, looked very handsome in a gown of black velvet with shoulder straps of ermine, and the same fur edging the corsage. With this she wore a black velvet cape trimmed with ermine.

Other wearers of lovely gowns were Mrs. Doug. Munro, Mrs. Wallace Sawyer and her near neighbor, Mrs. Wallace Horsley, Mrs. Frank Bragg, and Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne.

At all the balls and parties during the polo season was Mrs. Andrew McWilliam, better known in Sydney as "Ba" McPhie, of Toowoomba.

Rugs at Concert

HOW I envied the concertgoers who had the strength of mind to bring rugs along with them to the Town Hall the other night.

Mrs. J. W. Cleary used one at the Huberman recitals, and so did Penelope Cay. What the visiting artist thinks of our climate I just hate to imagine, and if the fogs continue in Melbourne when he arrives there he will probably long to depart via plane for warmer climes.

Vice-Regal guests came to the Thursday night Celebrity Concert.

Lady Wakehurst was the guest-of-honor of the members of the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Friday afternoon, when she accepted an invitation to afternoon tea.

Forethought

WHAT a mercy the Dante Alighieri Society had the forethought to publish a pamphlet, in perfectly good English, telling me all about the plot of "La Figlia Di Iorio," performed, in Italian, at the Conservatorium on Saturday night. As a matter of fact I have spent a few hours in Naples, but the Italians I came in contact with on that occasion thought I was an American and chatted to me with a New York accent.

To return to the play, the president of the society, Mr. T. H. Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly took their usual keen interest in the proceedings, and lots of their friends, as well as a representative gathering of the Italian community, were in the audience.

On Board Macdhui

HAVE just heard that Mrs. R. H. Whitten was on board the Macdhui when she caught on fire. With her stepdaughter, Mrs. Bob Bunting, Mrs. Whitten set off from her home in Samarai in the Montoro and changed over to the Macdhui at Port Moresby for the homeward run.

Now, of course, with the rest of the passengers who had to be transhipped after somewhat nerve-racking experiences, Mrs. Whitten is in the Neptuna, Sydney bound.

Mrs. Whitten and Mrs. Bunting both have plantation interests in Papua, and after a stay of several months in Sydney will make off to the north once more.

In Melbourne

HAVING a good time in Melbourne is Marjorie Jackson, of Sydney. She is staying with her cousin, Keith Macartney, and her aunt, Miss Kimpton, at Toorak, and is adding another month to her holiday of six weeks' standing. Keith, a lecturer in History at the Melbourne University, you will remember, was very popular when he visited Sydney a few months ago. His exotic bathing kit and ever-present bathing cap made him a conspicuous figure on our beaches.

An engagement of interstate interest is that of Marjorie Drake, who lives at Mount Lawley, W.A., and Hedley Cousins, of Killara, Sydney.

and both are wearing the brightest of floral smocks, and have loads of fun as all their friends dash in and out to see how they are faring.

No "Queasy" Feelings

IT is quite evident to me that Mrs. Rowland Perrin never experiences a "queasy" feeling, however much the particular plane she is riding in side-slips and cavorts generally.

She is a Tasmanian touring round about Australia, and all by air.

She is visiting Adelaide shortly and then winging her way to Darwin, and will also visit her son Walter, at Mount Isa. Then she will fly back to Sydney and stay a few weeks before making for home.



Warning Note

A WARNING note was struck on the Monterey before she sailed on Friday morning, when stewards visited the cabins, where parties held sway, and suggested to the passengers that they should be very careful as to the drinks they consumed, owing to rough weather outside the heads.

Gwen Howarth, looking ever so smart in a navy tulle, with white pique finishings, left for Hollywood where her sister, Mrs. George Brent, is waiting with a hearty welcome.

Also on board were Mollie Grey and Mrs. Alan McGregor. I caught a glimpse of a small figure with flowing curls, red sweater and brown slacks, which I knew instantly to be a young sister of Mary Maguire, also on her way to U.S.A.

The Earl Smith couple—she was Peggy Ross Nott, of Sydney—have settled in their new home at Indooroopilly, Brisbane, and are already having a busy time coping with their many social engagements in the hospitable northern capital.

So Glamorous

NEVER has wool appeared so glamorous as it does this winter.

In the early 'eighties if anyone had suggested a "Wool Ball" it would have conjured up visions of nothing more alluring than home-spuns and red flannel! Now the possessor of an all-wool evening frock is the envied of her companions and proved how smart such a toilet can be at the "Wool Ball," which took place on Thursday last.

The ball was largely attended by members of the polo fraternity, and each and all had to wear "woolies" by edict of the committee. Much disguised with artistic embellishments were the wool gowns worn by Hermione Llewellyn, Mrs. Gavin Coberoff, Mrs. Nell Gunning, Mrs. Alexis Albert, and Mrs. Toby Brown.

Very lovely is the new mushroom carpet which covers all the reception rooms in the newly-decorated Dick Francis home at Woollahra. It was specially woven and there is not a seam showing throughout.

Very Hardy

I HAND it to polo fans from the Forbes district for their hardihood. I have seen them sit out in the rain hour after hour watching the matches when practically everyone else had taken shelter in their cars.

Mrs. J. Henderson was among spectators at Kyeemagh, and wore a bright red hat with her black suit to give an illusion of warmth through chilly sessions. Also Mollie Henderson, Mrs. R. Lesley, fur-coated Miss A. Lesley, and Mrs. T. L. Bray, whose husband plays with the Vychans, proved their imperviousness to coughs and colds.

Have You Noticed—

The double-breasted dinner-jackets being worn by Sir Frederick McMaster and Tony Shepherd? Tony's is so high at the neck that it looks just like a day suit to the uninitiated.



PAMELA, the lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong, and granddaughter of the late Dame Nellie Melba, who has been an outstanding debutante of this season in London. Her parents entertained at a ball at Claridge's Hotel in her honor last month.



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"How do you know all this?" asked Askern.

"Yaunde! You wouldn't tell me who Yaunde was; too loyal, eh? So I found out for myself. I've been nosing about a good deal—and I've had some interviews with Yaunde, and Savaran knows how to deal with such vermin."

"Yaunde, as you wouldn't tell, is Flemalle's particular agent, used by him for all matters of dirty work from spying to dope smuggling. He wouldn't tell me Flemalle's name; just called him the big boss in the Government. That's how I didn't know—but he told almost everything else. He's been helping in the smuggling and disposal for years. It was he who planted the stuff at Tehik when you left him behind—the stuff that lost me seventy thousand dollars. But he did that for a purpose as well as for profit; that is to put the blame on you. Flemalle, no doubt, thought you might be turned back, and as he meant to out you anyhow he laid this second trap. He did it well, too. That's why I came after you wanting your blood. The villagers at Tehik told me they'd got the stuff from the white boss who marched towards the Sharti. Yaunde's been spreading the evidence against you—he's been spreading it here. He's got a case full of tins like the one I gave you all consigned to you—and I bet Flemalle's got some sort of agent coming up here now ready to find the goods on the spot."

"My God!" cried

Askern springing up. "We must do something."

"It's done," grinned Savaran. "Am I the sort to wait about? I've dealt with that consignment of dope—and Yaunde."

Askern hid his face in his hands. "But what does even that matter

WANDERING GENTILE

Continued from

Page 28

—If Flemalle's framed a case against me what can I do?"

"Not a thing," said Savaran cheerfully. "You're just a baby in a matter like this. Fortunately you have me—and I'm Savaran! I'm going to teach Flemalle what it means to cross Savaran."

And yet Savaran had a strange method of keeping this promise. He was captured a few weeks later at the head of a smuggling caravan.

Flemalle made a point of going to the guardroom in Paragon where Savaran had been taken. He remembered Savaran well and his threats. Flemalle never missed a chance of gloating over an enemy.

He swaggered up to Savaran, who stood indifferent amid the litter of his carrier bags, which had been searched, and jeered:

"Well, Savaran, so they nabbed you at your old tricks, eh? What was it, gun or ivory running?"

Savaran merely muttered as though not wanting to be overheard.

"Shut up, you fool, get out of here quick!"

Flemalle's fine eyes opened wider, his thin hand reached for his neat moustache. Savaran was caught, a trapped lion, but the jackal always fears the might of the lion. What was Savaran's game? He became a little nervous, especially as he saw the major nod an Askari sergeant to the door.

"What bluff are you trying now, Savaran?" He jeered. He turned to the major. "Let me warn you, this man is as clever as a cat. He'll attempt any tricks, lies or bluff—"

He stopped because the chill glance of the major froze him. Savaran said hoarsely in his ear:

"You fool, Flemalle! It's you who tried an impossible bluff—they know, man!"

"They know!" cried Flemalle, his nerve going. "What do they know?"

SAVARAN gave a little shrug of disgust at the other's foolishness. He said with a meaning look:

"The charge against me, Flemalle, is smuggling—hashish!"

"Hashish!" gasped Flemalle, and his already shaken nerve so cracked that every evidence of guilt appeared on his face. And the major was staring at him as he mopped his brow, and the major was saying frigidly:

"As you are here, Mr. Flemalle, we'd better go straight ahead. The stuff is addressed to you—the prisoner tried to cover you, but it's no good. The evidence is too strong."

"Addressed to me! Preposterous!" shrilled Flemalle. "I am Mandatory Secretary. The mere idea—"

"Shut up!" snapped Savaran. "Wait until you hear all the evidence."

Flemalle began to speak again. "Shut up, you fool. Yaunde bungled it! Understand, Yaunde let the cat out of the bag."

"Yaunde!" gasped Flemalle, and sat down heavily. "Yaunde, that double-crossing swine—"

The major's lips curled in disgust—the man had actually given himself away. He sat down at his desk.

"I'm sending a chit to the Law Officer, Flemalle," he said. "You'll be detained here until he decides on your case."

Flemalle sat panting, his fine eyes glazed as he looked at Savaran. He was a clever man, yes; but he was remembering that Savaran was Savaran.

Savaran was Savaran. When he did things he did them with a big gesture. He had left Flemalle no chance. He had, apparently, been caught by a white lieutenant and a file of Askari heading into the Malaria Coast from the Arab border—incidentally, at a point two hundred miles from Bobby Askern and the Sharti lands. Savaran's caravan was full of hashish—all the tins that had been addressed to Bobby Askern—which obviously he meant to deliver to someone near the Malaria Coast capital.

And there was no doubt who that "someone" was. There were many indications that the delivery was to be to Flemalle. But, above all, the authorities had captured on Savaran a long letter in Yaunde's unmistakable handwriting and that gave the game away.

How Savaran had forced that let-

ter out of Yaunde, only Savaran ever knew; for Yaunde had in truth died, but whether of disease or otherwise again only Savaran could say.

BUT the facts were there and they were damning! Flemalle had not a chance. He was smashed. Honour, wealth, ambition—and Blanche were all swept away. He did make a feeble effort to incriminate Askern, but it worse than failed.

It hardened public opinion against him. In a month he was proclaimed to the world as the criminal he was. He was condemned—with Savaran—to a long term of imprisonment, a longer term than Savaran both in sentence and fact.

For though Flemalle was a clever man and went to gaol, Savaran was Savaran and did not! On the night before both were to be marched away to a grim inland penal settlement, Savaran escaped from his prison.

He broke out with such ease that most people in the colony wondered why he had not done it on the very first day of his arrest.

But Bobby Askern did not wonder. He knew when the news of Savaran's capture came to him that not even for the sake of smashing Flemalle would Savaran have allowed himself to be arrested if he had not been sure of escaping.

He, too, knew Savaran was Savaran!

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BLUE Ribbon

Continued from Page 14

NANCY rose early on Saturday morning, the first day of the show. Tam, she had decided, was to have a long walk before being taken to the straw-lined stall at the armory in which he must stay until late Sunday night. But two hours of the briskest tack seemed to have no effect on Tam's bounding exuberance.

"I'll stop by the park and let him run awhile," Nancy thought.

At the edge of the park she un-snapped his leash, and Tam dashed happily away. Nancy followed him more slowly. Then, as she rounded a tall clump of laurels, she gave a frightened gasp. For, a hundred yards away, stood a familiar coal-black Scotty. With a stifled cry Nancy began to run. A hand locked about her arm and jerked her back.

"Don't bother them," Bob McKenzie advised calmly.

"They'll hurt each other!" Nancy cried.

Bob's fingers only tightened. "No, they won't. Watch them!" he commanded.

Nancy watched incredulously. Tam and the Scotty stood nose to nose now—and Tam's tail was describing brisk, placatory circles. So was the Scotty's. In another moment Tam dropped his head to his paws, barked excitedly, and turned to run, and an instant later the Scotty had joined him.

"They'll be back when they've had their romp," Bob said cheerfully. "Not many dogs really want to fight. But when excited people dash in, they get excited, too. . . . We might as well sit down."

It was several minutes before Tam and his new-found friend, panting rapturously, returned to their owners. Bob ran an appraising hand over Tam's crisp coat.

"You didn't trim him yourself, of course?" he asked.

"But I did," Nancy declared proudly.

"You made a good job of it," Bob's tone was very nearly respectful. "You call him Tam, don't you? What's the full name?"

Nancy laughed. "It's pretty original. He's registered as Waring's Tambarlaine the Great."

Bob chuckled responsively. "Cully's is just about as extravagant—McKenzie's Highland Color Sergeant." He rubbed Tam's ears. "They're really rather amusing little brutes," he conceded. "I can see how you might get attached to one of them, in time. . . . That is, if you'd never owned a Scotty," he added quickly.

Nancy had accepted the paw which Cully was offering her. "Your dog has an awfully interesting head," she said, trying to duplicate Bob's tone. "And I suppose you'd eventually get used to his front legs looking so much like flippers. . . ."

Nancy was breathing a little quickly as she led Tam into the ring

that night. Tam behaved perfectly—dancing on his toes, his head held high, when he was walked around the ring; posing like a faintly restive statue on the boards; raising his head with just the proper degree of bright-eyed alertness when the judge snapped his fingers. And Tam's expensive pedigree justified itself once more when the judge handed Nancy the blue ribbon.

NANCY escorted Tam back to his place on the bench and returned to the ring in time to watch the entry of the Scotties. Bob McKenzie, she admitted grudgingly, could probably fetch her a thing or two about handling a dog in the show ring. Cully's first was, if anything, a more sweeping victory than Tam's had been.

By walking slowly Nancy contrived a quite accidental meeting with Bob as they were leaving the armory.

"Well, to-morrow will be the big night," she said.

Bob nodded. "And it'll be between our dogs. One of us'll be taking that cup home."

Nancy laughed. "Suppose we make a penalty bet," she suggested. "The next time we can't agree about something, the loser to-morrow night has to—give in!"

Bob hesitated for a moment. Then he, too, laughed. "It's a bet," he agreed.

They had reached the street now; another half-dozen steps brought them to Nancy's roadster. Nancy stepped off the kerb to go around it. The kerb was high and her heel caught on its edge. She collapsed into the street.

Bob leaped forward and pulled her to her feet. "Hurt?" he demanded.

Nancy took a tentative step. "Twisted my ankle," she muttered. "I don't think it's serious, but I'm afraid I'd better not try to drive. Could you run me home?"

Nancy's ankle was throbbing viciously before Bob stopped his car in front of her home. Clinging to his arm, she managed three very painful steps. Then Bob stopped suddenly. "Here, this won't do," he said; and, bending towards her, he picked her up lightly. He carried her up the walk, up the flight of steps which led to the front door. "You see—much easier that way," he said. "Much easier!" he repeated as he set her down. His voice was queerly uneven; he retreated half a step, almost hurriedly. And then, even more hurriedly, he retraced that half step.

"I suppose you think—" he began hoarsely. "Just because I kissed you—"

Nancy caught at the doorknob. "And just because I let you," she cried bitterly. "I suppose you think—"

THERE was another minute of silence. "Let's—let's not talk about it any more now," Bob said finally, in the same hoarse voice. "Maybe it means something. I don't know. But let's think it over first. . . . Good night!"

Supporting herself on one of her father's canes, Nancy hobbled through the Sunday-night crowd towards Tam's place. Surprisingly, Bob McKenzie stood there.

"He seemed a bit lonely, so I stopped to talk to him," he explained with nervous haste. "How is the ankle?"

"The doctor says he won't have to amputate," Nancy's tone fell far short of the defiant gaiety for which she strove.

"That's too bad," Bob said in a lifelessly conventional voice. Then, after a minute's silence: "Look here—would you like to have me take him into the ring? Handle him with Cully, I mean."

"Why—if you think you could do it without hurting Cully's chances—"

"I think I can," Bob's voice was suddenly bristly businesslike. "I'll get them off in a corner for the next hour and let them get used to walking on leash together," he planned. "Why don't you go over and find a seat close to the ring?"

"He's glad to be rid of me for an hour," Nancy thought. She, too, was glad to have postponed the necessity for deciding whether last night had meant anything.

She was staring morosely at a class which consisted of a single disconsolate Afghan hound when Bob touched her shoulder. "I think they're going to be all right," he said encouragingly.



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MAKES "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 6

SHE might have dropped the ticket in the taxi when she had taken out her handkerchief. In the taxi, in the street, in one of the several dressing-rooms where she had been in the course of the last twenty-four hours—what difference did it make? The thing was gone. Worth ten or fifteen dollars, too, wasn't it? A touch of remorse there, for Meg's sake.

"So what?" said Mimi to herself, unhappily seeking a way out of the mess. She must get back home at once. She'd die before she'd ask her father. Alan? Never! He had said better not call him. That still smarted. She wouldn't call Alan if she had to walk.

Tommy. She couldn't bear the thought of Tommy. What she finally did surprised herself. She used the nickel to call Kilmartin.

He answered almost at once. "Hello—hello?" He sounded somewhat impatient. But when he found out who it was he laughed. "Well—fancy meeting you here! What are you doing so—"

She told him where she was and that she was on her way out to Connecticut. "Couldn't you meet me at the information desk or something? I've lost my ticket."

"You would!" said Kilmartin. He laughed again. "Be with you in ten minutes."

Mimi walked over to the information desk to wait for him. She was watching people straggling in from incoming trains when he came up behind her.

"How are you, Miss Swift?" said Kilmartin. "Why, you crazy kid!" he added, because she started so violently when he spoke her name. "Who did you think I was? A German?"

Mimi tried to laugh.

"Here," said Kilmartin, putting a big hand on her arm and turning her towards the restaurant stairs. "I could do with a cup of coffee. Had any breakfast?"

"I don't eat breakfast," said Mimi. Kilmartin said, "Here's one time you will. Ham and eggs and all."

So across a little table from his shrewd, kind, near-sighted eyes, she consumed ham and eggs and toast and coffee like someone starving. It steadied her. As she ate, although she had not intended to talk about it, she told him what had happened the night before.

HE listened without comment, only asking at the end, "Why didn't you just go to that room of yours—the way you usually do?"

She told him, flushing, what her father had done about the room.

"I see," said Kilmartin, slowly. "Rest of the family know that?"

"I haven't told them," said Mimi. When he sat looking at her thoughtfully in silence she grew bitterly resentful. "Go on—say what you think."

"Well—not so hot, of course. You don't want to flop into young men's beds too often, but since your two Parsifals took themselves off, and you didn't run into anyone you knew coming out—"

"Not a soul."

"Well, you had a lucky escape," said Kilmartin dispassionately. "You're a fool, Mimi. Always sticking out your neck. Always asking for trouble. Some day you're going to get it."

Mimi gathered herself together for departure, her temper beginning to rise. "Sorry to have troubled you—and thanks a lot for the pearls of wisdom."

By way of reply Kilmartin said, "I'll get your ticket."

Walking along the platform to the train, he offered final admonition. "Be halfway decent to your grandmother when you get there, will you? She's probably spent the night in prayer for a lost sheep."

"And do I greet Raymond with a loving kiss?" asked Mimi viciously.

Not until the instant of Kilmartin's leaving her in the train did she soften. Then she thrust her hand into his unexpectedly. "Jimmy—I know I'm a louse."

"That's all I was trying to tell you," said Kilmartin, grinning. "Be good if you can, baby!"

Three days after Molly's cable, Meg sailed from Southampton. It was the earliest passage she had been able to arrange.

After showing Brook the cable, she had told him about the letter which she had written but had not sent to Mimi. "I was going to stay, Brook."

Please turn to Page 49

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

July 3, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

35

Modern FLAT DESIGN

Comfort, convenience
and charm in the small
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By OUR HOME DECORATOR

DESPITE the fact that we all at some time or other dream of owning a home of our own — our "Castle in Spain"—the modern flat still continues to offer the most practical solution for living to a very large number of people, who, for economic or other reasons, find the small home-unit best suits their requirements.

A HOUSE is most desirable, of course, when there are children in the family, but for the married couple without children, especially those just married, the modern flat often offers many advantages that they would not otherwise be able to afford for many years to come.

Refrigeration, hot water services, incinerators that do away with the

ling waters and distant headlands, every home unit in the building has been planned to obtain as much of the view as possible.

Lounge-rooms, for instance, have windows extending from ceiling to floor and running the full width of one wall, as will be seen in the picture on this page. The full-length drapes are arranged so they may be drawn back on either side to let in the maximum of light and air.

The windows in turn open out on balconies where you may sit overlook-



LOUNGE-ROOM in one of the larger flats in the recently-erected block described on this page. The wide windows overlooking the water are a feature of this room.

Instead, they provide further storage space for personal belongings.

A lounge with cream woodwork and upholstered in green tapestry is placed with its back against the dining-table in the centre of the room. From this point the couch is in a most comfortable position for entertaining, for reading, and for watching the view from the window.

But when a meal is served the back is swivelled across to the other side and the couch becomes a seat beside

the table, providing accommodation for at least three people—another excellent example of saving in furniture and space in these flats.

The table, cocktail-writing-cabinet piece, the chairs and other furnishings in this room are also lacquered cream, which gives the room a very light, cheerful appearance. In addition, the lacquered woodwork is washable, and it is therefore a simple matter to have the room looking constantly fresh and new.—J.E.



BEDROOM in one of the smaller flats in which the furniture—beds, wardrobes, and dressing-table—is built in to save space and provide maximum accommodation for clothes.

old dustbin, modern-equipped laundries, and telephone services are some of the facilities in the flat of to-day which make for greater comfort in living and which keep up the demand for these home units.

So it is not surprising that flat buildings now being built offer the same of comfort, convenience, and charm possible in a limited space with housework reduced to a minimum.

In one of the most recent buildings to be erected these features are most evident. Mrs. A. C. Goddard, Elizabeth Day, a clever woman who has made several trips around the world and studied housing and flat equipping, built this block of flats and incorporated many of the excellent ideas she gleaned abroad.

Ideally situated, overlooking spark-

ling the water and imagine you were on a liner at sea—a most romantic atmosphere indeed.

In addition to the usual facilities of modern flats, the furnishings are also interesting.

The bedrooms in some of the units in this building have been furnished to save space and at the same time provide maximum accommodation for clothes.

Twin beds built in on either side of the room are fitted all round with deep drawers which pull out and store an extraordinary amount of clothing.

At the bedheads, built-in shelves provide space for books, reading-lamps, and other odds and ends.

Twin wardrobes match the beds,

while one wardrobe has a built-in dressing-table on the other side of it.

All these built-in fittings are lacquered cream to match the walls, which gives the room, although not large, quite a spacious, light appearance.

The floors are of polished wood in natural color and are covered with plain green pile rugs edged with matching fringe.

The lounge-room opening off this bedroom (a glimpse of it can be seen in the photograph) is also furnished in an interesting manner.

One wall is completely fitted with built-in cupboards which extend from floor to ceiling. They are painted the same color as the walls and do not, therefore, obtrude at all in the room.



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and I—
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Warner's Safe Cure—**

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I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.M. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS

SOME ARE NEW—Some Old— But All DELICIOUS

Prizewinning Recipes in Our Weekly Recipe Competition

Here are the week's best recipes received from readers all over Australia.

A recipe for "Windsor cutlets" carries off first prize, while there are some splendid recipes for cooking ox tongue, whiting, and eggs among the next best.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe sent in by a reader, while consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every other recipe published.

All you do is write out your favorite recipe, attach full name and address and send in to us.

WINDSOR CUTLETS

One pound lean beef steak, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon fine breadcrumbs, frying fat, seasoned flour, and 6 slices of tomato.

Peel and slice onion thinly, and remove some of outer rings, keeping them whole. (Reserve these to be dipped in beaten egg and seasoned flour and fried in boiling fat till tender and golden brown.) Put centre of onion and steak through mincer. Add breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, and moisten sufficiently to bind with a little beaten egg. Divide mix-

ture into six, and shape each portion like a cutlet. Coat with seasoned flour, and fry in thoroughly-heated fat till golden brown, and then cook gently till cutlets are quite cooked. Bake or fry tomato slices, and fry onion rings as directed. Drain cutlets and make a gravy in the pan. Serve a slice of tomato and an onion ring on each cutlet, with nicely-creamed potatoes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Beth Haywood, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

JELLIED LOAF

Cut a sandwich loaf in halves, lengthwise. Scoop out some of the crumb from inside of each half and spread the "wells" thus made with butter and potted meat. Now melt a packet of savory jelly, using only half the quantity of water directed so that it will be fairly stiff. Allow to cool and, when beginning to jelly, put a few spoonfuls into each "bread-well" and press in some slices of hard-boiled eggs and skinned tomatoes. Then add some more jelly, then some slices of ham and cooked pork sausage. Then fill up with jelly and more tomato and lettuce. Have a very little jelly as a top layer. Close the two halves of the loaf together and tie with a clean tea-towel.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woolswain, Brisbane.

WHITING AND GENOISE SAUCE

Skin whiting by dipping in boiling water and pulling off skin quickly. Butter well a baking-dish, curl up fish, cover with buttered paper, and bake. Turn out onto a hot dish and pour sauce over.

Genoise Sauce: Put 1 dessertspoon butter in small saucepan and, when melted, stir in about 1 tablespoon flour, then add 1 cup port wine, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 1 teaspoon ketchup, and 1 cup water. Stir well, then add 12 peppercorns and a few strips of lemon-peel. Simmer gently for 5 minutes with lid on, then strain over fish, and garnish with cut lemon and parsley. Sufficient sauce for six whiting.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

EGGS A LA CONTADINA

Put 3oz. butter in flat baking dish. Have 4 small slices of bread toasted. Dip these in the butter, turn over,

WHEN submitting entries to our Best Recipe Competition, keep in mind that original recipes are preferred. Recipes copied from other papers and magazines are not barred, but readers must state name and date of publication from which the recipe was obtained.

and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Break an egg very carefully on each piece, and add seasoning to taste—pepper, salt, grated nutmeg. Put into a very slow oven, and when the eggs are set, serve in same dish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

PEACH CREAM

One cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 5 eggs, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 5 tablespoons boiling water.

Whip sugar and eggs together, add flour and cream of tartar gradually, dissolve carbonate of soda in the water and add last. Pour mixture into round tin about seven inches in diameter, and bake in moderate oven. When cold, cut top off cake and remove centre. Drain juice from a tin of sliced peaches, beat a small bottle of cream stiffly with a little sugar and flavoring to taste, add to peaches, mix well and fill the cake. Replace top and cover over with a little whipped cream, decorating with a few cherries and chopped walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Ern. G. Ogden, 24 Gormanston Rd., Moonta, Hobart.

MOCK PORT (BEETROOT WINE)

Wash 4lb. beetroot and cut into pieces quickly. Put into cold water and allow 1 quart to the pound. Boil until all the color is extracted, and strain off liquid. To every quart of liquor add 4lb. loaf sugar, the juice of 1 lemon, 4 cloves, and a small piece of root ginger. Stir until sugar has dissolved. Pour into a bowl and leave for 2 weeks (covered), then bottle, after straining, but cork lightly until "fermentation" ceases. A little brandy improves, but is not necessary. If left for a year, the wine is like four-year-old port.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. H. Honeysett, Alt Crescent, Ainslie, Canberra, F.C.T.

STUFFED OX TONGUE

Boil tongue till tender. Skin it, cut in halves, lengthwise. Scoop out each half and chop meat well, add a couple of hard-boiled eggs (chopped), some melted butter, a few currants, and stale breadcrumbs. Flavor with grated nutmeg and some chopped parsley. Fill both halves with the mixture (bind it with an egg-yolk), place sides together, fit the tongue (secured by twine) in a round cake tin which has been buttered. Bake in an oven till browned, basting frequently with butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide.

THIS WEEK

FLAVORED WITH LEMON!

There is nothing to quite equal the keen pungency of lemon flavor, and now that lemons are plentiful housewives will welcome this pleasing selection of sweet and savory dishes flavored with this valuable fruit.

THE recipes have been sent in by our readers. Every week our Cookery Expert selects a popular cooking subject from recipes sent in by readers, and a prize of 2/6 is awarded for every recipe published.

LEMON SOUFFLE PUDDING

One cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs. Cream sugar with butter, add flour, lemon, milk and beaten yolks of eggs. Just before pouring into dish, fold in stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Place pudding dish in larger dish of hot water and bake. When cooked, turn out on a plate, dust with sifted sugar, and a rich creamy sauce underneath.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Clementia, Duke Street, Gympie, Qld.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Soak 2 thick slices of bread in a cup of boiling water until soft. Add 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and the yolks of 2 well-beaten eggs. Fill a deep plate lined with pastry with this mixture, and use stiffly-beaten whites for meringue.

2/6 to Miss H. Wilson, 140 Fingleton Street, North Carlton, Melbourne.

COLD LEMON SOUFFLE

Four eggs, 5 medium-sized lemons, 2oz. sugar, 1 sheet of gelatine. Soak gelatine in water till soft, then dissolve over fire in juice of lemons, but do not boil. Leave aside to cool, while dissolving gelatine, mix yolks of eggs, sugar, and rind of lemons together, and beat well. Whip whites with a pinch salt, strain gelatine and lemon juice into sugar mixture, and

when just thickening, stir in whites, then pour into wet mould to set.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Preston, Thompson Street, Maffra, Nth. Gippsland, Vic.

LEMON RICE PUDDING

Three ounces rice, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 lemon, some apricot jam, 1oz. sugar. Cook rice till milk with grated lemon rind. When quite tender, add well-beaten egg yolks, sugar and lemon juice. Put in buttered pudding dish, and cook in oven till firm. Spread with thin layer of apricot jam. Make meringue with whipped white of egg. Put on the top and crisp in the oven. Enough for four people.

2/6 to Miss Joyce Smith, 2 Bath Street, Thirroul, N.S.W.

LEMON CREAM MOULDS

Grease well some small moulds, line each with a wet crust, made with 2oz. shredded soft to 1oz. flour (plain), and a pinch of salt.

Make cream by heating yolks of 3 eggs, adding 1 cup caster sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, 1oz. fresh butter. Whip all together. Fill each mould three-parts full, cover with paste, wet edges, squeeze them together. Tie grease-proof paper over and steam for 1½ hours. Turn out carefully and sift caster sugar over.

2/6 to Miss M. Alleyne, 19 George Street, St. Peters, Adelaide.

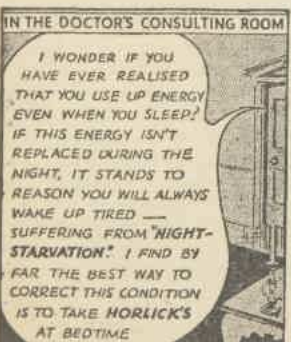
LEMON CURRY SANDWICHES

One teaspoon curry powder, 2oz. butter, 1½ teaspoon mustard, cayenne, 1½ tablespoon lemon juice, a little blanched and chopped parsley.

Place butter, curry powder, lemon juice, and mustard into a saucepan for a few minutes, add mustard. When paste is cold make into sandwiches with thin slices of brown bread and butter.

2/6 to T. Harvey, 295 King Street, Wacol, N.S.W.

I HEARD THEM WHISPER "Wallflower!"



So many people wake so tired in the morning that they can't enjoy life. If they only knew it, their real trouble is "Night-Starvation." The energy they burn up during sleep is not being replaced. This leaves them with no vitality to face the day. Horlick's taken

at bed-time restores energy as it is used up—guards against "Night-Starvation." Horlick's has a fascinating flavour. It is economical, too, for no milk is needed—only water. Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/6.

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HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

NIGHT-STARVATION

The Most Delicious of Vegetables... ASPARAGUS

Ways of using this nourishing and appetising food for luncheons... suppers, and tea parties

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



FEW vegetables can vie with asparagus for delicacy of flavor. Few vegetables are so appetising that they can be used on their own to form a main dish rather than as an adjunct to other foods.



Bring up a child in the way he should go.

This is sound advice—but it is not always realised what an important part the very early months and years may play in bringing about the desire of the mother for the future welfare of her baby.

When "grown-ups" are feeling out-of-sorts they become irritable and their usual good nature is spoiled—it is therefore the more desirable in the case of a young child to do everything possible to avoid unnecessary discomfort and suffering.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS soothe the child and help him to cut his teeth with ease and thus promote a happy and contented baby.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are absolutely harmless.

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It is not surprising, then, that asparagus is so popular, for, in addition to being in itself nourishing and full of flavor, it stimulates the appetite.

The favorite dish at a supper party is usually asparagus served with melted butter, or a plate of asparagus rolls which disappear in the twinkling of an eye—so popular are these savories with guests.

Asparagus can be used for savories and other dishes, either fresh cooked or tinned.

When choosing fresh asparagus, select straight, tender stalks with firm, crisp scales.

To keep fresh, stand in bowl containing a little water.

ASPARAGUS

One bunch asparagus, 1 dessert-spoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 quart water.

Scrape each stick of asparagus, being careful not to break the tops, tie in bundles, keeping all tops together, wash well, stand upright in boiling water, add vinegar, salt, and sugar, and cook gently about 20 minutes. Have only sufficient water to come two-thirds of the way up the bundles in order to prevent the tops breaking. Make a piece of toast and place in the bottom of the vegetable dish; when asparagus is soft, lift out carefully and lay on the toast, the tops all one way. Remove strings, pour melted butter over the top, and serve very hot.

ASPARAGUS AU GRATIN

One tin asparagus, 1 cup white sauce, breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Place a layer of asparagus in a well-greased pie-dish. Cover with breadcrumbs and small pieces of butter. Continue till dish is almost full, then pour over the white sauce. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven till crumbs are brown and cheese melted. Serve at once.

ASPARAGUS FRITTERS

Fritter batter, well-drained sticks of asparagus, salt, frying fat.

Make the batter, cut the asparagus into neat pieces, sprinkle with salt, then coat with batter. Fry till golden-brown in boiling fat. Drain well. Serve very hot piled high on plate with paper doily.

BEFORE COOKING asparagus, cut ends off, scrape each stick, and tie in bundles for boiling.

ASPARAGUS TARTLETS
Shortcrust, asparagus, ham, white sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, parsley.

Make shortcrust, roll out, cut into rounds, line greased deep patty tins with the rounds; prick centre to prevent rising. Bake in moderate oven till pale straw color. Turn on to cake-cooler. Cut tips from asparagus and reserve for garnishing. Add the chopped asparagus and ham to the white sauce, with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Fill the cases with the asparagus mixture. Garnish with the asparagus tips and finely-chopped parsley. Make a nice white sauce, adding salt, cayenne, little cream, then the chopped asparagus, and use as a filling in choux pastry cases—asparagus puffs. Or in puff pastry cases like ones used for oyster patties, making asparagus patties.

ASPARAGUS ROLLS

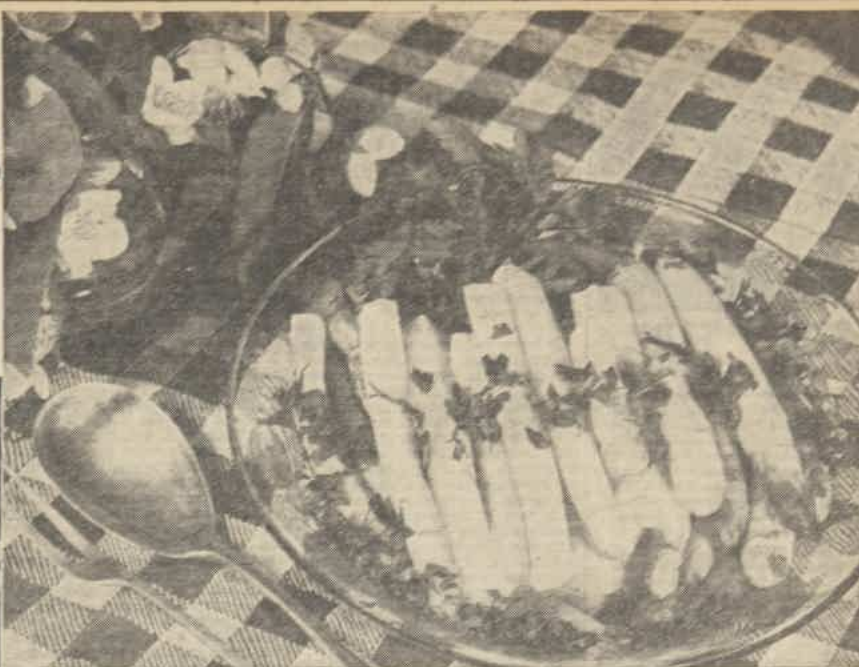
Thin slices of bread, butter, asparagus, salt, cayenne, frying fat.

Butter the bread, and remove the crusts. Place a well-drained stalk of asparagus on the bread, and roll up evenly, fastening if necessary. Attach end with wooden toothpick. Wet fry till a pale brown. Drain on white paper. Remove the picks. Serve at once, piled high on a hot dish garnished with sprigs of parsley.

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Two bunches asparagus, 2 pints white stock, 1 onion, 1 head celery, 1 turnip, 2oz. butter, 1lb. plain flour, salt, cayenne.

Scrape and wash asparagus, cut tops off and put aside. Cut stalks into inch lengths, cut vegetables up roughly. Put into an enamel saucepan with the stock and boil slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Put the tops of asparagus into boiling water or stock and boil without the lid for 20 minutes. When the vegetables are soft, rub through a hair sieve, or beat to a smooth pulp with a wooden spoon. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, cook for a few minutes without burning. Add the vegetable puree, cook for three minutes after it boils, stirring all the time; add salt and cayenne. Place the cooked asparagus tops in a hot soup tureen and pour the hot soup over. Serve immediately.



FRESH COOKED ASPARAGUS is delicious served hot with melted butter, or iced with garnishing of cream and mayonnaise.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Asparagus, mayonnaise, eschaloit, capers, parsley.

If fresh asparagus is used cook in the usual way, then drain well. If tinned, remove and drain thoroughly without breaking. Place a few slices of asparagus on small individual plates, heads all one end. Add minced eschaloit, capers, and parsley to the mayonnaise. Pour over asparagus, and serve at once.

ASPARAGUS SCALLOP

Asparagus, 2 cups white sauce, grated cheese, breadcrumbs, little butter.

Cut asparagus into short lengths; add to the sauce with the cheese to taste, adding salt and cayenne if necessary. Grease a pie-dish. Sprinkle with crumbs. Add the asparagus mixture. Cover with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven till pale brown on top. Serve as luncheon dish.

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FLU germs multiply very rapidly. Act quickly. At the first sign of a cold take two NYAL ESTERIN Tablets, a hot lemon drink, and go straight to bed. Esterin will check flu overnight. ESTERIN contains a newly discovered sedative known as Esterin Compound, which acts directly on the nerve centres, reduces temperature, and checks the development of disease germs.

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IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poisons all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/4, household size 1/2. Present a substitute.

NEW Jumper DESIGN

Knitted in Pretty Nopp Pattern with Neat Tie Finish at Neck

MATERIALS: 11oz. of 3-ply wool,
2 No. 10 needles.

Measurements: Bust, 35-36 inches;
shoulder, to lower edge, 21 inches;
length of sleeve along seam, 19 in-
ches.

Tension: 7 stitches and 9 rows to
1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; n, nopp or knot.

FRONT

Commence at lower edge by casting on 114 stitches which should measure 15 inches. Work lower border in k. 2, p. 2 for 3 1/2 inches. Then knit ground pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 alternately 8 times, n. (this is done as follows: insert right needle from left to right into front of the stitch and draw out a loop, insert the needle from right to left into the back part of the same stitch and draw out a loop. Repeat this process until there are 6 new stitches on the right needle. Slip them on to the left needle and work them off from the back together with the original stitch. Thus a nopp or knot is formed), n, p. 1. Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Knit plain.

3rd Row (right side of work): K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1 alternately 8 times, n, n, k. 1. Repeat from *.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row (right side of work): * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from *.

6th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Commencing with the 7th row the position of the nops is reversed.

7th Row: P. 1 (k. 1, p. 1, alternately 3 times), k. 1, * n, n, p. 1 (k. 1, p. 1 alternately 8 times). Repeat from * to end.

Continue pattern in this manner, increasing 1 stitch each end of the needle in 17th row, and every 8th row following until there are 138 stitches on the needle. When work measures 13 1/2 inches, shape armholes.

Cast off 7 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows, decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 16 rows. Commence yoke in the following pattern.

1st Row of Yoke (right side of work): * k. 4, p. 6. Repeat from *.

2nd Row of Yoke (wrong side of work): Purl the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were purl.

3rd Row of Yoke: * k. 4, p. 2, n, n, p. 2. Repeat from *.

4th Row of Yoke: Same as 2nd row of yoke.

5th Row: Same as 3rd row of yoke.
6th Row: Same as 2nd row of yoke.
7th Row: Same as 1st row of yoke.
8th Row: Same as 2nd row.
9th Row: Same as 3rd row.
10th Row: Same as 2nd row.
11th Row: Same as 3rd row.

12th Row: Same as 2nd row.
13th Row: Same as 1st row.
14th Row: Same as 2nd row.
15th Row: Same as 3rd row.
16th Row: Same as 2nd row.
17th Row: Same as 3rd row.
18th Row: Same as 2nd row.
19th Row: Same as 1st row.
20th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Commencing with 21st row the pattern is reversed.

21st Row: P. 5, * k. 4, p. 6. In the 24th row of the yoke the slit at the neck begins. Divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. Knit in the same width as far as the 42nd row when the curved neckline begins.

42nd, 44th, and 46th Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on the neck side.

47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd and 54th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on the neck side.

59th, 61st, 63rd, 65th, 67th, and 69th Rows: Cast off 5 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder.

BACK

Follow instructions for front to shaping of the shoulders (omitting neck shaping). Shape shoulders, cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 12 rows. Cast off remaining stitches.

SLEEVES

Commence at lower edge by casting on 60 stitches. Knit in a rib of 2 plain, 2 purl for 3 1/2 inches. Change to pattern.

Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in every 8th row until there are 96 stitches on the needle, work until sleeve measures 19 inches, shape top.

Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of every row until 24 stitches remain. Cast off.



LONG SLEEVES and close-fitting neck, with little tie, are smart features of this new jumper knitted in a fascinating nopp pattern.

TIE

It is 14 inches wide and 39 1/2 inches long. It is worked widthwise in plain knitting stitch. Sew and turn it on the neck and tie it into a bow in the front.

TO MAKE UP

Dampen all pieces, pin out to measurements and allow to dry. Sew up seams. In sewing in sleeves be sure that the centre top exactly meets shoulder seam.

Baby's Mittens

Quickly knitted in soft, white wool.



IDEAL for keeping baby's hands warm. Knitting instructions given here.

MATERIALS Required: 1oz. 2-ply Nursery Vlyella Knitting Yarn Snow, ribbon for wrists, 1 pair No. 12 Vlyella knitting needles.

Tension: 9 stitches to 1 inch.

MITTENS

Cast on 48 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 inches.

Next Row (on front of work): P.

Next Row: K. Make ribbon holes as follows:—* k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog., * repeat * to * to end of row.

Next Row: P., knitting and purling into the made sts. of previous row to complete ribbon holes.

Next Row: K.

Next Row: K.

You have now made ribbon holes with a raised ridge on either side. Work st.-st. for 2 inches, then shape as follows:—

1st Row: K. tog. every 5th and 6th sts.

2nd Row and alternate rows: P.

3rd Row: K. tog. every 4th and 5th sts.

5th Row: K. tog. every 3rd and 4th sts.

7th Row: K. tog. every 2nd and 3rd sts.

Break off yarn and darn through sts. Sew up side seams. Run ribbon through holes.



Where do you buy your lovely woolly vests? They're always so soft and close fitting

Why Joan, I always wear Bond's pure wool "Cumfys". I've worn them for years. "Cumfys" never lose their shape or softness

You can get
Bond's "Cumfys"
at all stores

These stores know that, for years, their customers have been praising the marvellous quality of "Cumfy" pure wool vests. Your "Cumfy" has extra length. It keeps its sleekness and softness, no matter how often you wash it.

Sleeveless, 3/6. Short sleeves, 3/11.
Long sleeves, 4/11.

Bond's "Cumfys"

If you prefer a silk-and-wool mixture vest ask for Bond's "Luxuree." Prices from 3/6.

SUNSHINE

When You Dine

Captured in the Glowing, Golden Colors of This Exquisite Iceland Poppy Table Set

It is the most practical table set imaginable, and one of the loveliest. It consists of cloth, tea-cosy, serviette, sandwich d'oyley, d'oyley, and traymobile cover.

YOU can purchase the complete set or separate pieces stamped with the beautiful Iceland poppy design on linen or Cesarine all ready for working from our Needlework Department.

Just picture how perfectly entrancing a luncheon or afternoon tea would look served with this Iceland poppy linen—colorful, fresh background of cloth and other items adorned with little rays of golden sunshine, as it were, in the form of yellow poppies.

You really must have one of these sets, especially if you are a bride-to-be, or you feel your supply of linen for entertaining could do with some pepping up.

The prices of this set obtainable from our Needlework Department are:—

Design stamped on best quality pure linen in cream, white, blue, pink, green or yellow, or on Cesarine in colors:

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, linen 6/11, Cesarine 5/11.
 Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, linen 8/11, Cesarine 7/11.
 Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, linen 10/11, Cesarine 9/11.
 Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, linen 2/6, Cesarine 2/3.
 Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, linen 1/-, Cesarine 9d.
 Sandwich d'oyley, 8 by 5 inches, linen 1/-, Cesarine 9d.
 D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, linen 1/-, Cesarine 9d.

Traymobile cover, 14 by 25 inches, linen 2/6, Cesarine 2/3.

The Iceland poppy design is worked entirely in satin-stitch and stem-stitch in the poppy colors, orange, yellow, and tangerine, with light green stems, leaves, lines, and buds.

Satin-stitch the flowers and leaves, work the centres in green with brown stem-stitch stamens. Satin-stitch the stems and the covering of the buds in green with a tip of orange flower showing. Stem-stitch all outlines or circles in green or brown, and work the little hairs on the stems and buds in green stem-stitching.

These colors would be most attractive on cream or white, blue or green. On yellow linen vary the tones to give sufficient variety; on pink the poppies would be effective worked in blue.

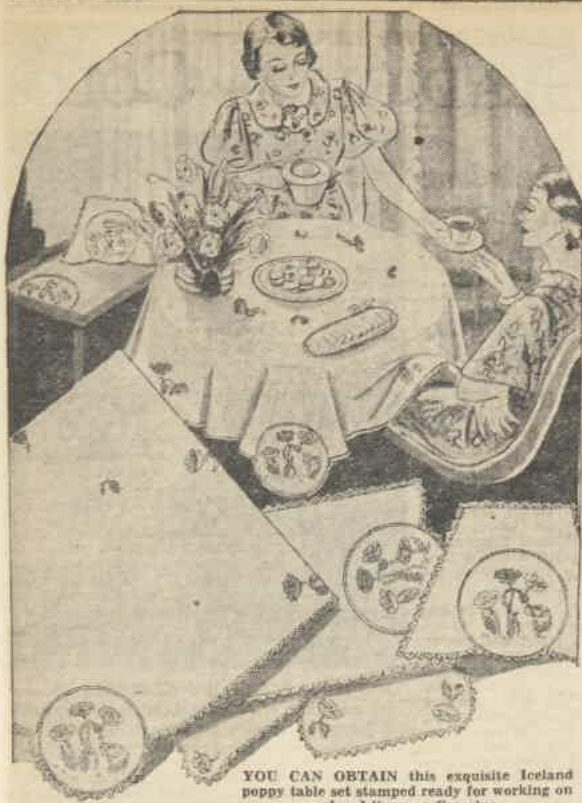
RELIEF FROM MUSCULAR ACHES

When the muscles ache and the sinews of the back, arms, legs or neck are distressed with pain, whatever the cause, use WAWN'S WONDER WOOL. This "Magic Wrap," on application, instantly attacks the centres of pain, breaks up congestion, dispels inflammation, and brings soothing, comforting warmth and relief to the affected muscles and sinews.

The dreaded, painful agonies of NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM or kindred complaints, quickly respond to this simple treatment. With the first twinge of muscular pain seek speedy relief with

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet



YOU CAN OBTAIN this exquisite Iceland poppy table set stamped ready for working on colored linen or Cesarine.

WOMEN'S GOSSIP AT THE TEA-PARTY-

"JUST LOOK AT THAT GIRL OVER THERE—YOU'D THINK SHE'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO SEW A GREEN FROCK WITH YELLOW THREAD!"

"SHE DOES! BUT SHE DIDN'T USE COATS' SUPER-SHEEN JUNIOR. THE REALLY COLOR-FAST THREAD—SO THE COLORS FADED!"

GUARD AGAINST FADED SEAMS

—whatever it is you are going to make up, use Coats' Super Sheen Junior, the strong, reliable COLOR-FAST thread that prevents faded stitches and is available in over 350 shades. 80 yards on each Junior spool.

POST THE COUPON BELOW FOR THE HELPFUL ILLUSTRATED FREE BOOKLET, "SEWING SECRETS." You'll find the booklet of great assistance, so post the coupon for it NOW.

Coats' SUPER-SHEEN junior

COUPON. MAIL TO: Box No. 1644P, Melbourne, 2/7/37.
 Box No. 2212E, Sydney.
 Box No. 1142P, Brisbane.
 Box No. 184C, Adelaide.
 Box No. 2160, Perth.

Please post me one free copy of the booklet, "Sewing Secrets."

Name _____
 Address _____

TRACED linens and other needlework items featured in previous issues of The Australian Women's Weekly are still available, and may be purchased on application to our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly office, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Postal addresses for interstate readers will be found on pattern page.

Neat Shoe Bag and Brush-and-Polish Tidy



IDEAL FOR KEEPING shoes tidy and brush and polish handy—neat bags made of Cesarine and crash stamped with design for embroidery.

NOT only are these bags useful while at home, particularly for keeping dainty shoes clean when not being worn, but they are especially valuable when travelling.

The bags keep shoes and polishing paraphernalia away from other clothes, and make them easy to find when wanted.

The shoe-bag is made of Cesarine in blue, green or yellow, and stamped with pretty design for working in 1/6, plus 3d. postage.

The brush-and-polish tidy made of best-quality crash, with edges spoke-stitched for working, and complete with separate compartments for brush and polish, also traced with design on flap for embroidery, is priced at 1/6, plus 3d. postage.

Order now from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses are on pattern page.

Three compliments and three mistakes!

JACK DID ADMIRE YOUR DRESS! THAT MAKES THREE COMPLIMENTS TO-DAY. I WISH I COULD AFFORD SOME EXTRA DRESSES.

THE JOKE IS, KIT—THIS IS ONLY AN OLD DRESS THAT I RESURRECTED AND WASHED.

OLD! HOWEVER DID YOU GET THE COLOURS SO FRESH AND BRIGHT?

WITH PERSIL TRY PERSIL FOR YOURS, KIT—IT WORKS WONDERS AND MAKES WASHING SO EASY.

SOME WEEKS LATER.

HELLO KIT—I LIKE YOUR NEW DRESS.

THAT'S THREE TIMES YOU'VE MISTAKEN ONE OF MY OLD DRESSES FOR NEW JACK—PERSIL WASHING MUST BE GOOD.



Persil

THERE'S a very good reason why you can trust your coloured things to Persil-washing. Persil releases oxygen bubbles that push the suds gently—yet persistently—through the fabric easing out every speck of dirt. No rubbing needed. Colours keep those brilliant hues or delicate tints that you loved the day you bought them.

Avoid imitations.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

COLOURS BRIGHTER AFTER PERSIL

81.584.22



Nothing Stops Him!

"YOU can't keep a good man down." That's his motto. And if ever man lived up to motto, Grandpa Kruschen lives up to his! Nothing stops him—his bounding energy carries him over every obstacle. Has he discovered the "Fountain of Youth"? Indeed he has—he takes Kruschen every morning!

The Source of Energy is Vital Mineral Salts

When do we feel full of bounding energy? Only when the liver, kidneys and bowels are working together with perfect regularity. Then we're on top of the world!

Kruschen Salts is a scientific combination of essential mineral salts proportioned exactly to your system's daily need. Hence the "little daily dose" for daily regularity. When Kruschen Salts restores the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthy activity, accumulated poisons are cleared from the bloodstream, and waste matter, or food residue, is got rid of every day. The sharp-pointed uric acid

crystals which cause rheumatic pains are dissolved and expelled.

New rich blood goes pulsing through your system. Headaches, backache, liverishness, depression, all give way to that glorious "Kruschen feeling"—the bounding energy of youth. Read this letter:

Old at 30—Young Again Now

"For years I had liver trouble which led to indigestion. I became rheumatic and suffered from sleeplessness. I tried Kruschen Salts and now I cannot recognize myself as the man I was. I was old at 30, irritable, and with a tendency to neurasthenia. To-day, I feel myself getting younger. High spirits and optimism have replaced my former miseries."—(Mr.) M.D.

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day and start to-morrow morning. Take the "little daily dose" regularly in your morning tea or coffee—it is tasteless that way—or in a glass of hot water.

Kruschen Salts

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.



"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it Johnnie; and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts."

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—Califig—now and he'll be as happy as a sandboy in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular when they're young they get lazy about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of

'California Syrup of Figs' regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with children. No matter whether it is for myself or a patient, I always insist on 'California Syrup of Figs'—Califig."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/11 the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Garden Lovers— GROW GLADIOLI for COLOR

With their long stems clustered with flowers in warm or delicate tints, the lovely gladioli will ever remain a favorite with gardeners and beauty-lovers.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

GLADIOLI, in their multitude of colors and tints, are among the most beautiful of all our garden flowers.

They are easy to cultivate, never fail to make a splendid display, and are most valuable as cut flowers and for decorative purposes.

July and August, late or early, according to the climate, are the best times of the year to plant gladioli, and you may then expect a fine display at Christmas time.

There are more than a hundred different varieties from which to choose, but, when growing gladioli, select the best varieties even if they do cost a little more. When in bloom they certainly will repay you for the little extra cost.

They are a special favorite in the garden because of the lovely clusters of blooms all along the stems, sometimes in delicate tints, and sometimes in a combination of deep, rich, glorious shades.

The best time to cut the gladioli for decorative work is when the lower buds begin to open. They will then last much longer in water, and every bud growing up the stem will gradually open.

Gladioli are grown from bulbs. Plant them well out in the open, for they thrive best in the sun. They must have plenty of morning sun, so select a north-easterly position. In very hot districts it is a good plan to plant them where the shade of large trees or shrubs will protect them during the hotter part of the day, but, generally, plenty of sun is what they require.

In the milder climates a bed well out in the centre of the lawn is the most attractive.

The beds selected for planting must be well-drained and raised a little above the lawn or paths. A splendid

If when planted the bed is fairly moist, very little watering will be required until the plants are about six inches high. From then on until flowering time soak well at intervals.

Shallow surface tilling is necessary, and during the summer months stack on plenty of mulch. Well-decayed manure, old grass, straw, bush scrapings, compost or seaweed will give the desired effect in imprisoning the moisture and will prevent rapid evaporation by capillary action.

Here are some recent introductions: Autumn Glory, autumn-tinted coloring; Avignon, silvery pink, plum-colored, blotched; Centenary Trump, true salmon and lavender-grey; Centurion, deep salmon flowers; Crusader, rose-pink and grey tonings; Dunvilgan, slate color, centre vivid crimson; Falcon, orange, cream centres;



HIGHLY DECORATIVE GLADIOLI, in their infinite variety of colors, not only make a splendid display in the garden, but are ideal as cut flowers for the house.

Gabriel, crimson-salmon with yellow; Gertrude Grey, satin shade of grey; Libell, lavender-blue; Moorish King, maroon; Nereus, cerise, crimson, and grey; Noel, color novel and alluring; Pelagrine, dark violet-blue; Sunny-side, pink and white; Sarpidon, red and white; Wolfgang von Goethe, raspberry-red coloring. All the above-mentioned are this year's new varieties.

"Smoke stains on MY teeth? —
NEVER!"



THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE
**REMOVES SMOKE STAINS
A SAFE WAY**

No other leading dentifrice contains the special STAIN-REMOVING ingredient that is in Pepsodent. Nor can any other restore the natural whiteness and sparkle to dull, ugly, smoke-stained teeth... so speedily, effectively and safely.

YOU SMOKE, then you have noticed stains on your teeth, or ugly yellow smudges.

Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste, removes that film, those ugly stains, keeps teeth white and sparkling. If you use Pepsodent, not the faintest smoke stain will show.

Safest and Most Effective Way

The special ingredient in Pepsodent is designed especially for the removal of film. It is this film that absorbs the smoke stains. To re-

move the ugly yellow colour, the film must be removed, and Pepsodent will remove it. Your dentist too, will tell you the advantage of removing film to avoid tooth decay and other dental troubles.

In addition, Pepsodent is the softest, therefore the safest, of 13 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Scientific tests have proved it.

Try Pepsodent today, then you will know how really white your teeth are, how smilingly attractive your mouth can be!

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING
TOOTH PASTE



THE 2- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Enclose numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



CAPE FROCK

WW1654.—Combining utility and a delightful smartness. Right for all occasions. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide for skirt and cape, 1 7-8 yards for bodice. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



RUSSIAN STYLE

WW1655.—Russian braiding, high neckline, and slant pockets are the distinctive features of this chic little model. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



FOR MATRONS

WW1656.—S in a r t matrons will appreciate this well-cut, definitely slimming style. Bust sizes: 36 to 44 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 4 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 7-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Patterns for these
Lovely Individual Styles
Available Now.

LITTLE GIRL'S OVERCOAT

WW1658.—Cut on princess lines with cosy double front and collar. Sizes: 4-10 years. Material required: 1½ to 1 5-8 yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



LITTLE BOY'S OVERCOAT

WW1657.—Swing back, and double-breasted effect for the little man. Sizes: 4-10 years. Material required: 1½ to 1 5-8 yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SMART SUIT

WW1660.—Wool-de-chene fashions this chic suit. The scarf neckline is very dressy. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



EVENING MODE

WW1659.—The short bolero coat and backless evening gown are new for the dancing season. Sizes: 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 6 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



ATTRACTIVE WINTER MODES

Patterns for three cost 3d.

THREE-IN-ONE patterns for the three lovely frocks shown at left, useful and smart styles for everyday wear, may be obtained now from our pattern department. Obtainable in three sizes—32, 34, 36-inch bust—each three-in-one pattern in each one size costs 3d.

All you do to obtain is fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our office.

Material required—36 inches wide: For No. 1, 4 1-8 yards; for No. 2, 4½; for No. 3, 4 1-8.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Department," in any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 429TY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, SYDNEY.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Patterns Coupon, 1/7/37.



BUSINESSLIKE

WW1661.—A very trim, snappy style for office winter wear. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

IS THAT STILL THE
SAME TIN OF *Gibbs*
YOU'RE USING?



YES...AND SINCE
I GOT IT YOU'VE
HAD TO PAY OUT
TWICE FOR WHAT
YOU USE. BETTER
CHANGE TO
Gibbs TOO!

BUY a tin of *Gibbs* Dentifrice and make a test for yourself. You'll find it lasts twice as long as other tooth-cleaning preparations. What's more when you've used up the first tin, you can buy handy refills and go on using the original container! Change to *Gibbs* and make your money go further.



"I NEVER TRAVEL
WITHOUT *GIBBS*
THE TIN PACKS
SO SAFELY!"

There's no mess or waste when you pack the neat, flat *Gibbs* tin . . . Dust-proof and thoroughly hygienic.

"I INSIST ON *GIBBS*
BECAUSE IT CLEANS
WHERE THE TOOTH
BRUSH CAN'T REACH"



"SO YOU
RECOMMEND
GIBBS? WELL,
A DENTIST
SHOULD KNOW"

Leading dentists recommend *Gibbs* Dentifrice to keep the teeth beautifully white and the gums firm and healthy.

YOUR TEETH feel CLEANER WHEN YOU USE



WRITE YOUR
NAME ON YOUR
OWN TIN

AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES, small
tins 1/6, large tins 1/4,
large refills 1/4.
FOR DENTAL PLATES
USE *GIBBS* DENTIFRICE
TABLET, 1/4 at ALL
CHEMISTS.

87.56.28

FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS

Lime Water and Artificial Feeding

By MARY TRUBY KING

"Baby is being fed artificially, according to the instructions given by the clinic I have been attending. The milk recipe contains lime water."

"COULD you tell me if this is given for the benefit of the child's teeth, or to do away with some of the acidity of cow's milk? Do you consider it necessary? As it is an extra expense I do not want to give it unless it serves some real purpose, such as assisting bone formation."

Lime water is used in modifying cow's milk for infants neither for its effect on the teeth nor for reducing acidity, but for rendering the curd more flocculent and like the curd of human milk.

Our correspondent will be interested in the report of the Bio-Chemist of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, on the subject of Lime Water. Writing in January, 1937, he says: "Although the reaction of cow's milk, AS SECRETED, is identical with that of human milk, by the time cow's milk reaches the consumer its acidity has generally increased owing to the action of contaminating organisms."

"The acidity of cow's milk is certainly reduced by the addition of lime water, but this is not the main purpose for which it is added."

"The casein (curd) of cow's milk differs from that of human milk. Cow's milk forms in the stomach large, hard curds, whereas the curds of human milk are much finer."

Helps Digestion

"THE addition of lime water to cow's milk renders the curd produced by the action of the gastric juices more similar to that of human milk. This fine, flocculent curd is more easily digested by the baby."

"Lime water is of no value in relation to bone formation (1) because relatively it contains little calcium, and (2) because phosphorus is equally as essential as calcium for the purpose of bone formation."

"The proportions of calcium and phosphorus in milk are those best adapted for their assimilation, and the addition of extra calcium, which

would upset these proportions, is actually undesirable."

"The amount of calcium contained in lime water is so small that the addition of 14 pints of lime water to 12 pints of milk (as in the proportion of milk-mixtures) can scarcely affect the calcium intake."

Thus we see that the addition of lime water to baby's milk-mixture cannot affect the building of his teeth and bones to any appreciable degree.

Why, then, has our correspondent been advised to add lime water to her baby's modified milk? Simply to break down the curd, making the mixture easier for baby to digest. The use of lime water is necessary for this purpose when the recipe for the modified milk makes no other provision for making the curd similar to the curd of human milk.

Fortunately for the modern mother, Sir Truby King has done away with the necessity of buying lime water or making it at home, as so many mothers used to do. He has devised a set of graduated sugar-mixtures (numbered 1 to 3) consisting of sugar-of-milk and refined dextrose and dextrose, specially prepared for systematically grading the sugar element in baby's food up to the full standard for artificial feeding.

Promotes Nutrition

THE 5 per cent. of gelatine used in each grade of these sugar-mixtures not only makes the curd softer but tends to promote nutrition by lessening waste of protein and allowing its fuller use for tissue building."

Sugar-of-milk is simply the natural sugar extracted from milk, and is in the form of a white powder. It is easily digested, resists injurious fermentation, and tends to check putrefaction in the contents of the intestine."

The dextrose (which is added to the sugar-of-milk in these sugar-mixtures) is not only the most easily and quickly absorbed form of sugar; it is the type into which all other sugars (including even sugar-of-milk) have to be converted before they can be made use of in the human body."

"WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Is it possible to overcome speech defects?

SPEECH defects are caused usually by faulty mental make-up. Malformations of the tongue, palate or teeth may be causative factors, but in most cases there is a fundamental nervous make-up that requires treatment.

In stuttering, the victim has difficulty in pronouncing a syllable, and there is hesitancy and halting of speech.

Shocks and frights are the most frequent causes of stuttering, and behind this and antedating it, one's nervous make-up is usually a favorable soil for the sprouting of the symptoms of speech difficulty.

IMITATION often plays an important role in the production of stuttering children.

Stammering is another form of speech trouble in which the individual sounds are difficult of pronunciation. In stuttering the words and syllables give trouble.

Cluttering, a hasty and mumbled speech, is another form of speech defect that is often confused with stuttering. The clutterer talks too fast and sturs his words.

Therefore, the clutterer should think about his speech and talk slowly and deliberately, while the stutterer talks best when he loses his self-consciousness, and doesn't worry over what he is trying to say.

Lisping, another type of speech defect, which is rather common, may be pronounced or only slightly in evidence. This is a defect of enunciation and is due to faulty position of the organs of articulation.

Speech defects are enormous handicaps to success. They should never be neglected, and should always be treated by specialists.

CRACKED LIPS



Lips can get painfully dry and cracked both summer and winter, when you spend a lot of your time out of doors. For immediate relief, apply *Rexona* Ointment—it soothes the discomfort at once and in no time the ugly, painful cracks heal up completely.

TREATMENT.—Rub *Rexona* Ointment on the lips every night before retiring. For the prevention of any kind of blemishes, *Rexona* Medicated Soap is strongly recommended. It contains the same soothing, healing properties as the Ointment.

CRACKED LIPS COMPLETELY HEALED.

Mr. H. P., of Gladsville, writes:—"*Rexona* Ointment is the best thing out for easing cracked lips. I nearly always rub a little on my lips before going swimming or playing tennis, so I don't have any trouble with my lips at all, however dry and windy the day is."

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

ointment, 1/6 per tin, soap, 9d. tablet, (Cey and Salsbury)

9.181.32

Dreaded Meal Time



after taking
'Bisurated' Magnesia
can eat anything

Nurse Ward Tells Her Story
The thought of eating roast pork three weeks ago would have terrified Nurse Ward, but to-day, thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia, she eats just what she fancies without the slightest twinge of that stabbing, gnawing pain which made eating a nightmare.

Another Triumph for
'Bisurated' Magnesia

Stomach pains, flatulence, indigestion, heartburn—these are all the direct result of burning, corrosive excess stomach acids. It is in these very acids that 'Bisurated' Magnesia dissolves, liberating the quickest and most effective antacids known to science. Don't suffer another day—get 'Bisurated' Magnesia now from your chemist.

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismac' Trade Mark

BISMAC



I stopped experimenting with face creams—

when I discovered DAGGETT & RAMSDALL Perfect Cold Cream

Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdall's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will be rewarded beyond all expectations. You will find this cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDALL



THE MOVIE WORLD

July 3, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

New Dietrich?

HOLLYWOOD is disappointed. Everyone expected that when those two temperamental artists, Marlene Dietrich and Ernst Lubitsch, got together, there would be fireworks aplenty. But five weeks have passed since Dietrich has faced the cameras in

Astaire Books a Vacation

• Even at the salary he is earning, Fred Astaire yearns for a vacation, and he has been promised a long one immediately on completion of "Damsel in Distress."

He will go to Europe on the first fast boat, and there he will make a three-months' tour of the Continent with his sister Adele, Lady Cavendish.

the filming of "Angel," and all is sweetness and light on the Paramount lot.

Lubitsch declares that he has discovered an entirely new Dietrich. The first week's "rushes" were confusing to the star. She was hardly able to recognise herself on the screen. There was a new light in her eyes and expression in her face. The camera had never caught her that way before.

The director promises that in "Angel" the accent will be placed on acting. The glamor of Dietrich, which has always been stressed in the past, is left to look out for itself.

Earnest Student

SABU, charming, smiling Indian lad who was Elephant Boy, is at work again down at Denham on tests for the studio sequences of his next film, "The Drum."

While there is only testing to be done, he has asked to be allowed to work in the afternoon as he wants his morning lessons to be uninterrupted.

Now that the warmer weather has begun he has a desk in the garden, and his tutor reclines in a deck chair. After eighteen months of study his masters say that he knows as much as the average English boy of twelve.



Paul Muni and Luise Rainer
As they appear in "The Good Earth"

Still Happy

THE prolonged separation of Helen Vinson from her tennis-playing husband, Fred Perry, has given rise to all sorts of rumors about an estrangement. But Helen says there is no truth whatever in such reports. She flew from California to New York to see her husband for a few days. He is continuing on his tennis tour, and Helen returns to California, her chief business at the moment being the furnishing of their beautiful new Beverly Hills home. She and Fred have an appointment to meet in July in England, where he will tour this summer.

Time Limit

A LOVE scene in the new Sonja Henie film, "Thin Ice," reads in the manuscript thus: "His lips are on hers, then she puts her arms around his neck and holds him tighter. They remain like that as long as the Hays office will let them." The Hays office permits them to "remain like that" for no more than 28 seconds. It's a censorship law. Although to ardent lovers 28 seconds may sound a ridiculously short period to allow for osculation, the stars think it long enough. Try holding an embrace for that time with someone in whom you're not interested!

Back in England

ELIZABETH ALLAN is delighted to be back in England again. "There is no country in the world so lovely as England in the spring," she says. Elizabeth has improved enormously both in looks and poise. She seems to have gained American chic without losing a jot of her English charm and freshness. At the moment she is playing the lead in "The Squeaker" down at Denham. Alexander Korda always tries to get her for his films. Incidentally, she played in one of the first films that Korda directed in England.

FOOLING PRESS and PUBLIC

Stars' Vehement Denials of Romances and Divorces

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

IT'S a grand old Hollywood custom—this denying of romance rumors and divorce rumors, this trying to make reporters look silly, this trying to kid the dear old public. Just let any two stars get themselves rumored into romance and they promptly deny even the remote possibility of their hearts going pit-a-pat. Let any precariously married Hollywood couple edge a bit nearer the divorce courts and both promptly aver that they're sticking to each other like a mustard plaster.

For months after the scoop hounds "let the cat out of the bag," declaring that Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were married, the pair refused to admit that this was so. And this in spite of the fact that their very close friend, Randolph Churchill, had confirmed the Press reports.

BUT the stars are most positive when it comes to denying divorce plans. And the custom is now so old and well-used that it has become almost a routine.

First there are mild "rift" rumors, then more pointed rumors. All are indignantly denied. Perhaps some inquiring reporter gets his nose punched; perhaps some interviewer gets himself labelled a malicious scandal-monger who betrays and distorts confidences. Then the injured but loving couple pose for photographs together—planting a rosebush, or holding the baby, or getting on or off trains—saying, "It's absurd! Of course we're happily married!"

Perhaps, a little later, one or the other takes a trip—alone. Again, inquiries and rumors. "Just a marital vacation," they say—and the marital vacation gag is usually the last blow. The couple are quoted as saying that they have been separated by chatter writers and newspaper gossips and a lot of talk. As if anything that anyone could say would break up a home in which two people were happy!

Perfectly Wonderful

THEN, when the divorce papers are filed, or the final separation is announced, they say, "For years we have been unhappy. He is a perfectly wonderful man (or she is a marvellous woman), and we are perfect friends, but we don't want to be married because we can't get along."

The reporters and magazine-writers were right all along, but too late to save their faces. They are vindicated, and the "malicious rumors" turn out to be facts.

When it comes to their romances, marriages and divorces, the movie folk are not strictly on the up-and-up with their brothers and sisters of the typewriter brigade. They tell them anything, feed them whatever they'll swallow, put over all sorts of acts to convince people that the old home is still safe, long after everybody is sure it is a washout. It's just an old Hollywood custom—they've always done it, and, in spite of the fact that the majority of modern film fans are broadminded, and believe in divorce nowadays, the stars still act as if the stork brought divorces as a surprise!

If you'll just cast your mind back over the last year or so, you will recall that almost all the divorces obtained during that period were

preceded by the most vehement denials of an estrangement—the Joan Blondell-George Barnes divorce; that between John and Dolores Barrymore; the partings of Cary Grant, Margaret Sullivan and Barbara



• ANN HARDING, who set a tall story mark by telling tales of bliss between herself and Harry Bannister at a time when divorce was inevitable.

Stanwyck from their respective mates; and the separation between Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles. The Clark Gable marriage crack-up was no surprise when it finally occurred. The Gables' conduct was right in line with this Hollywood custom, which has become so universal one might almost call it a tradition. First the whispered, then the more strongly voiced, suspicions of Hollywood columnists that all was not well in the Gable menage. All repudiated by Mr. and Mrs. with great dignity. Then Clark's trip to South America. Finally the open break.

Just to prove to you that this really is a good old Hollywood custom, with

the most impeccable of precedents, let's turn back the pages of history a little. Ann Harding set a tall-story mark for posterity when rumors began to circulate about the trouble between herself and her then husband, Harry Bannister.

Ann and Harry were one of the most devoted and love-dovey couples in Hollywood. They held hands and made love in taxi-cabs and limousines with the most disgusting marital fervor; then one day the top blew off and the divorce was announced as already in progress.

That very day the mail brought to this writer's door a story from the studio about Ann and Harry—about

marriage took place. They, too, indulged in the grand old Hollywood custom of camouflage—or red-herring-across-the-trail-dragging—or smoke-screening.

In George's case, Anita Louise was the red herring. Brent was seen frequently out horseback-riding with her, and otherwise linking the columnists print paragraphs linking the two. As this violated all Brent precedents, Hollywood news-hounds, suspicious sceptics that they are, are hunted about for a reason and found two possibilities.

Firstly, that the Brent-Louise romance was one cooked up for publicity purposes, as Warners were teaming

• ANOTHER
vehement denier
—Jack Oakie.
Trouble is rumored between
him and Venita
Varden.



how, when Ann was working and Harry was lonesome, he would fly his plane over the set where she was working. Three right turns meant, "I love you," a left turn and a dip meant, "Blow me a kiss," and so on, till you are as sick as I was. It was dandy, but it didn't mean anything except that a resourceful press-agent had been overtaxing his strength. The fact that a press-agent could be so fooled at such a late date was a considerable tribute to Ann's and Harry's abilities as actors, not to their veracity.

I'll wager that none of you had even the faintest idea that George Brent was seriously interested in Constance Worth, although the romance had been going on for some time before the

them in a picture; and secondly, that the Wise Ones of Hollywood, when they want to kill gossip of a real romance, make a public ballyhoo of other twosoming.

Their second reason proved to be the correct guess, but they were all at sea in imagining that the smoke-screen was designed to cover up a romance between Brent and Garbo, and George's wedding took the wind right out of their sails.

Most stars and their to-be's, for some strange reason, try to keep their wedding flights a secret from the Press. What difference a few hours make isn't quite clear (could it be a better publicity break?), but all assume the attitude of fugitives from justice. The very word "reporter" or "photographer" is enough to make them dart glances over their shoulders and speak in hoarse whispers.

Can't Beat Press

THEY can't beat the game, of course. Because the Los Angeles papers have correspondents in Yuma, Las Vegas, and Ensenada, who stick as close to marriage bureaus as flypaper to a rubber heel. Maybe it's fun—like hare and hounds—anyway, the stars resort to all kinds of tricky ruses to keep secret news which if kept out of the headlines the next day would probably send them into a relapse.

The stars who can be relied upon to give a straight story to the Press are very few. Ginger Rogers is one of them. Reporters are learning to think of Ginger as one star who won't fool them, who means what she says. When she and Lew Ayres were going together and an elopement was expected any tick of the clock, Ginger said that she was going to have a church wedding. She had a church wedding.

When she and Lew parted, a year and a half later, she said that there would be no divorce "for a long time." She said that there was no one else. No divorce has yet been filed, although more than a year has elapsed since the separation. And there IS no one else. She may go dancing with Jimmy Stewart; she may have a date with Robert Taylor—but it doesn't mean a thing, romantically speaking.

Right now, Hollywood's Most-Vehement-Deniers are Jack Oakie and wife Venita Varden. There have been whispers that all was not well in the Oakie love-cote. But Jack and Venita join in a public chorus entitled "We've never been so happy in our lives!"

Maybe. But if you hear of a crack-up in the Oakie menage before the year is out, don't say this scribe didn't warn you.



KEEP in the PINK

High Cost Of Health To Stars

By MARY OLIVIER

SOMEONE once said to me, "If you want to view movie stars at close quarters, spend a day in the waiting-room of a Hollywood doctor, dentist, or masseur. In that time you'll probably see a parade of fame coming and going that, in cold cash, would amount to millions of dollars a week."

For movie stars must keep in the pink, and a regular visit to the doctor, dentist, masseur or hairdresser is essential to keep up appearances physically and facially.

STARS, knowing that fame, futures and fortunes depend on their being always well, are prone to run to their physicians on the least provocation.

And the professional men take advantage of this weakness of their patients. They have no qualms in relieving the famous of their hard-earned cash. Doctors' and dentists' fees, particularly, in Hollywood, are staggeringly high. Probably nowhere else in the world is medical advice and attention so expensive.

Big Bills

WHEN Janet Gaynor was ill, about two years ago, she paid thousands of dollars to get well again. Rochelle Hudson's breakdown last year cost her enough money to keep the average family in food and clothing for twelve months. Greta Garbo's frail condition demands constant consultations with the doctor, an expensive little item made so because of her fame. Bill Jones can get medical advice for two dollars, but Clark Gable has to pay from 20 to 40 dollars for one visit.

To estimate what Hollywood spends a year on health would be well-nigh impossible. Like everything else, the stars take it very seriously. For movie making, despite stories to the contrary, is an exacting, nerve and body racking business which demands the best of its slaves, greedily accepts their greatest gifts and, having taken all, discards them for newer, younger and fresher loves.

All sorts of maladies menace the stars. In the old days one of the most prevalent complaints was Kleig eyes. The glare of those great big thousands of candle-power globes was sufficient to blind anyone. Now special lights and filtering have obviated all that, and the optical affliction, which actually was sunburn of the eyeballs, no longer troubles the stars.

Air-conditioned and centrally-heated stages have done away with the danger of a star entering into or emerging from a different temperature. Many cases of pneumonia or a very bad cold resulted from this in the past.

Make-up poisoning is another ailment which threatens the health of Hollywood. For ten or fourteen hours a day sometimes stars are coated with make-up, their pores clogged with grease-paint, often resulting in what is known as make-up poisoning.

This complaint is not painful or serious, but it causes an irritation which is really annoying. Character make-up used by such players as Paul Muni and Boris Karloff is sometimes dangerous because of the special dyes and chemicals used to get effects.

Several stars have suffered intense agony

by having their eyes drawn up at the corners with adhesive tape for Oriental roles. During the making of "Limehouse Blues," George Raft's eyes became so irritated that his physician forbade him to work for more than six hours each day. Helen Hayes, Nils Asther, Loretta Young, Kathleen Burke, Merle Oberon and Sylvia Sydney are others who have suffered from the same thing.

Dieting has been and still is behind many of the ills of Hollywood. In fact, doctors hold it responsible for 50 per cent. of the sickness of the film colony. Worse, it has been the cause of many deaths, particularly of women who, becoming too plump to screen well, have resorted to extreme measures to conform with the requirements of the camera.

On the other hand, many stars are so delicate that it is necessary for special clauses to be written into their contracts restricting them to a certain amount of work each day. This is so in the cases of Garbo, George Arliss, Connie Bennett and several other well-known people. Miss Bennett must be allowed sufficient time off each day for a nap as prescribed by her physician.

Location trips often have dire results as Clark Gable, Jack Oakie and several others know to their sorrow. Clark and Jack were snow-bound for ten days with only a week's supply of food during a location trip to Mt. Baker, California, for scenes in "Call of the Wild." They emerged from the ordeal with severe cases of flu and frostbite, and had to spend a couple of weeks in bed before they could continue with the film.

Edwina Booth is still suffering from a loca-

GALLERY OF STARS

Fred Astaire
Next appearing in "Shall We Dance?"

costs the companies for whom they work thousands of pounds.

Expensive and extensive precautions are taken to guard the stars during working hours. Each studio has its own miniature hospital, with qualified doctor and trained nurse in constant attendance. Each studio has a gymnasium complete with every contrivance for gaining weight, losing weight, and generally keeping fit. A competent coach is in charge to advise and instruct.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in air conditioning plants to keep the atmosphere healthy for workers, and the central-heating and cooling systems I spoke of previously ensure the temperature remaining at the right level at all times. One studio goes so far as to employ a man who does nothing else but move from one stage to another testing and regulating temperatures. The modern studios have air-conditioned dressing-rooms with plenty of lounges where players may rest between scenes. Shower rooms and swimming pools are other new additions recently made by a number of companies.

Nearly every star in Hollywood indulges in some type of sport. There are clubs for golf, tennis, badminton. The nearby beaches of Malibu and Santa Monica are always packed. Hiding, skating, bicycling, bowls, cricket, polo take up plenty of spare time, whilst sunbathing has a definite year round vogue—on the beaches in the summer time, 'neath artificial rays in the winter.

It's all in the game of keeping fit in film-dom!

They're Valuable Animals

IT costs the average movie star \$15 a week for beauty. Add to this bills for medical advice, dentists, diets, masseurs, turkish baths, and it amounts to a pretty penny when you figure it all out.

The studios, of course, do their best to ensure their employees' safety and health. Movie stars are something like very valuable animals in a zoo who are provided with doctors, diets and everything that makes the wheels go round. Their well-being is a very important consideration at all times, as their absence from the sets



HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From Our Special Representatives: Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

LUMP but appealing girl is how Greta Garbo is described in the days when she worked as a "lady barber." A former actor, one Eugene Nifford, who played with her years ago in Stockholm, was called to testify in her behalf in the suit of David Schratter against Garbo for \$2100. He knew Garbo when she was struggling for recognition as an actress, and worked as a barber when she had no movie work.

"I was attracted by a plump but appealing girl," he recalled. "She was sitting at a table. It was a silent picture, so we could talk all we wished. I asked what her name was, and she said 'Greta Gustafson'."

He told her he thought she would one day be a great star, but she thought he was joking. She was tremendously ambitious, studied dramatic art, and finally won a contract.

Nifford said he and Garbo and Maurice Stiller, her first great director, and the actor, Einar Hanson,

came to Hollywood together. He believes that the deaths of Stiller and Hanson so saddened Garbo that she has shunned society ever since. The mystery that surrounds her because of her elusiveness is partially responsible for her fame.

THERE is no telling what the erratic John Barrymore will do next. Believe it or not, he chooses for his next leading lady none other than his erstwhile Ariel, Elaine Barrie Barrymore. John and his just-divorced wife will be starred in "The Royal Lover," an original story by the versatile John himself.

The picture is to be made by Grand National, a very young film company, which is smart enough to appreciate publicity values.

Not until the gems were safely locked in the vault was it revealed that Joan Bennett had been wearing for several days a set of genuine rubies, diamonds and emeralds valued at £20,000. No one on the set of "Vogues of 1938" knew the secret except Joan and five unobtrusive guards.

EDMUND LOWE, supposed to be at work down at Denham on "The Squeaker," is actually "wagging it" at Newmarket buying horses which he intends to race on his return to Hollywood.

Outside film work, "Corporal Quirt's" chief interest in horses. He likes riding them, training them, and racing them.

BARBARA STANWYCK has a new enthusiasm—and we don't mean Robert Taylor. She is raising horses on a ranch in a thoroughly business-like manner, in partnership with Marion Marx, wife of Zeppo and Barbara's best friend. Both girls are wild about horses, and they felt that being cowhands would not only be loads of fun but might also prove profitable.

In a rich, fertile ranch in San Fernando Valley, Barbara proudly points out 40 horses, a paddock, several barns and trainer Harry Hart.

She is building a dear little Irish farmhouse with a thatched roof.

There is no one more excited about the grand new ranch than Dion, her great big son, aged five.

And Dion also shares his mother's enthusiasm for Robert Taylor, who continues to be her regular escort in town.

ANNE GREY had an exciting experience this week-end, when she spent the whole of Sunday locked in an empty studio. When she finished work on Saturday down at Elstree she decided to take a rest on a couch behind the set. A few hours later she woke to find the whole place in darkness and the doors locked.

She called for help, but no one heard her, and she had perforce to remain in the studio until Monday morning, when at eight o'clock the firemen unlocked the doors.

A jug of water and a few stale sandwiches used on the set were her only meal during the week-end, but after a bath and a good breakfast she was on the set ready for work at the usual time on Monday.

DOTS... and DASHES

Comedian George Jessel going to Marion Davies' circus party in an ordinary business suit, but wearing a sign saying: "I'm a Tiger, But They Didn't Bring the Costume!" • Mary Maguire amazed over the masses of publicity local newspapers are giving her. • Production on the new Dietrich film held up for a few days till the lump on her face goes down. It was caused by a bee that hopped out of a bouquet sent her by Ernst Lubitsch and took a nip.

MARION DAVIES' super-super circus party turned out to be the biggest event in many moons. The tennis courts of her beach home were completely decked out in circus fashion—even to a real merry-go-round and pink lemonade.

And what fun the hundreds of movie celebs had, cavorting around in every variety of circus garb imaginable. Australian Mary Maguire was quite a hit with her cute bareback rider outfit—and, of course, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had to add to the confusion by bringing along a live Shetland pony—a birthday gift for publisher W. R. Hearst, in whose honor the affair was held.

THIS sounds "phony," but R.K.O. assures us it's true. For mob scenes requiring extras of various nationalities there are plenty of Eskimos, Chinese, Arabs, and what-not available in Hollywood, but practically no genuine American Indians!

When that studio put in a call for a mob of said Indians recently, fewer than a hundred showed up. This is attributed to the fact that so few westerns are made these days.

Up to about 1927 there were almost forty tribes of American Indians parked about Hollywood, but when the vogue for westerns ended they nearly all departed for other climes, and now they're almost impossible to get!

THEY tell this one on a local producer. One day his son's school-teacher called the producer to the school as Junior had been very impertinent and needed parental punishment. The teacher told the producer, "I asked your son who wrote 'Ivanhoe,' and he replied 'I didn't do it.'" The producer called sonny over to him and said sternly, "Now, young man, tell me immediately, did you or didn't you write 'Ivanhoe!'"

THE stars who watched what was going on when the make-up girl put on their facial decorations for past efforts were the lucky ones recently. With all the maker-uppers out on strike—along with a few thousand other studio craftsmen—the glamor girls and boys had to put on their own grease paint and false eyelashes of a morning—and some of them were a bit worried as to how it would look!

The worst jolt was for several models working in "Vogues of 1938." The day the strike started they all required an extra special make-up, and consequently had to get to the studio at five a.m. in order to get the stuff on effectively in time for shooting.

All the gossip about Lili Damita planning a divorce is so much nonsense, says husband Errol Flynn. Lili is making a picture in England, and Errol has been wiring her to come home the moment she is through. Errol finds life without her a very dull sort of existence.

He says that he and the dynamic Damita are more in love with each other than ever. It's true that they have occasional differences—of a violent nature—but that's because they are both warm in temperament and impulsive. But they are just as quick to become reconciled and make up.

THE trees of Hyde Park to the north and the red chimneys of Knightsbridge to the south are the skylines from the windows of John Loder's homely flat in Rutland Gate.

John shares his flat now with his 20-year-old French film star wife, Micheline Cheirel, who made a hit in "La Kermesse Heroique."

The Tragedy of WEAKENED EYES

Yellowish, dull light from the flickery flame of inferior kerosene has a harmful effect upon the eyes. Strained optic nerves may sour the sweetest disposition and turn a smooth, placid brow into one of wrinkled irritability.

Reading, sewing, knitting, under these conditions, are not pleasures but headachy hardships not easily endured.

Protect your precious eyes with the soft WHITE light of a Laurel fed lamp—steady—odorless—constant—soothing.



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5407. An unusual shoe in rough service suede with novel triangular eyelets forming an accent note. Low Cuban heel on Maytime. Is a 1. Made in brown and navy.

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"SEVENTH HEAVEN"

Made Again As a Talkie



• Janet Gaynor made her name in the early version of "Seventh Heaven." Now comes the talkie version, with James Stewart and French Simone Simon in the principal roles. The above pictures show them together (top left), and separately.

Modern Mothers

Rub Away Colds



...WITH THE 3-Minute VapoRub Massage

FIRST—rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the throat and chest.

NEXT—rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades.

THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its famous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flannel.

It takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub Massage. It is so safe, too, for there is nothing to swallow, and so nothing to upset a child's delicate digestion just when all his strength is needed to fight off the cold.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

At the same time, warmed by the body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest. Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation,

loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restful sleep. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most colds by morning.

For Grown-Ups, Too

You never grow too big to welcome the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing vapours. No wonder, then, that VapoRub has become the preferred treatment, in 71 different countries, for all the colds in the family. More than 26 million jars are used every year.

Ideal for
Children's Colds

VICKS
VAPORUB

... Just as Good
for Grown-Ups

A Broken Romance

Bad breath has ended many a romance. Even a pretty face or a perfect figure cannot offset bad breath—a sure indication of uncleanliness inside.

Bad breath means indigestion, indigestion means constipation and maybe serious liver disorders.

You should always take Chamberlain's Tablets—they cleanse and strengthen the stomach and liver, produce a thorough natural bowel action and restore sweet breath.

Take a Chamberlain's Tablet tonight.



JOANIE LOVES MUSIC

It's a well-known fact that Joan Crawford loves having music on the set, though not while she is working. Her chauffeur spends half his time putting on and taking off records for Joan between scenes. In her collection of records are some of the finest symphonies and operas.

Fred MacMurray is most happily married, but he can't say so. Paramount has decreed that he may not discuss his wife or his home life—presumably because his fans would resent such domestic bliss.

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ALL WOUNDS

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★ ★ GREEN LIGHT

Errol Flynn, Margaret Lindsay. (Warners.)

HERE is a good picture, in fact a very good one. Author, director, and actors have combined to make a film which, with ample opportunities for cheap sentimentality, is remarkable for its restraint. More, a few ideas have been injected into the story without either action or drama being seriously affected.

Errol Flynn seizes the opportunity of giving the best performance of his short career. As a young doctor who shoulders the blame for a fatal operation, subsequently risking his



MARGARET LINDSAY, leading lady of "Green Light."

life in the cause of science, he does a remarkably good job. Margaret Lindsay, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anita Louise are excellent in supporting roles.

This picture lacks the spectacular qualities which seem necessary to make for big success at the box-office. But it is an honest and sincere piece of work with plenty of entertainment value. Something to be seen.—State; showing.

★ ★ BORDERLAND

William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison. (Paramount.)

TAKE note that this picture wins its two decorations as a Western purely and simply. In its class it is well above the truck, definitely good entertainment—but if you don't like this kind of thing, stay away.

This Hopalong Cassidy-Johnny Nelson-Windy opus is definitely stronger in plot, suspense, action and general handling than any Western I've seen since "The Texas Rangers." The latter was a Paramount picture too; this studio, when it decides to do so, can turn out a first-rate film of the great open spaces.

As with all the Cassidy series, the photography is excellent. To comment on this may seem to smack of technicality, but good camera work does add to one's enjoyment.

At any rate, as I've said, this is good horse-opera. Kids—old, middle-aged and young—will eat it up.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ TAINTED MONEY

Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot, Rochelle Hudson. (Fox.)

A HIGH-GRADE programme picture on a grim, realistic theme. It traces the history of a kidnapping after the kidnapping has been done, the child returned, and the ransom received.

Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot, Edward Brophy, and Warren Hymer give splendid performances as the four evil kidnapers who endeavor from their hideout to get rid of the marked ransom money. Romero's performance as the cunning leader is masterly. Rochelle Hudson mars an otherwise ably-acted piece by tiresome heroics and inadequate emotion.

This is strong, realistic stuff.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE ACCUSING FINGER

Paul Kelly, Marsha Hunt. (Paramount.)

A LITTLE offering that, by dint of sincerity of purpose, fair story and competent acting, stands high up in the one-star grading.

Behind the story lies a strong protest against capital punishment. Paul Kelly appears as Goodwin, a district attorney with a record for sending criminals to the electric chair. He considers he is justified until, wrongly

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

found guilty of the murder of his wife, he himself is condemned to death and sent to take his place in the condemned cells with many of the men he himself prosecuted.

The scenes in the prison are by no means cheerful; in fact, they are sombre. They are relieved, to an extent, by flashes back to the outside world where Goodwin's friends are endeavoring to prove his innocence.

As entertainment, this opus may have a bit too much "purpose" to be rushed, but I see worse every week.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor. (Universal.)

VIRGINIA BRUCE is one of those versatile actresses who can play anything from an unpleasant gold-digger to a soulful young girl—and get away with it with a fair measure of success without ever seeming likely to become a big star.

In this fairly amusing romance, she appears as a young girl of Swedish (or Norwegian, who can tell the difference?) parents, who goes to New York, triumphs as a musical-comedy star, and after returning to the old home town to stun the man who scorned her when she was but a village maiden, discovers that it is not this fellow she loves, but the publicity manager who set her on the road to fortune.

The whole thing is competently enough done, and will amuse an average fan for its allotted hour and twenty minutes. But I can't see Virginia blossoming out as a star of screen musicals. This, in spite of the fact that her voice is quite pleasant.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN

Hugh Herbert, Mary Maguire. (Warners.)

HOLLYWOOD has done a good deal for Mary Maguire in the way of improving her appearance. Unfortunately, her acting is very little changed to what it was when

Week's Best Releases

GREEN LIGHT.

Warner Brothers' Feature. Sincere piece of work, well acted and with good story.

she appeared in "The Flying Doctor." Which is to say: she still has a very long way to go.

The thing that makes this offering passable entertainment is the presence in the cast of Hugh Herbert in one of his usual, thoroughly mad roles. A gentleman of convivial habits and unconventional ideas about money, it is he who, in addition to getting all the laughs in the picture, steers a young couple safely into port after they have gone through the necessary number of heartaches and misunderstandings.

Tom Brown, cast as the liftboy lover, does his usual very competent job.—State; showing.

Grant Withers Returns

GRANT WITHERS, once well known in pictures, is making a gallant comeback.

Grant's career, it will be remembered, was hectic. Some have said that he couldn't stand prosperity, and let it go to his head. Anyway Grant faded from the screen, was reduced to taking minor roles, and then nothing. He and his wife moved from luxurious apartments to a little three-roomed affair.

Now Lady Luck has smiled once more, and Grant has a new Paramount contract. It hasn't gone to his head this time. He is working hard, his income's soaring—but he's still living in his three-roomed apartment.



TWO BRILLIANT CAREERS CULMINATING IN THE SEASON'S OUTSTANDING LOVE TEAM

THE Hollywood rule that stars are made by big pictures was further validated when Darryl Zanuck, Vice President in charge of production for 20th Century-Fox, decided to co-star Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in "LOVE IS NEWS."

This picture, with Tay Garnett as director and Harold Wilson and Earl Carroll as associate producers, will shortly be seen in theatres throughout Australia.

Darryl Zanuck took a long chance on Tyrone Power, after seeing him validate himself so ably in "Girls Dormitory" and "Ladies in Love," and cast him in the male lead in "Lloyds of London," 20th Century-Fox's biggest production of 1936.



The public acclaim accorded Power for this performance immediately put the young player in line for starring roles. Power has made a remarkable climb to success during the past three years. A few seasons ago he was on Broadway, broke, but determined to make good as an actor, or else. He was given small parts which in turn led to bigger ones till finally, when seen in Los Angeles in "St. Joan," he was offered a screen test.

Loretta, on the other hand, has been in films since a child. She retired for a while during her "awkward years," but found her way back into films when she answered a studio call for her sister, Sally Blane, who, owing to illness was unable to attend. Miss Young has been playing important roles since she was sixteen.

"LOVE IS NEWS" offers this brilliant romantic team ample scope to display their remarkable ability and gives screen patrons the entertainment high-spot of the year.

The cast also includes Don Ameche, Slim Summerville and Pauline Moore.

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THE Four MARYS

SHE had never seen him so moved, his usual pleasant passivity swept away by deep currents of anger and reproach. "You were? Then you must. Why should you do anything else now?" "Because that cable changes everything."

"You'll let it change your whole life for you?"

"What can I do?" she had implored him.

"Do? Send a scorching cable in return that will bring Mimi to her senses. What right has she—"

"You don't understand, Brook. You can't handle Mimi that way."

"Try it, for a change," he had said ruthlessly. "That girl will go on playing you for a fool the longest day she lives. You don't know her outfit, Meg. At that age they're hard as rock."

Meg didn't know Mimi's outfit, but he did, because, as Mimi had so often and so pitilessly pointed out, he was nearer her age than Meg's.

"It's no use, Brook. I might have known my life would catch up with me. Anything so splendid as you and me together just couldn't happen."

She had been standing by the fireplace where no fire burned. He had put his arms around her suddenly. All his anger and resentment had melted in a great rush of tenderness. "It can happen yet, if you will only use your head and your courage—my darling."

With tears on her cheeks she had fought him—and herself. "It isn't a question of courage. It's a question of obligation. My mother's an old woman. I can't shift the responsibility of my daughter."

He had let her go as suddenly as he had caught her up, laughing harshly. "True about your mother, but Mimi's grown up."

She seems grown up to you, but she's not really. She's still just a headstrong child. Meg had defended pitifully.

Brook had reminded her, "I think you once told me that your grandmother was left a widow at twenty—with a baby on her hands. And that she supported it and herself and educated it."

Of course she had told him the story of Mary Kivan. Now she could only answer weakly enough, "That's different. If Mimi were ever called upon—"

"Like most American parents, you've taken great pains to see to it that she hasn't been," Brook said grimly. "If ever she is, she'll manage to be out of hearing—take my word for it. I'd rather not talk about her any more. If you don't mind. Suppose we keep these last few days pleasant."

LAST days. That was what they were, and Meg knew it. What she wanted with all her tormented heart and the body that housed it was to stay and marry Brook. What she was convinced she had to do was to give him up and leave him.

In the comfortable dark of the hours before dawn she wept into her pillow, feeling almost actually the upper and the nether millstones closing upon her struggles. She knew that life for her would never again hold out this same promise of happiness. She was not a woman who loved easily. There had been Vivian—for a little while. There could be Brook for the rest of her days. Let Brook go and she knew, with a finality beyond hope, there could be no one else. Her time for loving and being loved would be over.

Her ship was to sail at midnight. On the evening of the sailing date Brook decided unexpectedly to go on the boat train with her to Southampton. She protested, but he brushed aside her objections. "Cheeriest sort of thing, going aboard in the middle of the night. At least let me see you off."

There were other people in the carriage with them, so that she and Brook did not talk much. He had bought her the evening papers and a magazine or two. While she tried to read he sat looking out of the window into foggy darkness.

Within five minutes of their arrival at Southampton they learned that the ship had been delayed, that passengers would not go aboard till six next morning.

"Good thing I came along," said Brook.

"I could have managed," said Meg. He did not answer her. Fortified out of all reason, she followed him to an hotel adjoining the station.

The hotel was a huge smoky-walled place near the water front. Brook found a table in a far corner with no one near it, and left Meg there. She saw him cross the lounge to the office. The set of his shoulders as he stood at the desk, the back of his smooth dark head, woke fresh longings in her.

He came back to her after fifteen minutes or so and dropped into a chair with a short sigh. "I've checked your bags, got you a room. They'll call you at five—that give you time enough?"

"Plenty. Brook, I'm so sorry—your having to wait like this."

He said, "I should have stayed here to-night in any case."

How could Meg say she wanted to talk? How could she be sure he wanted to listen?

"Amusing old place this, don't you think?" he suggested casually. "Sort of Edwardian cold comfort about it. When I was a youngster I stopped here once or twice with my father. He was always starting off for some out-of-the-way port."

"Did you want very much to go with him?" asked Meg.

"Not in the least," said Brook. "I was quite happy here, as I should be quite happy here now—"

He broke off again. "England's what I want."

"Who wouldn't want England?" said Meg.

"You," he told her quietly.

"Brook—you know that isn't true! I have never been so happy—"

"Then why are you turning your back on it now?"

After the first agonising struggle the morning the cable came he had not tried to dissuade her from going. She had not expected him to try

happiness as well as her own she was handling—that she could save or destroy happiness for him as well as for herself. She knew she had only to tell him: "I'll stay." What she did tell him, speaking like a woman in a nightmare, was: "I'd like a cigarette, Brook."

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THEY had not many words more together except for strained, deliberate common-places inevitable to her getting away next morning. For a little while they stood at the rail of her ship with icy vapors swirling about them. Meg thought her heart would crack. Perhaps it did, because, towards the last, things she had never meant to say broke from her. "Brook... if in a year or two... even a year... if I... if we were free—Promise me you will write. Promise you won't let me go altogether."

He told her, unyielding as the cliffs of Lands End towards which she would soon be heading. "It's no good, Meg. Now's our moment. We can still take it. If we don't take it now we lose it. Later for us would be too late."

He was right, of course. She stood there when he had gone, shaken by cold, whipped by a bitter wind.

"Some day," he had told her, "I shan't ask you again." She had not known that day would come so soon.

On a brilliant afternoon early in February, Meg came back to her own home. Roads and garden were

happiness as well as her own she was handling—that she could save or destroy happiness for him as well as for herself. She knew she had only to tell him: "I'll stay." What she did tell him, speaking like a woman in a nightmare, was: "I'd like a cigarette, Brook."

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JACK GREEN BREAKS HIS OWN RECORD



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PERTH, SIX-WB, every Tues., 8 p.m.



Kidney Acidity Causes 12 Dangerous Diseases

Check Your Symptoms. And Take Advice of World-Noted Doctor if You Suffer from Getting Up Nights, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Nervousness, Loss of Vigour, etc.

Look at all the symptoms on this chart. If you suffer from any of them you should realize that your Kidneys are more vital to your life and health than any organ in your body except possibly the heart.

How Kidneys Control Life

Your Kidneys have been provided by Nature to clean and purify your system. The blood of your body circulates through 5 million tiny delicate tubes in the Kidneys 200 times an hour. Each day normally acting Kidneys filter and remove 3 pints of acids and liquids from your blood. If the Kidneys get sick or slow down in their work, there is a gradual accumulation of Acids and Poisons, and slowly but surely your system is dehydrated and poisoned, making you old before your time, undermining your health, and endangering your life. The Kidneys not only are intended to clean and purify your system, but are also directly connected with the sympathetic nervous system so that when the Kidneys are not acting right, they may cause pains and trouble in any part of your body. For this reason, if you are not well and have tried many things without success, the real trouble may actually be in your Kidneys. In fact, if your Kidneys stopped working entirely, death would result in less than 48 hours. So you can see the importance of helping your Kidneys.

You Feel And Look Old if Your Kidneys Are Sick



Some of the dangerous symptoms directly traceable to a system poisoned by poorly acting Kidneys are: Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Vigour, Frequent Headaches, Backaches, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles Under the Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Backaches, Lum-

bags, Loss of Vigour, Sciatica, Burning, Itching, Smarting and Acidity.

Help Kidneys

Chemists and doctors throughout the world think that the right way to help the Kidneys function more normally is with the modern, up-to-date doctor's prescription called Cystex. It is scientifically prepared in strict accordance with the British and United States Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the Kidneys and is swift, safe, and sure in action.

Helps Millions

During the past 10 years Cystex has helped restore Health, Vitality, Energy, and a feeling of Youthful Vigour to more than 5 million people who have used it. Former sufferers throughout the world praise it. For instance, John A. Foster, of Toronto, Ont., recently wrote: "I suffered for 5 years with kidney and bladder troubles, also rheumatic pains and stiff joints. I was not able to raise my arms above my head and spent nine weeks in the hospital. They said I would not be able to work for some time, but after a few boxes of Cystex I felt years younger and well and strong." And doctors too are high in their praise of Cystex. Dr. C. Z. Randell, of San Francisco, Calif., recently stated: "Cystex has the power of flushing the kidney and bladder organs, helping to keep them sweet and pure, free from irritating acids and poisons. I can truthfully commend the use of Cystex."

48-Hour Results

Because Cystex is scientifically prepared to Heal, Soothe, Tone, and Clean raw, sore, sick Kidneys and Bladder and to aid in the removal of Acids and Poisons from the System, it starts to work almost instantly. At the end of the first 24 to 48 hours most sufferers report an astonishing improvement. Within one week you will likely feel better and look 5 to 10 years younger; be more vigorous, and really begin to enjoy life, because you have helped your Kidneys remove Acids, Poisons, and Wastes. This is Nature's way to Health and Vigour.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Astrological Research Society

When Niceness Plays Traitor to Cultivated Harshness

Cancer people (those born between June 22 and July 23) comprise some of the world's greatest romanticists.

In fact, every Cancerian is sentimental, patriotic, idealistic and loving. Even those who display a personality which seems harder and more aggressive than the average will usually be found with soft hearts and unselfish dispositions beneath crusty natures which were, perhaps, endowed by other planetary influences existing at the individual time of birth.

THEY just can't help themselves, these people. There is an inborn niceness about them which plays traitor to the hard and difficult manner which they often try to cultivate.

There is a very contradictory element in the make-up of most Cancer people. They are shy, sensitive, retiring, reserved and quiet-natured, yet they thrive on publicity of a favorable nature.

Criticism or disapproval takes the heart out of them, but approbation and appreciation will encourage them to reach goals which seem impossible of attainment.

They are bound by family loyalty and affections. They know the answers to all the past events in the

family history, and will continually strive to uphold the family tradition of honor and hospitality.

Love is essential to their complete happiness and well-being. Domestic bliss is a very real condition for them, and they will spare no effort to create happiness in the home.

In fact, this tendency often leads to family wars, for the Cancerian, being fond of his elders and faithful to parental supremacy, will often allow relations to intrude their opinions into his own domestic life. As the wife or husband frequently—and perhaps justifiably—resents this, a "show-down" is often necessary before peace is restored.

Cancerians make splendid parents; the men make good providers and the women shine as home-makers. And, as a general rule, they are faithful to the marriage part.

Some astrologers contend that this is because they dread ridicule and criticism, but others believe it to be nothing more than conservatism allied to an element of "feminism."

Whatever the cause, the wise partners of Cancerians will continually strive to hold the great love and loyalty which can be theirs if they but try to understand the other's nature.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Continue to live very quietly. Delays, annoyances and upsets are possible on July 1, 2 and 3 (early).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Quite fair for you on July 3, 4 and 5 (early). GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Not spectacular. Just fair on July 3 and 4.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make the most of your opportunity on June 29 and 30. If opportunities do not come your way, go and make them. Ask favors, seek advancement, make changes. Watch hard, for opportunities started then should succeed.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Just fair on July 1 and 2.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 24): Quite fair on July 3 and 4. More improvements possible.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): Take no chances. Follow routine work. Difficulties or delays may be your portion, particularly on July 1 and 2. Beware of losses, disappointments or setbacks then.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Affairs should favor you on June 29 and 30, so that important ventures should be planned then. Try to realize your opportunities. Live cautiously on July 3 and 4.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Fair on July 1 and 2, but poor on July 3 and 4.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Do not be venturesome. Losses, difficulties, disappointments and worries are likely on July 3 and 4 (early).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Just fair for you on July 3 and 4. June 29 and 30 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Now in your time to go after the things you want. Be venturesome, confident and optimistic. Seek favors, make changes and begin new ventures, particularly on June 29 and 30.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Wonders of the East in Brilliant Color

THE wonders and irresistible charm of the Dutch East Indies have been captured in beautiful oil paintings by Mr. Carl Shreve, the well-known American artist whose illustrations have become so familiar through the cover designs of The Australian Women's Weekly.

After an extensive tour, under contract with Royal Packet Navigation Company, journeying throughout Java, Bali, Sumatra, Nias, Siam and Indo-China, Mr. Shreve had on exhibition, last week, forty-two striking scenes, created in the Far East. It is a splendid record of his interesting tour.

Visitors to the exhibition praised

CERTAIN TO SELL SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

"Nostalgia," printed by "Smith's," recently, brought me between £8 and £10. "I have had nine stories published since I started your course."

"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."

"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."

"I received £6/2/6 for two stories in the 'Australian Journal'."

"The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/10/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £3/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Two Ships.'"

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Mr. Shreve's skilful execution and feeling for color and pageantry of the East.

Nature in her infinite moods was portrayed in the varied display. Javanese street scenes show exotic maidens, wearing native costumes of arresting color combinations, while other paintings portray immense Buddhas in silhouette, guarding ancient temples, shrouded in mystery.

The Carl Shreve exhibition is one of the most interesting one-man shows seen for some time.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

TAKE CARE of Your FACE

—By—
EVELYN

Establish a practical beauty routine and follow it daily—night and morning—if you want a lovely skin.

BEAUTY is not a matter of haphazard treatments. It is a matter of being absolutely relentless—never letting up—in the constant battle to keep age and its ravages at bay.



IF CLEANSING THE FACE with soap and water, rinse thoroughly in clear, cold water.

IT may seem a bothersome business to fuss around with your face so constantly, especially if you are tired at night and in a terrific rush in the mornings.

But it need not be. If you establish a simple and practical beauty routine that will care for your face—one that suits your type of skin—and keep to it religiously every day, it will soon become a fixed habit and appear to take no time at all.

First there is cleansing. This is the most important part of any beauty routine for the face. It is, however, a matter of choice whether you cleanse your face with mild, pure soap and water, whether you use cleansing cream instead, or whether you use both.

The only way you can discover which method suits your skin best is to experiment. Once you have found the most satisfactory method for your particular type of skin—one that does not irritate or cause roughness—keep to it.

If cleansing with cream, use a good liquefying cream that will seep down into the pores and dissolve all make-up and impurities. Rub over the face generously and wipe off thoroughly with clean tissues or soft towelling. Repeat the process one or more times until the skin is perfectly clean.

If desired, you may omit the second and third creaming and wash the face gently with mild olive oil soap and tepid water. Rinse thoroughly in cold water to tone up the skin and close the pores, and dry gently.

If your skin is exceptionally oily you may find it best to cleanse with soap and water only, although it is not likely that the use of a liquefying cream would increase oiliness. Rather would it tend to get rid of superfluous excretions.

Now comes toning. After cleansing your face, moisten a piece of cotton-wool in cold water, dip in skin tonic, and slap vigorously all over the face. This will make the skin tingle delight-

fully and send the blood circulating through the tissues. Pat the face dry with tissues.

Next comes nourishing. If you are very young and your skin is in good condition, smooth over your skin food, leave on for 10 to 15 minutes, and then remove with tissues.

If your skin is very dry, massage with the food for five or ten minutes and leave the surplus on the skin all night. In the morning you will find it has all been absorbed.

Upwards

REMEMBER when massaging to stroke gently upwards and outwards—never down—and to pat gently round and under the eyes where the skin is very fine and apt to line easily.

And remember, too, that all face treatments should include the neck, for there's nothing more ageing than a soft, fine skin and a yellow, crepey neck.

If your skin is very oily, use a light skin food or cold cream, massage the face gently for a few minutes, and then wipe off all surplus. You may even find it best to use skin food every second night and substitute an astringent milk on the other nights, which will help to tighten up the pores but keep the skin soft at the same time.

Morning treatment is a matter of freshening the skin and preparing it for make-up. Here, again, you may cleanse either with cream or water. If the latter, you should not find it necessary to use soap again.

Now a little skin tonic applied in the same manner as for the night treatment. Dry off any surplus and then apply foundation cream for make-up. Use very little of this, distribute thoroughly and evenly, and pat the skin with tissues to remove any excess. Next apply your rouge, blend carefully, and then dust on your powder generously. Pat in the face-powder all over the face, then dust off any surplus with a fine brush or swansdown puff.



BE GENEROUS with cleansing cream; allow to liquefy on the face to dissolve make-up; then remove with tissues.



FOR TONING AND TIGHTENING the skin, ice is good, especially if the skin has become very slack. Do not apply the ice direct to the face. Place in a soft cloth and rub quickly and lightly all over the face until the skin glows. Pat dry.



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DEATH RIDES *the*
FOREST



By....

Rupert
Grayson

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length Novel

Death Rides the Forest

By RUPERT GRAYSON



HEY had forded the river. Now, on either hand, the trees rose ever more dense—the path curved and the driver swung his horses to the right. The man seated in the open carriage looked back and saw the dark wall of pines close in upon them; their smooth trunks became ghostly columns as the mist wreathed upwards, and purple twilight flooding the sombre tangle of branch and needles above, drooped and filled the cool tunnel of the path with drifting gloom.

There was no wind in the forest; he found a cigar, and flicked his lighter in the shadow. He was smiling faintly.

"What's your name?" "Herman Plattaus," the driver replied. The other threw his head back and laughed delightedly into the treetops.

After that, they drove on unhurriedly and quietly, for the pine needles—like a carpet across the track—deadened the thud of the horses' hoofs and only the groaning of the carriage and the jingle of the harness broke the quiet of the evening.

The man pulled Greville's letter from his pocket—his great sprawling handwriting was clear enough to read in the glow of the cigar. "I'm in an awkward position," he wrote—Greville was usually direct, but there was something of vagueness about these letters.

Greville was in danger, or to say the least, in an uncomfortable position; and it was in consequence of being in love.

He smiled pleasantly as he read on. He wasn't to be annoyed, the letter continued; the writer knew that he had been warned not to aim his arrows too high. As a matter of fact, this was not exactly true, he reflected, but he had said from the very beginning that Greville was doing something amazingly quixotic, something more likely to bring pain than happiness. Greville suffered from a war conscience and it had driven him to do this thing.

The man in the carriage leaned back, settling himself more comfortably on the seat; he folded the letter carefully and as he put it away thought of Leopold. He had been a year at Heidelberg with Leopold. Leopold's mother, the Princess Sophie of Ritzenhause, an American woman of great wealth, had died before he made the family's acquaintance. The old Prince at that time had lived alone with his son. He had stayed at Ritzenhause in those far-off days, before the war, when the pomp and ceremony of that little state was at its height. Ritzenhause! One of those queer little autonomous states that before the war had flourished obscurely amid the chaos of the Austrian Empire—a prim little flower in a vast, neglected and unweeded garden.

Now, the Hapsburgs were gone and Austria-Hungary was divided into various and rival republics. But Ritzenhause still remained—feudal and jealous of hereditary privileges; despite all the contentions of

a republican Mitteleuropa. Prince Frederick of Ritzenhause still ruled, paramount in his little state.

Leopold had been killed at Ypres. (It was not to be imagined the old man was likely to forgive the English for that.) Since then he had grown to look back on Ritzenhause, and all it had once meant to him, as a dream in some past existence. He smiled a little sadly. Then had come Greville Manning. And he had been persuaded to give him that letter of introduction to the Prince. It had been done with a feeling as of one who performs some act of fate. Then, as Manning explained his mission, Ritzenhause had suddenly come back into his life—vivid and arresting—with the outcome of Greville's adventure on the knees of the gods.

There were surprising things that Greville had to tell in his first letter from Ritzenhause. The ceremony of the little Court, it appeared, was just as strict as it had been in those pre-war days. On the death of his son, Prince Frederick, solitary in the loneliness of the Castle, had summoned his niece to live with him. The carriage slithered drowsily through the smooth drifts of fallen needles and lulled by the sibilant harmony, the reader gazed into the darkness of the forest thoughtfully.

He remembered the long-legged, boy-dentish girl who had been their companion in those distant days. She must, from all accounts, have grown up beautiful and attractive. "Valerie, Sofie, Anastasia, Johanna, Stephanie, Antonia, Louisa—read them out aloud," Greville had written, "because they spell the names of the loveliest lady in the world." He himself remembered her as a little fair-haired girl with mischievous blue eyes and a steady aim with chestnuts.

He could visualise the Prince and his little Court—he felt that they were beginning to see too much of his friend. A week later, Greville's final letter had brought the news that he had left the Castle. Actually, Greville had been banished from Ritzenhause; and now, driving through the forest, he was here to console Greville, and, what was more important, to persuade him to leave.

Greville's unofficial though peremptory banishment had come about through some escapade with his lady of beautiful names; they had gone off together in disguise to a village carnival—where the country people danced on barges. The reader could imagine the scene at Ritzenhause—consternation at the discovery of Valerie's absence, tracking them to the river—then the search from one gaily-lighted barge to another, strung like a necklace of diamonds across the glinting water; and Greville—loving and laughing—remembering nothing but those glorious names (one for every day of the week), and seeing nothing but the moon like a golden feather in the sky and the stars shining in his lady's eyes.

As far as he could understand, Greville had stirred up the peaceful waters of the Court into turmoil. "I am certain you could smooth things over. Besides, you are always at a loose end when you are in England."

He had responded gladly to Greville's appeal and had come to Ritzenhause, perhaps altogether too willingly. There had been something about Greville's letters and the memory of Ritzenhause that drew him irresistibly back to it.

There was enough in those letters to revive his interest. There had been changes since his time; the war, it would seem, had taken away the old servants, all: none remained. Even old Tauber, the friend of his youth, was no longer there.

In answer to his letters, he had learned from Greville that a post-war crowd, introduced by some fellow named Tode, the new Chancellor who appeared to be all-powerful, were running the Castle. And the Prince was an invalid, in more or less permanent retirement. Moreover, there was something about Greville's letters that aroused curiosity—an incompleteness—something underlying the story he had to tell that left one vaguely dissatisfied and curious. Very disturbing, too, was the half-ashamed confession from Greville that the original purpose of his visit to Ritzenhause was still unfulfilled.

At that moment a twinkling light gleamed through the trees and he knew that in a few minutes Greville himself would fill up the gaps in the story. On the right the dim outlines of a low-built house appeared, with a high roof losing itself in shadows.

As they drew nearer, they saw that it was built of fine logs and that a dark figure, holding an oil lamp, stood in the doorway. There was a shout of greeting and the figure approached, with the light swinging in circles. The carriage came to a halt and his luggage was lifted from the box. The glow of the lantern then flashed on to the step and, as he alighted, he was conscious of the servant's pale face, pleasant and unconcerned. With startling haste, the fellow led the way. A small paling surrounded the house, and as they moved up to the open doorway, a path flanked by lilac bushes, the keen fragrance of pine mingled with their sweeter odor.

The sound of the carriage wheels snapping the broken branches had warned him, the servant explained, that someone was approaching the lodge.

His arrival, it appeared, was not immediately expected. Greville was away in the little town of Ritzenhause, he learned, and had not returned. The servant ushered him into the lodge, mumbling that he would prepare a room, and he found himself in a large apartment with heads of game hanging from the walls—sporting guns also, rifles of every description and all the paraphernalia of a hunting-box. A big wood fire was burning in the hearth despite the warmth of the night; the chimney was built curiously in the centre of the room, so that the heat was evenly diffused.

Ten minutes after settling himself comfortably in an armchair he had fallen into sound sleep.

Outside, a horse was picking its way

cautiously through the trees, its rider smiling thoughtfully as he approached the shadows of the hunting-box.

The sleeper was awakened suddenly. He looked up to see a man leaning into the window; the man's eyes were dark and shining, he was smiling—and in the light from the lamp, his teeth flashed white.

"What the devil—!" he gasped.
"You mean—who the devil—has broken in on your pleasant dreams?" the rider replied softly.

Now he could see that the man was mounted and that it was the riding-whip that had coolly disturbed him through the open window; none the less he smiled because there was something curiously attractive about the stranger. Accepting the correction, he inquired easily:

"Well, who the devil, then?"
"Now I am encouraging you to be curious, and curiosity is a very distressing thing in these parts." The rider sneered slightly, and a faintly guttural note was audible in his English. "You're a friend of Manning's, I suppose?"

"Curiosity or supposition?" came the counter-question in a swift whisper.

The horseman must have seen something in the other's eye, for he smiled grimly.

"The Prince may not be too pleased to know that Manning is living here," he said.

"You don't say that seriously?"

"I do," he answered, "and warningly too."

"There are very few of us who like being warned. Advice on occasions is useful; but there is something about a warning that throws a challenge." Leaning forward in his chair as he spoke, he watched the man stroking his horse's neck, and saw the slight sneer that still was on his lips. Greville's situation was so vague that momentarily he was at a loss how to deal with his visitor.

At that moment, a dry log in the fire cracked like a rifle shot—the horse leapt aside and for one second he saw a look of startled wonder in the rider's eyes, and leaped back in the chair and laughed; perhaps the fact that the report had come so quickly after his warning, or perhaps it was just the unexpectedness of it all, but it made him laugh, and the more he laughed the more puzzled the other looked, until at last his bewilderment turned obviously to annoyance.

"A thousand apologies," he said, tears of laughter still in his eyes, "but really for one moment I thought you were going to lose your seat—a very distressing thing in these parts."

Chagrin was still evident in the other's face, as it had reason to be, but then he smiled and somehow it was difficult to dislike the fellow when he smiled. Besides, he knew that in Greville's absence he should perform the duties of host.

"Come in and have a drink," he invited slowly. "Greville's sure to have some about somewhere."

The stranger nodded, and swinging his leg forward over the saddle, vaulted lightly through the window into the room. "Most of you Englishmen are reader with your drinks than with your smiles," he said, "but it's the other way round with you."

"Well, you see, my smiles are my own, but the drinks are Manning's."

The man seemed to know his way about the house, for he passed quickly out of the hall and he could be heard calling in German to the servant:

"Bauer, drinks, quickly," and after a moment's pause: "Have you never heard of whisky—and please remember we don't drink it through straws."

On returning to the room, he helped him-

self casually from the cigarette-box and then glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Manning's out late," he said. "It's late to be in the forest."

"What about you?"

"Oh, I know the forest too well for that. The rides are as clear to me as a row of candle-light Christmas trees would be to Manning."

The servant had brought in the drinks and they helped themselves to whisky. The German was the first to speak.

"I'll admit that I had hoped you were here to persuade Manning to leave before he brings too much unhappiness—where he least expects to," he said, watching the other carefully.

He learned nothing despite the closeness of his scrutiny: the Englishman saw no reason why he should make any admissions, much less promises to him.

The man left the shooting-box as he had entered—by the window. With the reins in his hand, he drew his horse up to the sill. Once more he was leaning forward gracefully from his saddle as he had done when first he appeared, with his eyes gleaming. He doffed his hat with exaggerated courtesy.

"Maurice of Stalheim," he cried, "at your service."

"Gun Cotton," the Englishman said quietly, "to command."

LONG after Maurice of Stalheim had ridden away Gun Cotton sat waiting and watching through that open window for the arrival of Greville. It definitely disturbed him to know that Maurice of Stalheim was interfering in Greville's private affairs. He realised that the fellow might not be without excuse for doing so, for he must have known the little Princess Valerie from her childhood days.

As Gun looked out into the black forest, he could imagine Maurice riding recklessly through the trees, a smile of careless good humor on his handsome face; then pulling his horse up savagely when he came up to the ravine that lay before Schloss Kerscholt like an angry gash in the country-side.

As boys Gun and Leopold had often scouted round Kerscholt when old Stalheim was alive. In those days, Maurice had not been received at Ritzenhausen, and that set him wondering how it could be that he was now welcome there, for unless that were so, he would surely be ignorant of Greville's position at the Castle.

"Well, I'm hanged!"

Gun recognised Greville's voice behind him.

"You came after all. Why the deuce didn't you—?"

At that moment they were interrupted, for Bauer had come into the room.

"For Mr. Manning," he said, holding out a silver on which Gun saw an envelope. He guessed correctly—it was his telegram, sent from London before he left. It had travelled from Ritzenhausen, in the care of the old coachman on the box in front of him. There was a serious expression on Greville's face as he looked up from the telegram.

"This has been held up, Gun. That looks bad. It means they know you're here."

"Who's they?" Gun asked.

"Tode and Maurice."

"I guessed they knew something about it," Gun said.

Greville shot a glance of inquiry at him. Dismissing Bauer, Greville threw himself into an armchair. He was dressed in riding things, worn with his usual easy distinction

—as though after dressing with great care he had completely forgotten his clothes.

"You mean guessed about your arrival?" Greville asked.

Gun nodded.

"I've yet to tell you," he said, "that your delightful shooting-box received a charming visitor this evening."

Greville leant forward eagerly. Gun could almost see the "who" on his lips.

"Maurice of Stalheim."

That shook Greville, for he left his chair and walked over to the table where the decanter and two glasses still remained.

"I hate that man, Gun."

"Never mind him, Greville. Personally, I found him quite amusing."

"When I first met him I felt that you'd probably like the blighter," Greville said bitterly.

"He's got his points," Gun said, "and sharp ones, too; but let's talk of something, or someone, else." Gun smiled that affectionate smile of his.

"What can I tell you of, except her loveliness? And she's lovely right to the heart."

"It wasn't that I wanted to know, Greville, although, of course, that is interesting—tell me more about your position."

"Positively insecure," Greville answered. "Even here. They turned me out of the Castle, and it was their intention from the very start to do that."

"You mean Tode."

"Yes, and Maurice. Tode's just about the slightest bit of dirty work that it's ever been my misfortune to meet."

"And Maurice—he didn't like you from the start, I presume?"

"No, I think he disliked me instantly."

"Perhaps you made the running a little too fast with Valerie," Gun said, smiling.

"Well, it wasn't my intention," Greville answered. "You know the way these things happen, and you know why I came to Ritzenhausen. Somehow, it was difficult after that first night, because—you see—I met her before I had an opportunity of seeing the Prince. For some reason or other, Tode kept me away from him. First he was too ill to receive me, and then he was too busy with private affairs. He had received your letter of introduction, of course, and for that reason I was made welcome at the Castle, but when I saw Valerie, I felt I didn't mind how long it was before I spoke to the Prince."

"It was some damnable fate, Gun, that kept me away from the Prince," he continued. "You know that the one thing I wanted to do was to come to Ritzenhausen, and get the whole matter off my chest. I wanted to clear my conscience of everything with regard to Leopold, but somehow, after I had met Valerie, and after we had talked and learned to know each other, and in such a short time, Gun, it seemed to make things difficult, extremely difficult. We had you to talk about to start with, and then we discovered other interests we had in common, and yet, all the time, I tell you, I had the feeling I was being watched."

"Watched by whom, Greville?"

"Oh, the crowd, Gun."

"You mean—?"

"The servants and Maurice and Tode; he wasn't often on the scene himself, but I felt he was just behind. You know that feeling of being watched? At first you just notice something—how can I explain it?—a feeling of discomfort, and then suddenly you realise that someone is watching you—not just glancing—not just looking—but watching."

"How did they get you out of the place eventually?" Gun asked.

"Well, the message came from the Prince, but it came through Tode, so that it was impossible for me to tell whether I had seriously annoyed the old man or not."

"In what terms was the note couched? Perhaps polite but evasive?"

"I was not allowed to see Valerie before I left—that was six days ago; since then I have been to the Castle twice, each time I have been refused admittance to the Prince, and to-day I was warned that I should not be received at the Castle in future."

"And Maurice of Stalheim?" Gun asked. "Where does he come into the picture?"

Greville had taken a cigarette from his case, and in the act of lighting it Gun noticed that his fingers were a little unsteady. The anxiety that was a result of his leaving Ritzhausen had obviously shaken him; and then there was the question of Valerie.

"Heaven knows whether they will punish her—it was all so harmless," he answered at a tangent.

"Yes, but you haven't told me about Maurice of Stalheim," insisted Gun gently.

"I think I first met him three days after my arrival at Ritzhausen. Up to that time I had not seen the Prince, and Maurice had ridden over from Kerscholt. He was living at Kerscholt, I was told, but only since the war had he been received at the Castle. He suddenly became, to the astonishment of the Ritzhausen people, one of the most intimate advisers of the old Prince. There are people who say that he's got some hold over the old man, and that he knows of something that he's holding over the Prince's head. He disliked me, I think, as I told you, straight away, and the dislike, I can assure you, was mutual. He loathed seeing me with Valerie, though to this moment I can't tell you exactly what his feelings are towards her."

Slowly, in Greville's usual disjointed manner, Gun learned the facts and position of affairs at Ritzhausen Castle. Gun was to intercede with the Prince for him, Greville said. There was nothing simpler; the Prince, on the only occasion on which Greville had seen him, had talked about his making many inquiries. Valerie liked him and remembered him well.

In Greville's pleasant idea, everything was to be quite easy. There was nothing that Gun could not do at Ritzhausen. As the friend of Leopold, everything he requested would be granted to him.

Maurice, Greville said, was at the Castle almost daily, and in the evening he was often to be found at the Grabenhof, the old rambling inn that stood under the shadow of the Castle walls.

THEY dined well there that night. Bauer proved to be an excellent cook. Greville, it appeared, had taken him over with the shooting-box. The place was leased to the Danish Consul in Nuremberg, and it was through the Grabenhof that he had heard of it. On one of his visits to the inn he had told him of the shooting-box that lay deep in the forest. It was Mother Gots herself who had told him—white-faced and flabby—seated at her desk by the door. She had told him of it—she knew that all Englishmen were fond of sport, and there was plenty of sport, she said, to be found deep in the forest.

Greville told Gun all these things at dinner, in a half-laughing, half-serious manner—yet Gun felt somehow the position was not as unpleasant as it might be. At the best of times there are more

dignified ways of leaving a castle than being ordered out, however politely. This was slightly modified by Greville's feeling that it was not his host, but Tode, with probably Maurice in the background, who had engineered his dismissal.

After all, Greville's flirtation with Valerie was hardly important enough to have necessitated his leaving. The affairs of Ritzhausen were unlikely to disturb the peace of Europe, and the old Prince himself, were it not for the fact that he had inherited his American wife's money at her death, would probably have been in the same impecunious position as the other minor surviving royalties of the Continent.

As it was, there was money at the Castle. Sufficient for the Prince to keep up all the pomp and ceremony long forgotten and buried in neighboring states.

But all these things that Greville told Gun were as nothing compared with what he was to tell him, for he kept the serious part of their discussion until the port, and that had been round twice before he spoke of it.

"You want to know if I've spoken to the Prince, Gun? Well, I haven't," he said defiantly.

"My dear Greville, you don't imagine I'm thinking about that," Gun said. "or at any rate, concerned about it. I thought it was a mistake from the very first."

Gun was interested to know whether Greville's conscience had swung round in his way of thinking.

"No, but I'm going to, I'm going to tell him," Greville said. "However much we were victims of the war, it wasn't easy to tell the Prince that I had killed his son." Greville paused thoughtfully, fingering the stem of his glass. "I knew that after that I had little chance with Valerie."

"You remember the night, Gun, that I collected all the old German stuff I'd got, then I produced that paybook and the Iron Cross that I'd taken off the wretched fellow I killed . . . and you recognised the name—you knew him, and he had been your friend."

"Curious coincidence that, Gun. I suddenly felt a cad that night. I had always meant to return those things after the war, and then somehow or other I put them aside and didn't think any more about it till that night. It was pretty rotten taking his Iron Cross, but I meant to send it back to his people at the time . . . and then . . . back in England, it was rather interesting to have something to show other people."

When Gun left England it was with the feeling that he would probably be able to help Greville out of his troubles, but now that he was faced with the situation and the general position, he had to admit that some of his confidence had left him. In his short time at Ritzhausen, Greville seemed to have made enemies in every direction. Gun was prepared to face the consequences of Greville's escapade with Valerie, but he had hardly taken into consideration Maurice of Stalheim and Tode. The old Prince had always been eccentric, nor did Gun suppose that the years had improved him in that way. Maurice of Stalheim had made difficulties that spelled trouble. Gun felt there were no half-measures about that young man, to say nothing of Tode.

Greville took Gun along to his room, which looked out on to the back; here there was no clearing, so that the trees were close up against the window. The walls were of rough-hewn logs, and in the candlelight the room presented a rather depressing appearance. Gun sat on the bed, stretched his arms lazily above his head, and watched Greville pacing up and

down with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. Outside, the wind had fallen to lazy airs. Greville was about to speak, for he had come up and put his hand on Gun's shoulder.

Though the lodge was stoutly built it was possible to hear in one room what was happening in another. At that moment both men distinctly heard someone step into the house. If Bauer hadn't been standing in the doorway they would have thought no more about it. Gun felt the tension in the air. He stood up, as a man will, unconsciously, ready for anything that may come. They both listened. Bauer was speaking to someone. The conversation continued—then Bauer came into the room with a letter lying on the salver that had borne, a few hours previously, Gun's telegram.

"Who's it for?" Greville cried.

"Who's it from? might be more interesting and to the point, I think," Gun said.

He took the letter—it was addressed to him in large, bold handwriting—and read:

"MY Adventurous Cotton.—Our meeting this afternoon was so short, that I feel there were many things we might have said that were left unsaid. How many of the most interesting things in life are! Will you hear them? If so, I will be at the Grabenhof to-morrow night at half-past six. I send you this message through the forest, carried by Hans, my courier, who will bring back your answer."

"This time, at your service,

"Maurice of Stalheim."

"Confound the fellow's impudence," Greville said. He turned on his heel and strode towards the door.

"What are you going to do, Greville?"

"Tell the fellow to go to the devil, Gun!"

"Steady on!" Gun said softly. "There's no need to do anything in a hurry. In any case, I've a feeling I'd like to see Maurice to-morrow night."

Gun called to Bauer, who was standing in the corridor.

"Bring the courier here," he said.

The man was middle-aged, dressed in rough green material. He bent his body stiffly in a doll-like movement and clicked his heels.

There was no special reason why Gun should have asked him up, for it would have been easy enough to have sent Bauer along to him with the message, but some instinct warned him that later it might be useful to know every one of Maurice's followers.

"My master told me that I was to await a message from you, geehrter Herr," the man said.

"Will you remember the message if I tell you?" Gun asked him, "or would you rather I wrote it?"

"My master says the message should come in any manner, but he was sure that it would be in the affirmative."

Gun laughed softly. So young Maurice had already made up his mind that he would meet him . . . very well, there would be no disappointments.

"Tell your master," he said to the man, "that the answer is as he wished it to be."

"Imagine," he wrote that night to his wife, "a forest of pines with long dim aisles. I know the fantastic delight our hunting-box would bring you. It stands in a small, dark green clearing, roughly built of the same wood that surrounds us; it is part of the forest. Nearly an ice-cold stream twists its way to Kerscholt through deep refreshing shadows, flowing up through

level meadows, then hurrying forward by wooded slopes through deep dark thickets and brush openings.

"I love the forest, it's like living in some remote dream, and yet at night when I hear the murmuring of tree-top breezes, I am reminded of the little winds that run before the storm. You understand, Tony, that strange, sinister peacefulness so pregnant with suggestion. There are gipsies here, too, so you wouldn't go out alone, would you?"

"We lie between the two great castles, Ritzhausen and Kerschhof, one friendly and the other grim and forbidding."

Gun glanced hurriedly through the lines that he had written to Tony. They might have been improved on, but as he sealed it up he remembered that grammar was only an adjunct, not an obligation. No grammarian ever wrote anything that a woman might slip underneath her pillow with color in her cheeks.

THE evening of the following day found Gun in the old town of Ritzhausen. It seemed that the years had brought little change, and to him this part of the town was just as it had been in the days before the war.

Beside the Grabenhof stood a small tobacconist's; at some period it had probably been one of the outhouses of the hotel, for the creaking beams seemed to intermingle with those of the Grabenhof, and the windows of the room above the shop were in the shadow of the same overhanging roof.

Gun was a man who always found it difficult to pass a tobacconist's shop. In the window were German cigars, laid out in boxes of all shapes and sizes. There were cigarettes and pipes of peculiar shape—meerschaum, briar, and cherrywood; matchboxes and lighters too. Inside he found a young girl in charge of the shop—she was dark, with great black, lazy eyes, and a slow smile.

He bought two boxes of German cigars and one of Laranga Corona. The Havana cigars were expensive and the purchase pleased her, for she smiled again—the same slow smile. There was still ten minutes to go before he was due with Maurice—so they talked a little, and she was ready to gossip. Gun asked her about the Castle and the Prince and the young Princess, and she told him little scraps of news that reached them in the town. . . . The Prince she said, was seldom seen outside the Castle—not since the war had he been through the streets of Ritzhausen in daylight. Sometimes he would drive out to Kerschhof, but very seldom, and only at night. Since the death of his son, he had become a recluse and rarely even left his room. The war must have aged him considerably, but it was a surprise to Gun to hear that the Prince no longer moved about. He remembered now having heard from friends that Leopold's death had aged him, but he was hardly prepared to hear that he was no longer an active man; that might account for his delay in receiving Manning on his arrival at the Castle.

For all her lazy manner the girl was observant—she saw him glance at his watch; then, quickly stepping across the shop, she opened a window on the far side, looking out to the market-place. As she did so, she raised her fingers to her lips for silence, and at the same moment, the deep notes of the market clock were wafted into the room.

Outside the shop, the soft twilight was beginning to dim the streets—the Castle had become a shadowy silhouette with a few lights twinkling here and there. As

Gun gazed up at the central tower, rearing itself majestically, he could see the castellated battlements against the luminous sky. There were lights, too, in the Grabenhof; as he passed into the hall, Mother Gots was sitting at her desk, exactly where he had been told by Greville that he would find her.

She eyed him suspiciously, then wished him "Good evening" in a low, crooning voice. Gun told her he had come to meet Count Maurice of Stalheim. She nodded, knowingly, and he offered her a cigar, as he had been advised to do. She accepted it, slipped the band off the cigar and on to her thumb, and then, beckoning him to follow her, led the way by a long passage which turned sharply to the right to where a twisting stairway led to the next landing.

Down the long passage they had passed several doors; one of these was open, and Gun noticed that inside were tables laid with white cloths. One of the others must have been the bar. Under the winding stair he noticed a window which he guessed overlooked the market-place; and then they mounted the stairs.

On the next landing, immediately opposite them, was a door; Mother Gots knocked sharply on the panel, threw it open, and Gun was shown into the presence of Maurice of Stalheim. He was leaning out of the window when they entered, but there was no mistaking Maurice's graceful figure.

"A visitor for you, Count Maurice!" Mother Gots explained.

He turned quickly with that flashing smile of his.

"Welcome to the Grabenhof," he cried. "You must count it a great honor to be conducted here by Frau Gots herself, for is she not one of the greatest ladies in Ritzhausen?" He bowed to her and winked one eye at Gun. His impudence and familiarity were so blatant that it was difficult to be annoyed with him, and, as Mother Gots left the room, Gun threw his hat into a chair and glanced round.

In the twilight the room seemed sombre. It was lit by a large casement window, low and latticed, overlooking the market-place; through another window on the other side he could dimly see the Castle. There were two or three comfortable chairs, and a writing-table.

"By the way, Cotton, I presume you have travelled light?" Maurice said.

"Oh, about as light as this room!" Gun answered.

Maurice looked up quickly, and slightly annoyed. Impatiently he lit a standard lamp on the table, revealing a decanter and glasses.

"You mean—?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows.

"I mean I find this room a trifle heavy, and I like my heavy luggage with me."

"Do you intend staying here long, then?"

"I've not really made up my mind yet," Gun said, "except that I'll stay exactly as long as I wish."

"My dear fellow," Maurice said, "don't imagine that I don't want you to stay. I only mean that Greville Manning got himself into trouble with the Castle authorities, and as I'm there a good deal, it makes things very unpleasant when the Prince is in one of his black tempers. Of course, you've known the family a long time—as long as I have, Cotton—or very nearly. The old man's aged a good deal since you saw him last, and Manning, coming here and playing the fool has upset—that you'd say in England—the apple-cart."

"Forbidden fruit, Stalheim?"

"Oh, there's nothing like that about it."

Cotton. It was merely a business matter, as far as I'm concerned—a question of running a fleet of ferries between here and the river. It cannot be done without the old man's permission, and it takes a bit to bring him to the point in these days. Everything was going smoothly until Manning came along and made trouble."

"But I don't see how I could affect that. On the contrary, I might smooth things over a good deal."

"Yes, you might," Maurice murmured, "but then again you might not."

"Still in either case, I don't see how your business affairs concern me."

"We might consider giving you an interest, Cotton."

"I'm no business man, Stalheim, and I can't imagine anything duller than a fleet of ferries between Ritzhausen and the river."

Maurice threw his cigarette-end down and stamped it into the red carpet. For the moment he reminded Gun of a spoiled boy; there was a puffy look about his mouth, and Gun could see him searching for biting words—as a vindictive boy will search for hints to throw.

"Look here, Cotton," he said, and he looked Gun squarely in the eyes. "If you go up to the Castle, will you promise to make things as easy as possible?" He spoke in the manner of one who wished to meet a difficult position in the most open and pleasant way. "You understand the position," he added, "and the arrangements for the ferry company were going splendidly until Manning arrived."

"Certainly," Gun replied. "I'll do everything I can, but I don't intend to get involved in your business affairs with the Prince. I'm anxious to see him for personal reasons. He was a good friend and a kind host to me in the days when poor Leopold was alive. I'm sorry, of course, that Manning is in disfavor, but from all accounts Valerie is beautiful enough to turn the head of any man."

GUN watched Maurice closely as he said this, but there was nothing to be read in the handsome face. Either he had no interest in Valerie or he was one of the most consummate actors Gun had ever met.

Darkness had fallen, and outside in the market-place the cobble-stones reflected the light from the shop windows. When Gun looked back, Maurice was standing over him with a revolver in his hand. Gun smiled pleasantly, for he had seen that trick before. There was an expression of devotion in Maurice's eyes.

"Do I throw up my hands or take a light?" Gun inquired.

There was a sudden click and the revolver opened into a lighter. If Gun had not seen one of these in the shop before his meeting with Maurice, the hand that held his cigarette might not have been quite as steady. As it was, Gun was able to smile at the look of disappointment on Maurice's face.

As Gun made his way to the outskirts of the town, thoughts of his meeting with Maurice left him vaguely disturbed.

Gun had arranged to meet Greville at the cross-roads on the Kerschhof road. Gun remembered the town well enough to be able to find his way out to the main road. Greville was to be there with horses; only with horses could a short cut be taken to the shooting-box. The forest stream had to be forded, and sometimes the depth of water prevented the use of motor cars. From the crossroad where the forest began, two wide tracks led narrow and straight through the

trees, on to the shooting-box and the other to Kerscholt.

Now darkness had fallen completely, though the sky gleamed starry overhead, and in the coolness of the evening air the long summer day was forgotten. Gun hummed a little tune softly; he was enjoying himself amazingly and exultantly. There were things to be discovered at Ritzenhausen which were altogether unusual and deliciously suggestive.

Greville, at the meeting-place, was standing in the darkness of the trees at the horses' heads.

"Here I am, Gun," he cried enthusiastically. "You've not been long."

"There was nothing to keep me lingering," Gun answered pleasantly. "Just Maurice and a decanter of Tokay."

"I know which I'd sooner be seated with!"

They rode through the forest by the bridge-track that Greville had already come to know so well. Each day since his banishment from the Castle, Gun learned that he had followed this track to Ritzenhausen, hoping in his heart that somehow Valerie might contrive to meet him.

They dined that night in silence, waited on by the quiet-footed Bauer. Afterwards, seated at the open window, they smoked their cigars. The night sounds of the forest were all about them. The shooting-box seemed to act like a sound-box, for the cries and murmurs of the woodland. They sat and smoked, each busy with his thoughts; Greville thinking of his lady, and Gun wondering whether, after all, things were less mysterious than he supposed.

Without warning a figure appeared beside them in the open doorway. Gun was the first to see him, for he faced the door. With his hand deep in his side pocket he tilted back his chair. Greville turned sharply as the dark figure advanced a step. Then, half in pleasure and half in amazement, Gun whispered one word: "Tauber!"

The old man—for he had stepped into the light now and was plainly visible to Greville—had taken off his hat and was bowing before Gun. "You have a good memory, Hochwohlgeborener, to remember an old servant of the Prince after all these years."

"Of course I remember you," Gun said, shaking the old man by the hand. "You didn't think I could forget all your kindness to me in the days of—Leopold."

The old man was smiling happily, shifting his hat from one hand to the other.

They talked back over the years, the grey-eyed Englishman with his affectionate smile and the old German servant, while Greville sat listening, watching with interest the subtle power with which Gun seemed able at all times to enlist a man in his service. It appeared that Tauber already knew all that there was to know about Greville and the young Princess. Gun heard many things about the Castle that Greville had been unable to tell him. It was true, Tauber said, that the old Prince had hardly left the Castle since the death of his son; perhaps never, for all he knew, for he had never set eyes on his old master since the war.

"Why did you leave his service?" Gun asked bluntly; for Tauber was not one to flirt round a subject, and Gun, as ever, rightly judged his man.

"Maurice of Stalheim was never a friend of mine, nor I of his—it was a question of falsifying some accounts; a question only, but it was enough. My guilt was never proved, as indeed it could never have been, for I was innocent."

There was a look of pride and rebellion in the eyes that were turned to Greville.

"I was the last to leave; all the others had

been dismissed on some pretext or other—nor was I allowed to see my master before leaving. Thus the Castle was taken over by Maurice of Stalheim, whom hell awaits, and with him Tode, the Chancellor to-day."

The old man leaned back in his chair with a deep sigh. In the silence that followed Gun lit a fresh cigar.

No words of Gun could persuade him to remain the night with them. "I know the forest tracks," he called to them out of the darkness; "besides, the news comes quicker in Ritzenhausen, and it's good to know in good time." Once again the forest swallowed him up; and Greville turned to find laughter in Gun's eyes.

"He knows what he's talking about, Greville; it's a hornet's nest all right. I had that feeling from the start."

IN the hunting-box Bauer was up betimes, preparing German coffee, more fragrant than French coffee, for the two Englishmen. Greville had gone down to bathe in the river, followed a little later by Gun. Though Gun was not an early riser by inclination or habit, the beauty of the morning had called him to the river in preference to the cold welcome of the unsympathetic hip-bath. Here, where the dew-drenched meadows skirted the inner forest through which the river wandered, he found Greville. They bathed where the footbridge spanned the stream.

"I believe it was worth getting up for this, Greville," Gun shouted.

As Gun waited for Greville's reply in the silence that followed, they became aware that two riders were approaching by the track that led from Ritzenhausen.

"It's Maurice," Greville gasped.

Gun saw that he was accompanied by the servant who had delivered his message that first night. There was no question as to Gun's feelings. No man will choose the hour before breakfast for a meeting with his enemy, nor is a state of complete nudity likely to inspire him with any particular confidence.

Maurice glanced at the men's clothes lying on the bank. "Hans, bring the gentlemen's clothes here. The bridge is wet. Seated on these clothes may keep the cold water out of my blood."

Hans, still holding the horses, walked to where the clothes lay. Gun and Greville, fuming inwardly, were powerless to prevent this action. Maurice had stood on the bridge so that Hans was standing with his back to the horses. In one hand the servant had taken their clothes, the other held the reins of both horses. Gun could see that he was blocking Maurice's way. Without an instant's hesitation, Gun was up the bank and had leapt on Maurice's horse. Quick to follow Gun's cry, Greville was beside him. Loosely held, the reins fell from the servant's hands. Maurice stumbled forward, but by that time the Englishmen were mounted and riding gaily back to the hunting-box.

"Breakfast in twenty minutes, Count Maurice," Gun cried. Then quietly he said to Greville, "More luck than judgment about that, but hanged if I was going to be dictated to because I'd no togs on."

"He was going to sit on our clothes all right."

"Let's get something else on," Gun said, laughing at Bauer's amazement.

The two men had hardly finished breakfast before Maurice's servant turned up for the horses. They heard the man riding off as Bauer entered the room; his face was long and anxious.

"No good will come of that, I fear," Hans

tells me that his master is in a black temper, and you will have to pay for the trick you played on him. You have made his master appear ridiculous. Ah! Hans," he said, shaking his head—"he is a good servant but a bad man. Advise your master that boomerangs are dangerous weapons for reckless men—that is what I told him."

For Bauer had heard Gun's story between the laughs that had echoed through the house.

This was the first intimation on the part of Bauer that he was ready to throw in his lot with them. Gun had no doubt that Tauber had enlisted him in their service on the previous night.

"What time are you leaving for Ritzenhausen?" Greville inquired.

"At twelve o'clock, when the sun is directly overhead, I shall be at the Castle. Then Greville, my old friend, I will . . . but I've already told you," Gun said, smiling.

Later, Greville accompanied Gun on his ride to Ritzenhausen. They forded the river where the meeting with Maurice had taken place that morning.

"I'll see him to-day, Greville," Gun said; "he'll probably be in the devil of a temper, and doing his best to persuade the Prince not to see me."

"Remember to bring me a message from Valerie if you possibly can."

"I certainly won't leave there without seeing her."

They had come to the edge of the forest. The white road that led to Kerscholt ran across their path. Here the two friends parted, Greville to return to the hunting-box, and Gun to turn right and follow the road that led to Ritzenhausen.

From here he could see the bold towers of the Castle dominating the town, with the old houses clustering on the rise and hugging the grey massive walls. Here, in the old town, the streets were narrow and the corners sharp.

Through tortuous lanes and little alleys he rode forward to the market-place. As he crossed this, his watchful eye was searching the Graben Hof windows, but there was no sign of Master Maurice, and the inn seemed to be sleeping peacefully in the heat of the noonday sun. From a gate opposite the tobacconist's, where he had made his purchases the day previously, the Castle road led up to the main drawbridge. It soon rose level with the roofs of the Graben Hof, and a turning to the left brought him to the drawbridge. A servant in the Prince's livery hurried quickly from the postern to hold the nag's head as Gun drew up.

"I come to see His Highness, Prince Frederick of Ritzenhausen," Gun said.

"His Highness is no longer here—His Highness left the Castle this morning," the man replied.

Then for the first time Gun saw that no flag was flying from the masthead.

"Then I will see Her Highness the Princess."

The man seemed willing. No orders to the contrary had been given, evidently. So for the first time after fourteen years Gun rode over the drawbridge into the great courtyard of the Castle of Ritzenhausen.

Two grooms ran forward and stood beside him while he dismounted. He would have made for the side door to the left of the great hallway, for it was through this that he and Leopold had been accustomed to enter, but as he moved in that direction a man, pale-faced and Semitic, appeared in the main doorway to receive him. His horse was led away as he strode forward.

"I hear, to my disappointment, that His Highness the Prince is away," he said, addressing the black-coated figure that faced him.

"His Highness is indeed away," the man answered softly.

"I wish to see Her Highness the Princess in his absence then."

The man hesitated. Gun eyed him sharply. He knew that he must be the major-domo, black-coated, dark-eyed.

The Castle hall had changed little since Gun's last visit, least of all in its heavy air of ceremonial. The major-domo was about to speak when the sound of a girl's voice caused him to glance quickly over his shoulder.

"Mandelstein."

"Your Highness?"

Gun turned round, his gaze travelling quickly up the sweeping flight of stairs. The major-domo hurried forward, while Gun feasted his eyes on a young girl who stood, commanding and beautiful, and, it seemed, slightly angry. The major-domo was speaking quietly now; suddenly she seemed to wave him aside, and Gun heard her call his name in that curiously girlish voice. Thus it happened that he met Greville's lady of beautiful names half-way on the stairs, for she had descended graciously to meet him.

"Fürstin macht mich viel Ehre," said Gun, bending to kiss the cool, slim fingers that rested in his hand.

"Valerie," she answered, "since when has Gun Cotton become so ceremonious?"

Gun laughed his pleasant, unembarrassed laugh, so full of drollery.

Valerie Sophie Anastasia Johanna Stephanie Antonia Louise—I will call you by all of them," he said, "for the pleasure of seeing you grown up."

He saw the look of mischief in the blue eyes, pale-blue eyes like rain-washed lavender. Suddenly they flashed haughtily with a flicker of the long black lashes. She turned to the major-domo.

"I have no need of you," she said, "I will lunch with Herr Cotton in the small dining-room."

The major-domo withdrew down the stairs beyond the hall. Valerie took Gun's hand in hers.

"Come on—to my room," she whispered. "What a relief to have someone to talk to!"

UP the stairs and along the central corridor she led him, laughing quietly and talking quickly. Words running into each other, tumbling together and breaking apart unexpectedly. "Don't laugh at my English. Before Greville came I'd almost forgotten it," she said.

"You speak a little out of time, that's all."

"I'm out of breath with excitement and surprise, I suppose. What would Gun like for lunch?" she asked, opening the door of her boudoir.

"Who said I was here for lunch?" Gun asked, smiling.

"But I asked you," she said unexpectedly. "Oh, I see," Gun said, "you have only to ask."

"To hope, then," she answered with that quick smile he remembered, a smile that seemed to light up her face unexpectedly in brilliant flashes.

There were two servants to wait on them, with the butler superintending. Gun could see that the strict ceremony of the Castle rested heavily on Valerie's shoulders. During the meal they talked of old times.

They took their coffee in her boudoir, where she offered Gun a cigarette. "Sent every week from London," she explained, but Gun preferred his cigar.

Valerie told him how, after living in England, she had learned to hate the etiquette of life in Ritszenhausen. "I would have sent away the servants sooner at lunch, but that would not have been foolish," she said a trifle ironically.

Now that they were alone, Gun approached the subject of Greville. For some reason he noticed that Valerie had been unwilling to bring his name into their conversation. She must have known that they were friends, and yet some strange reluctance was restraining her. Gun asked her the reason, telling her the purpose of his visit.

"I would have spoken of Greville before," she confessed, "but here at Ritszenhausen one learns to be cautious. It is not always safe to trust one's friends," she added dryly.

"Why wouldn't your uncle receive Greville?" Gun inquired.

"He was ill, not well enough to see him. There are days, even weeks, when I do not see him myself."

"Who decides whether the Prince is well enough to receive?" asked Gun a trifle dryly.

"I can't tell you for certain," Valerie exclaimed. "Perhaps he himself; perhaps the Herr Hofkrankenschreiber from the town; or possibly, and very likely, Herr Tode," she added contemptuously.

"What office does Tode hold here in the Castle?"

"Every office, Gun, and all the influence except what Maurice of Stalheim steals from him."

"How is it that Maurice is received by your uncle in these days? You remember—or perhaps you were too young—but he was not always so popular."

"He was here when I was sent for after my mother's death. My uncle manages my mother's estate, all of which I inherited. Maurice was here, and so was Tode. I took them for granted—necessary evils," she said bitterly. "But why do you ask?"

"I just wanted to get my bearings," Gun answered, smiling.

Gun watched her intently—the red of her lips, the sunshine fairness of her hair, the vivid blue of her eyes, her exquisite features and the proud way she held her small head. "I can understand why he loved you more every time he saw you."

She looked up quickly, deep color in her cheeks, meeting his gaze fairly.

"You really understand?"

"I do," Gun replied instantly.

"You seem to understand so much that is a puzzle to me. Tell me what you intend doing to bring Greville back into favor, and tell me how I can help you." She paused, and added softly, "And Greville?"

"I've no plans at all," Gun explained. "I must insist on seeing your uncle—that may not be easy, of course."

"He's at Kerscholt and may remain there. It's the only place he ever visits."

"When did he go?" Gun inquired.

"Last night quite late," she answered.

"You mean after dinner?"

"I imagine he'd dined. He takes all his meals in his suite, and has done so since I came."

Gun flicked his lighter and held it up to Valerie's cigarette.

"Doesn't it strike you as rather peculiar that an invalid should choose the night-time for travelling?" he asked.

She paused, wondering, and answered:

"I suppose it is rather strange. He never goes out in the daytime, not even in the

gardens—but since Leopold's death, he's not been the same man."

"It must have been a severe blow to him; it must have aged him. Doesn't it also somehow appear to you rather strange that—?" Gun broke off. It seemed hardly fair to worry her with what might only be his unreasonable suspicions.

"Go on," she said.

"I was just wondering," Gun said airily, "why you'd not ridden over to the hunting-box to see Greville."

"I honestly thought it was better not, Gun. You must explain that to Greville. I was told that my uncle didn't wish me to do that."

"Through Tode?" Gun interposed.

Valerie nodded her head.

"Have you any friend in the Castle whom you can trust—just in case . . ."

Gun's question was never answered, for at that moment there was a knock at the door: at the same time it opened slowly outwards. In the passage, and facing the door, four servants stood beside an invalid chair on which was seated a bald-headed man, a fat man, pale and shiny, a man with a fixed and constant smile.

IT was Valerie who spoke first.

"Perhaps you would like to be brought in?" "Are the gates of heaven wide enough, Gnädige?" he said in a high, piping voice.

Two servants opened the double doors and Herr Tode was carried into the room, seated comfortably and smiling in his invalid chair.

"Gun, may I introduce—Herr Tode," Valerie exclaimed, "my uncle's right hand. Herr Tode, it will be a pleasure for you to see Leopold's friend, Herr Cotton."

"Alle Anfang ist schwer—you know the saying?" Tode asked.

Gun laughed pleasantly.

"Goethe, it sounds like—every beginning is cheerful; certainly we are happier without too much vision. But I think he also said, 'Alle Anfang ist schwer'—every beginning is difficult."

The servants had retired. Gun took a closer view of this man who had taken over the affairs of Ritszenhausen and ruled the Castle with an iron hand. Seated in his pine-wood chair he appeared enormously stout; he was pale, startlingly pale for a man of his bulk, with small dark eyes, accentuated by the puffy rolls of flesh about them; watchful eyes they seemed to Gun, peering and prying, inquisitive and observant. Herr Tode represented a picture of well-fed decay.

"You remember the Castle, Herr Cotton; no doubt there have been changes since you were here last. Changes are never popular. I came along with a new broom," the man chuckled. "And the Princess—you only remember her as a little girl? She has grown." The smile was still on his lips. "She has grown in loveliness and in worldliness, though her uncle thinks not in discretion." He wagged a stubby finger at Valerie while roguishly winking at Gun.

Altogether the man was definitely objectionable. There was a familiar tone which kept breaking through his ceremonious manner.

"I have still to learn that a princess should worry about the opinion of her uncle's salaried retainer." The girl spoke like a princess and Gun smiled cheerfully, for he could see that Tode had felt the sting of her reply. His eyes, as they looked at Gun, showed his aversion plainly.

"You would like to see His Highness Prince Frederick?" he said quietly, addressing Gun. "It is most unfortunate that you should

come when he is not as well as he might be."

"Ill and away, I am really most unfortunate. I understand that His Highness is at Kerscholt."

"I am afraid so, and for several weeks."

"In that case," Gun announced, "I will drive over there to see him. I'm sure so charming a host as Maurice of Stalheim would not refuse me hospitality."

"He might," countered Tode, "in the interests of the Prince, who has been ordered a complete rest and seclusion. Even here the doctor felt that the fact that he was in his own home would make him anxious to do those things he was accustomed to."

"I think His Highness might like to see me all the same. It is my first visit since I came here many years ago as a friend of Prince Leopold, and we should have many things to talk about that would interest and not worry him."

Tode appeared to ponder for a moment.

"I think it might be arranged, Gradipe Purstin," he said, turning to Valerie: "definitely it should be arranged; in fact it must if you will accept the offer of my aid in this matter, Herr Cotton."

"Accept your offer most willingly," Gun replied thoughtfully; he was economical of contempt. "It's pleasant to know that you appreciate what His Highness' wishes would be in the matter."

Tode looked up quickly, but Gun was offering a cigarette to Valerie with his friendly eyes intent on hers. Tode's change of front had come suddenly.

"Would the Princess excuse me if I persuaded Herr Cotton to accompany me to my room, where we might have a talk together, and where from my window he may admire the view?"

Gun eyed his hostess in polite inquiry. "That's for you to decide, Gun," she replied. "I'm sure Herr Tode would be greatly disappointed if you refused; he is used to having his own way at Ritzhausen."

Tode's eyes were searching for the bell. Gun immediately stepped to the fireplace and pulled the hanging rope.

"You think quickly," Tode said, with an unmistakable sneer, "and you act quickly." The servants entered and Tode, after grotesque indication of a formal bow to Valerie, was wheeled from the room.

"In case I don't see you again, now that I am here," Gun said to Valerie, "you have more reason—I mean," he corrected himself, slightly confused, "I mean, you've more excuse for riding over to the hunting-box. After all, we are old friends, aren't we?"

"Rather," she said, facing him squarely, her head thrown slightly back. He felt her cool hand gripping his in friendliness. The Tode cortege had stopped at the end of the long corridor; the cripple showed signs of impatience on his flabby face. As Gun joined them, Tode's chair was lifted and they passed on to where a large double door confronted them.

"You have never been in this room?" Tode asked.

Gun confessed that he had not. The room was sparsely furnished—a desk and chairs, no comfortable armchairs, but a settee, as in Valerie's room, placed against the window, though unlike hers, hard and cushionless. Less attractive, too, were the pictures on the wall, most of which it was simple to see were unpleasant in character.

"So this is where you live," Gun said, eyeing the room, the contents and the pictures in a sweeping glance.

The servants retired.

"And that is the view from the window." He gazed out. Already he felt he had seen enough of the vista from Ritzhausen; the Grabenhof in cringing humility was still there below them.

"The same view," Tode said, "with a slight difference."

"The difference being?" Gun inquired dryly.

"The different window you see it through," Tode countered.

"The window makes so little difference," Gun said, "if the angle is the same."

"I want you to like my view; never mind the angle. That was the reason I asked you to accompany me to this room—to see a view and to hear a little advice."

"I'm always interested in a view and ready to listen to, even if I do not act on, any advice, though at times I have been ill-advised."

Tode lifted his podgy hand in protest. "It was only on the subject of your friend, Greville Manning, that I wished to advise you; he was indiscreet, as who wouldn't be, given the chance," he continued. "It was pleasant having his company here at the Castle."

"You liar," Gun murmured.

"I beg your pardon?" Tode leaned forward. His expression was unpleasant.

Tode was silent for a while, and his head sank down until he raised it to speak again. "We liked him here until he offended His Highness," Tode went on, resuming his discourse from the point of interruption; "then he was requested to leave."

Gun nodded seriously.

"Of course," Tode continued, "as soon as I heard of your arrival I knew that you had probably come to intercede. Am I right?" The small pig eyes looked across at Gun quickly, then turned away, scrutinising the walls and ceiling of the room, but never for one instant returning to Gun until the question had been answered.

"I think you're making a great deal of trouble out of a very small incident. If the Princess wished to spend a harmless, and, I'm sure, very amusing evening with Greville Manning, I can't see why she shouldn't."

"That is for her uncle to decide. Perhaps you are unaware of the loss of dignity that comes from such an escapade?" Tode reprovingly said.

"Quite ridiculous," Gun continued.

"Why, in the first place, did your friend come to see us? I understand that it was with a letter of introduction from you."

Gun rose from his seat. "Herr Tode," he said quietly, "I don't feel the least inclined to discuss my friend's actions with you; if there is an explanation or apology to be made, it can be made to His Highness himself."

A look of anger had crept into Tode's eyes. "In the absence of His Highness I represent him, and I can assure you that I am not accustomed to bandying words with one whose friend travels from England on some mysterious mission, for some mysterious purpose."

"If I may say so, without undue offence," Gun said, "you, mein lieber, have brought the manner of boring your listener to a fine art."

Tode's fat hands were gripping the arms of his chair, and the knuckles showed white and moist.

"You would insult an invalid in his chair?" he growled.

"You were inclined to insult my friend in his absence," Gun shrugged his shoulders, laughing lightly. "When we get to know each other better you may even grow to

enjoy my society, and I yours, but for the time being small doses, I think—let it be gradual. Don't you agree with me, Herr Tode?"

"Unless your manner changes I am likely to see less of you than you appear to think," Tode almost spat the words at him. "I am master here. It would be as well for you to understand that."

"Master in someone else's house? An unusual thing when one comes to think about it," Gun said pleasantly. "There must be some reason for that. Even as a child I liked to know the reason for things."

Tode's face had flushed to an ugly red. "You know," Gun continued, "what's that—a low—Why?" Gun laughed happily. "I hope you will let me know exactly when His Highness returns, Herr Tode."

"His Highness Prince Frederick will not receive you—that I can tell you now and finally."

As Gun opened the door to leave he cast an amused glance over his shoulder.

"Don't make decisions in anger," he said. "Anger is the stepmother of indiscretion."

Outside in the corridor a servant awaited him, and Gun was conducted down the main staircase to the hall, where another servant stood holding his hat, gloves and crop.

"Would His Honor like his horse brought to the door?" the servant inquired discreetly. But Gun declined, preferring to find his own way to the stables.

A groom hurried forward. Gun ordered him to saddle his horse. In the half-light Gun leaned against the stable wall. In the air was fragrance, the clinging odour of honeysuckle and the clean smell of fresh hay.

As Gun rode down the slanting road that led from the Castle, the setting sun caught the Grabenhof windows, turning them into flashing rays of scarlet. He glanced quickly at his watch. At the same moment the clock in the Marktplatz boomed out the seventh hour. He had been nine hours in Ritzhausen.

As Gun approached the hunting-box Greville yelled a welcome to him. There was no question of how pleased he was to see his friend back, and how anxious for news of his visit to the Castle. He could learn nothing from Gun's face, but there was a carefree smile on the lips and a twinkle in the friendly eyes.

"Well, I saw your lady of beautiful names," Gun said, throwing his hat and crop to Bauer.

"You did!" cried Greville excitedly.

"Yes, and I saw Tode."

"You saw . . ."

"Yes, I did," Gun exclaimed. "I saw Valerie, such stuff as dreams are made of," he quoted, "and Tode, such stuff as nightmares are made of. I see you're impatient to hear everything. I'll tell you from the beginning, Greville."

To this conclusion Gun was assisted by a whisky and soda. The telling of the story continued throughout dinner, until the cloth was cleared for the port and cigars.

"Valerie has kept away because she felt it might prejudice them against you if she saw you in the meantime."

"How long will the Prince be away?" Greville inquired.

"As long as I'm here, I believe," Gun said. "In any case, I'm certain Tode doesn't mean me to see him. There's something mysterious about the whole situation, something I don't understand, but I mean to see him, Greville, and I'm not leaving here until I do."

Gun sat comfortably in his chair blowing out mouthfuls of cigar smoke. To him there

were all the elements of strange adventure in the situation in which he found himself. Castles, forests, lovers and suspicious characters. So far he had experienced a breaking regard for Maurice of Stalheim, a positive dislike for Tode, and a pleasant, dreamy pleasure in the knowledge that he and Greville were both pledged to the service of Princess Valerie. Bauer had cleared the table and left the room. Now he reappeared. "Tauber has called to see you."

"Show him in," Gun said.

The figure of Tauber was already outlined in the doorway that led to Bauer's quarters. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "I am sorry to disturb you, but it was because my own mind was first disturbed."

"Sit down," Gun said, for the old man was puffing and completely out of breath.

"I've little to tell you, really," he said. "You'll be saying that I blow more steam than I boil water, but I had a visit from Herr Tode himself this evening. He came to me quietly, so quietly that it made me afraid. Two servants only, and he called me to the carriage to speak to him. So different from Count Maurice." The old man wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Herr Tode is not the type of man who thunders at your gates; he moves slowly, and only where the undergrowth is thick." Tauber leaned forward eagerly. "Count Maurice, he says to me, will take you into his service. You will report to him to-morrow." The old man paused. "He doesn't ask me whether I wish to enter the service of Count Maurice. Herr Tode is all-powerful in Ritszenhausen! Dare I disobey?"

"Why should you wish to?" Greville asked, hoping to soothe the old servant, but the words seemed to upset him, causing him to beat his stick repeatedly on the floor.

"I was dismissed—wrongfully dismissed—from the Castle; my rightful master is His Highness Prince Frederick. Would you have me serve a man who before the war was refused admittance to the Castle?"

Greville called up Bauer. "You've made arrangements for Tauber here to-night?"

"He will sleep in the room next to mine," the servant replied.

"You think you did right in coming here?" Gun murmured more to himself than to the old servant. "Perhaps you were right, though I'm not quite sure yet."

Tauber bowed in stately, sedate fashion to the two men, and then pointing through the windows to the tree, he said to Gun: "A wise man, I have always learned, who wishes to hide a leaf will hide it in a forest." And saying this, he left the room.

"He's a funny old character," Greville said thoughtfully. "You don't suppose he's been sent here by Tode to find out what our plans are? It's quite on the cards that Tode might do that—or Maurice either," he added otterly.

That night there was not a whisper in the forest. A brooding calm hung over all, a curiously stillness, slightly oppressive. Gun remembered the forest on the afternoon of his arrival—there had been something of the same atmosphere then, a suggestion of the quiet that comes before big happenings. He threw his cigarette away, and in the deep silence added yet another question to his list—what strange knowledge was that which could make Tode afraid of Tauber?

AS Gun turned in that night he was definitely oppressed with a sense of suspense. Bauer had closed the shutters, but Gun had thrown them open wide, admitting the sweet smells of the forest. Beside the bed on a small table his luminous wrist-watch showed one-

thirty. At a quarter to two he was sitting upright in his bed. Some sound had awakened him; now he listened intently and waited for what was to come, his senses, in the darkness, strained to the uttermost. Suddenly some instinct warned him that someone was standing outside his door, listening and waiting.

Gun's sense of danger was strongly developed. Many a time he had had this to thank for saving his life. Now, as he sat bolt upright, he felt strongly the presence of some unknown danger in the hunting-box. Quickly he slipped his legs over the side of the bed, then listened again. The unknown visitor was stealthily turning the door-knob. Gun slipped his hand under the pillow, where he found his automatic cold and comforting in his hand. It was the movement of a second, and he was standing in his dressing-gown facing the door. He could still hear the creaking door-knob. Suddenly the noise stopped, and he knew that the door was opening slowly towards him. With revolver in one hand deep in his dressing-gown pocket, and torch in the other, Gun waited to receive his unknown guest. The door was open wide now, and he could feel the draught playing through his hair. There was the careful, cat-like tread of the unknown; then Gun's torch pierced the darkness in a stream of yellow light.

"Come straight in," Gun said, with a chuckle. "Why stand on ceremony?"

With his dark eyes shining and a look of surprise on his handsome face, Maurice of Stalheim stood in the doorway. Gun could see that Maurice was completely at a loss how to proceed with his visit.

"Do we start with an explanation," Gun inquired smoothly, "or is that too conventional?" Casually he lighted the lamp beside him.

"You're surprised to see me here," Maurice said hastily.

"Astonished is the word, Stalheim! It is you who are surprised," Gun added with a laugh, for it was amusing to see the usually self-contained Maurice at a loss for words.

"Not so fast, Gun Cotton—will you listen to what I have to say?"

"I'm a man who appreciates kind words," Gun replied mockingly.

"I have come here, then, to repeat my warning to you."

"I wasn't aware of any previous warning," Gun replied with his most engaging smile.

Maurice stepped forward, an angry look in his eye.

"Now, Stalheim," Gun said, raising his hand protestingly, and speaking with calm good humor. "If there's going to be anyone getting angry here to-night, it's going to be me. I claim the right, Stalheim—after all, it's my room you've crept into, it was my sleep you interrupted." Maurice had turned to the dressing-table and was lighting a cigarette. Gun watched him quietly. "So now you realise why I don't allow any show of ill-humor where you are a guest and an unwelcome guest at that."

"There is a certain gentleman who runs the Prince's affairs for him," Maurice said softly.

"For himself," interjected Gun.

Maurice continued, ignoring the interruption. "His name is Herr Tode."

Gun smiled. He was standing with his hands in his silk dressing-gown, watching Maurice with an expression of kindly tolerance on his face. He bowed slightly in Maurice's direction.

"We have met—in fact we had the pleasure of a charming tete-a-tete in which he informed me of his future plans and so forth," Gun added airily.

"I know all about that," Maurice retorted impatiently. "But you asked me why I didn't call sooner—it was because I was anxious that Tode should not know that I had been to see you."

"But surely," Gun said, "a little earlier might have been more convenient."

"It's easy to see that you know very little of Tode's ways and means; nothing you have done is unknown to him, and nothing you do will be unknown to him."

"Really? Between the two of you I'll be feeling quite uncomfortable before I leave Ritszenhausen."

"I heard all about your meeting with Tode. You have made an enemy this afternoon."

"Good heavens!" Gun replied. "You're a tiresome lot."

"Not when our patience is exhausted; then we become more interesting."

"And how long does it take to exhaust your patience?"

"A shorter time than you would think," Maurice answered.

"Well, go on," Gun said wearily.

"It's no good staying on to see the Prince. Tode runs his affairs, and he's determined that you shall not see him, and anything he says goes."

"That, of course, doesn't apply to everyone. I, for instance," Gun said, do not intend to go."

"You're a brave man then."

"Brave man be hanged," laughed Gun.

"HE will be—unless he's careful," Maurice broke in with a mocking laugh.

In some ways you seem to have completely lost your sense of proportion in these parts. Is it quite an unknown thing for one gentleman to visit another, to pay his respects to him as an older man, and one who had been his host on occasion?"

"Things have changed," Maurice replied. "The war wrought a great change in His Highness. He no longer entertains people of enemy countries."

"Not even old friends?" asked Gun dubiously.

"Not even old friends."

"But he has made new friends since I was last in Ritszenhausen," Gun said pointedly. He is less particular than in the old days, it seems."

"It only seems so," replied Maurice with apparent good humor. Of course," he added mysteriously, he is really even more particular than before."

Behind this remark there was something more than Gun understood, something that Maurice was enjoying, which was meaningless to him.

"Tode is all-powerful here, Cotton. The Prince is staying at my place."

"Can't I see him there?" Gun asked.

"I've told you I believe it is not his wish to see you," Maurice replied guardedly.

"Perhaps he could write and let me know."

"You're wasting your time, Cotton; the letter would be replied to by Tode himself. Hanging on here with Greville Manning may even get Her Highness into trouble with her uncle."

"She can look after herself, I think," Gun replied.

Maurice shrugged his shoulders. "You're obstinate people, you Englishmen. Why not get out of it now before there's trouble. You pretend to be peacemakers, to love peace and goodwill, but you're the first to get into any fight and the last to get out of it."

"My poor Stalheim," Gun answered gently.

"I've no wish to have a fight with anyone, but I won't stand anyone interfering with what I consider to be my own private affair."

"A private affair with a beautiful princess!"

Gun's hand shot out, slapping Maurice with open palm across the face.

"I'd rather you kept that lady's name from your lips," Gun spoke quietly, with authority.

Maurice had stepped back; a deep flush had mounted to his face.

"I'll make you pay for that," he growled between his teeth. "I was out to help you."

"To help me out," Gun said, smiling. "To suit your own ends. Don't trouble, my friend, I can still look after myself."

Maurice had regained his composure, and was fingering the door-latch with his slender hand.

"We'll meet, Gun Cotton—you won't be disappointed. You know how unconventional I am." He looked round the room and suggested in his glance and upraised eyebrows the manner of his visit. "I think I'd rather leave the matter to the time when it will be ripe. You don't doubt my courage?" he asked quickly.

"No, I don't," Gun replied without hesitation. He knew enough of Maurice to know that it happened to be unfortunate that his horror was more in question than his courage. "Let me show you out," he continued, holding the lamp before him as he led the way. "In the hall there is a sideboard, and on the sideboard there is a decanter—of cognac." He indicated it.

Maurice helped himself calmly, ignoring the allusion. Gun refused.

"I have told you then, and you understand, that as long as you stay here and press for an audience with the Prince, we are your enemies, and you will be surrounded by danger. That's frank, isn't it?" said Maurice as he set down his glass.

"As frank as a sword thrust," Gun replied, smiling, "but far less effective."

He had opened the door wide, but Maurice was already half-way through the window. "Went out by that same door as in I went," he quoted. Gun laughed heartily, for there was something amusing about Maurice knowing his Omar. There was no limit to his impudence.

THE next few days passed quickly and uneventfully. Twice Gun rode over to the Castle of Ritzhausen to see Valerie and to hear news of Prince Frederick's return; twice he returned with letters from Valerie to Greville, but without further news of the Prince. Gun did not see Tode, for he too had left for Kerscholt. Greville pointed out to Gun that it would be nothing short of madness for him to present himself at Kerscholt. Maurice had made his intentions perfectly clear, though Gun Cotton felt instinctively that by approaching Maurice in his own camp he was doing what that young man in his place would have done; there was something in Maurice's make-up that was slightly quixotic, a streak of mischief that might lead him into some reckless action, at the expense of Tode. Gun had never seen the two together, but he felt sure that except for their unaccountable partnership there was no love lost.

Greville and Gun had argued and reasoned from every angle the curious position in which they were placed.

The two men were riding their horses at a walk through the forest. Gun had definitely made up his mind that he would never leave Ritzhausen before he had seen the Prince. That afternoon they had decided to ride over to Kerscholt and demand an interview. The trees were thinning out as they moved forward, and Gun realised that the old Castle

of Kerscholt could not be far distant. They were crossing the loop the stream made before throwing itself down the ravine that lay before the Castle. Greville had heard from Gun's lips the story of Maurice's arrival the previous night. Gun confessed that he could think of no reason for the visit; no reason, at least, better than the one given.

"He was going behind Tode's back to warn us," Greville said sarcastically. "He looked surprised when you threw your flashlight on to him?"

Gun smiled at the recollection. "He looked rather like a ghost with a stomach-ache," he answered with his infectious laugh.

The two Englishmen had decided to beard Maurice, Tode & Co. together. Before leaving, Gun had written full instructions how Tode was to behave in the case of their absence being prolonged. With a comparatively easy mind, therefore, he took the slope that ended at the edge of the ravine. He was the first to bring up the Castle into view, Greville following, and he pulled his horse up suddenly as he gazed across the narrow ravine at the Castle of Kerscholt squatting on the far side.

Greville emitted a singularly expressive whistle.

As they scouted round, following the ravine, the great Castle appeared to grow even more formidable, and the slit windows seemed to be watching them with half-closed, inquisitive eyes. A turning beyond another massive buttress, and the main gateway into the Castle came into view. The road that ran from Ritzhausen came suddenly to an end. Opposite stood the lofty entrance and the drawbridge. It was up, and the roadway into the Castle closed. The distance between the far edge of the ravine and Castle was about forty-five yards. When lowered the drawbridge spanned this.

As Gun gazed at the bottom of the drawbridge, with its great studded surface, he realised the hopeless futility of trying to enter the Castle by surprise. The drawbridge up fitted close into the walls.

"How many entrances are there to this place?" Greville asked in a tone of disgust.

"This is the only one I know of. The place was originally built as a fortress, and it has remained one to all intents and appearances," Gun replied thoughtfully. "It certainly looks a brute of a place. Hello," he whispered tensely.

They had drawn back into the shadow of the trees. As they sat their horses, gazing gloomily at the Castle, suddenly the sound of a bell reached their ears. Gun rode forward cautiously. A rider was seated impatiently holding his horse in as the bridge slowly descended. At that moment Gun saw his profile.

"Come on, Greville," he cried, riding forward and shouting in a loud voice. "Stalheim!"

Maurice turned in surprise, but there was a smile on his face as they rode up.

"Welcome!" he cried. "I have just left your place. Herr Tode wanted me to ask you over to meet the Prince."

Maurice's information came as a pleasant surprise to the Englishmen. The position had changed very suddenly, too suddenly, it seemed to Gun.

The drawbridge was in position now, and Maurice, bowing slightly, invited them to pass over. Thus in the early afternoon of a July day, Gun Cotton and his friend, Greville Manning, rode into the Castle of Kerscholt. Grooms hurried forward as they dismounted. Instinctively Gun turned; the great drawbridge was slowly being raised behind them. Maurice led the way and conducted them through a small door, thence

up a spiral staircase to a long, low room. At one end of it slit windows looked over the ravine, at the other a large casement window commanded a view over the courtyard. In one corner a camp-bed stood against the wall. Rows of books and stools, a small dressing-table, a bookshelf and a cupboard, all made up a room whose sparse furnishing suggested that its occupant might be a soldier.

"My room," Maurice announced; "there are rooms in my home more luxurious, I can assure you, but none I like better." He smiled at Gun with that curiously evil smile. "Can I offer you a drink?" he said, indicating the bell-rope with a gesture.

Both men refused, but Gun accepted a cigarette.

"The Prince is quite anxious to see you, Cotton," Maurice said.

Gun bowed ceremoniously. "I was not forgotten then," he said.

"His Highness will see you at half-past five, so that I brought you up here for a little talk before then."

Gun seated himself by the window, while Greville remained standing.

I REALLY wanted to ask you not to bring Tode into disgrace with the Prince; you, as an old friend, might have it in your power, if you so wished, to get the poor man into disfavour. Also, I'm most anxious not to upset His Highness for a reason that I spoke to you about at the Grabenhof.

"The motor lorries," Gun chimed in, "from Ritzhausen to the river."

"Your memory does my powers of persuasion credit," Maurice said laughingly, for he had noticed the bantering tone in which the words were spoken.

"How long will the interview last?" Greville asked, speaking for the first time since his entry into Kerscholt.

"It will be rather short, I believe," Maurice answered. "You will be able to see him again, but as I explained, the doctor—"

"We remember what the doctor has said," Gun interrupted.

Maurice jumped to his feet. "Talk of the doctor," he exclaimed, "and here he is."

In the doorway a middle-aged, pale-faced man was standing.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, stroking his colorless hair, then pulling nervously at his ragged little moustache, "you must excuse me breaking in on you, but I hear that His Highness, my patient"—he repeated himself in embarrassment—"my patient is far from well, and I was only anxious to get from you an assurance that you would not detain him long or in any way excite him."

"Herr Doktor," Gun replied, rising from his seat, "it is surely for the Prince, your patient, to determine the length of the interview."

"That may be so," the little man replied, "but in the matter of excitement that may be for you to determine. I have been in attendance on His Highness for many years," he continued. "It has required great care and patience to nurse him through the terrible after-the-war years."

Maurice nodded to the doctor, who recognised it as a signal of dismissal, for, bowing to the two Englishmen, he turned on his heel and strode down the passage which led, as Gun was to learn later, to the main part of the Castle.

"Talks a lot," Gun said, smiling.

"Don't bother about him," Maurice said lightly, though Gun was left with the impression that Maurice's diabolically clever

way of dismissing either Tode's disfavor or the doctor's request was really intended to throw his behaviour into a more genuine and favorable light.

There was a knock on the door. To Maurice's reply a servant entered. Turning to Maurice the man said, "My lord, His Highness awaits your guests."

GUN would have preferred the interview that was before them to have taken place privately. It was quite obvious to him from Maurice's determined air that he, too, would be there. Thus there would be no possibility of interceding for Greville. These thoughts passed through Gun's mind as they were conducted ceremoniously down the dark passages of Castle Kerscholt; behind him Greville, and bringing up the rear, Maurice, light-footed and, Gun guessed, smiling darkly.

The way before them seemed endless. The Castle appeared to be unfurnished, and the muffled on which they trod did nothing to muffle the hollow echo of their movements. At this point in Gun's thoughts the servant ahead of him, after a moment's hesitation, opened a door before him and ushered them into a long, vault-like chamber. The ceiling was concave; against bare walls of rough stone a few chairs stood at regular intervals. Several small windows pierced the left-hand wall overlooking the courtyard. There were gloomy shadows about that room; it suggested everlasting twilight; and then Gun noticed that at the far end an angle of the wall jutted forward, and beyond that he could see the foot of a brocade-covered bed. Maurice touched his arm, guiding him forward, and, with Greville beside him, Gun stood facing the Prince. Gun bowed and smiled, for the old man had stretched out his hand to him. In that brief instant their eyes met. To Gun, who had known the old man (for it was an old man who sat up facing him in the bed in the prime of life, there was something pathetic in finding that the vigor and brightness in his eyes had gone with the years.

"Welcome, my friend, after so many years! You bring back to vividly to me the memory of my Leopold. You have not forgotten those days?" He leaned back on his pillows, his head touching the great red screen behind him.

At that moment Gun noticed for the first time the presence of Tode in the room. He was seated in his invalid chair, almost invisible in the lurking shadows.

"I could never forget those times, Hohent—the friendship of Leopold," Gun said, "and the hospitality of his father."

"You remember the well?" the Prince asked, with a slight chuckle.

Gun realized that the Prince's memory was as good as ever. He was hardly likely to have forgotten Greville, nor had he, for at that moment he addressed him.

"Ah, Mr. Manning," he said, "it was kind of you to ride over with your friend to see me."

Tode, who had been watching the proceedings with interest, interrupted the Prince with a curt apology. "Your Highness will excuse me—Mr. Manning is entertaining Mr. Cotton as his guest at the shooting-box in the forest."

Prince Frederick smiled pleasantly. "Of course," he said. "I had forgotten. Mr. Manning left us to take up his residence there. I hope you have been comfortable there. You must let Herr Tode know whether there is anything we can do to add to your comfort."

It had been Gun's intention to ask the

Prince for a few minutes' private audience with him, but now he hesitated.

"I hope you will come over to see me again, Mr. Cotton," the Prince said softly. "I am an old man now, something different from Leopold's father that you knew in those Heidelberg days." He sighed. "And things have changed since then."

And people too, Gun stifled the temptation to add; instead he answered: "You have changed very little, sir, far less than I had been led to believe."

For one second Gun could have sworn that Tode glanced nervously at Maurice, who stood beside Greville.

The Prince questioned Gun about his life, what he had done during the war and since the war. Tode, Gun could see, was growing restless, he was fidgeting with his hands, tapping the arms of the chair with the edges of his bitten nails.

"You must not tire yourself unduly, Hohent," he whispered, loud enough for Gun to hear.

Gun, too, was now anxious to be gone: there were too many disturbing elements about the interview to allow him to be quite at his ease. Moreover, there was Maurice standing beside Greville, smiling all the time gravely, with one hand in his pocket; and Gun knew that the hand held an automatic. Too many hosts may spoil a party. Gun thanked the Prince for his kindness. He said that he might stay on a few days with Greville, in which case he would present himself again at Kerscholt, in the hope that His Highness would receive him again. Altogether it was a very gracious and charming speech that Gun made, and it terminated with his most engaging smile. Even Tode was disarmed sufficiently to nod his head pleasantly and to wink a beady eye at Maurice.

There were few things that escaped Gun's dreamy eye, with its sleepy look that travelled slowly round a room, a look charming and amusing. Maurice, too, was smiling. Quite suddenly, as Gun and Greville bowed their way out, a sense of relief seemed to descend on the room. Maurice conducted them back to his own apartment in the best of spirits, like a man who has concluded a successful deal.

Maurice spoke first. "How did you find His Highness?" he asked.

"I found him in bed, otherwise the same as ever; a little older in appearance," Gun cocked an eye at Maurice.

"Of course, a little older, Cotton," Maurice spoke in a quietly amused voice, but Gun could see that he was not quite at his ease.

Greville, as usual, took little notice; Maurice, and for his part was only waiting with pleasure the moment of departure.

"Before you leave," said Maurice gaily, "you must come over here and have a good look round. It's an old place this. Older than Rittenhausen, and with secret passages and dungeons."

Gun watched Maurice curiously. "Any ghosts in them?" he asked quietly.

"If there are, they're locked up safely," was Maurice's cool retort.

However closely Gun watched Maurice he always felt the difficulty of summing him up.

"That's agreed, then," Maurice broke in on Gun's thoughts. "You're coming over again—that's if you're not afraid of ghosts."

"Rather not," Gun replied. "Ghosts are very interesting people. It must be great fun being dead now and then."

"Chain-dragging has always struck me as being a poor occupation," Maurice said.

"That's only for prisoner ghosts," Gun replied lightly. In the passage a servant

stood in the livery of Kerscholt, half domestic and half hunting in design. Maurice bowed slightly in wishing them good-bye. He avoided the more English hand-clasp, probably because he realised Greville's antipathy towards him. There were times when Maurice could be tactful.

The servant conducted them down the stone spiral staircase by which they had ascended. In a few minutes their horses were led into the twilight-shadowed courtyard.

Gun rode quietly and thoughtfully by Greville's side. They had taken the ride that would lead them to their hunting-box. The clearing before the Castle traversed, Gun drew in his horse by the forest edge. Gazing back to Kerscholt, they could see that the drawbridge had been hoisted back into its place. No light showed, and the Castle crouched in the dusk like some great monster.

"They like the darkness there," Greville said, nodding his head towards it.

"Steel shutters, Greville—perhaps you didn't notice; they keep in the light and keep out . . . bullets."

From the main tower masthead the Kerscholt flag stretched against the evening sky, black like a banner of smoke. Gun turned his horse into the comfort of the forest.

"YOU noticed how anxious Tode was during the interview with the Prince? Did you notice Maurice's hand? It was in his pocket, and the gun he held was diplomatically concealed. A thoughtless move might have led to trouble; a false situation must be met with a false expression."

"I don't know what on earth you're leading up to, Gun, but you're taking a long time about it."

"So that you shall understand the exact position and how extraordinary unassuming it is. With your permission I will continue"—Greville was about to speak—"without interruption. Ghosts come into this story, which isn't a story for children—ghosts and dungeons, dungeons where prisoners can be conveniently housed; actors, too, they come in. Have you ever seen a man when he has been coached to play a part—he finds it difficult to keep his eyes off the man who has taught him. You know that nervous, am-I-doing-it-right expression?"

They could see the lights of the hunting-box through the trees. Gun signalled Greville to draw rein.

"The sinister suspicions that Valerie's remark gave rise to were fully confirmed this afternoon."

Even in the gloom Greville could see the excitement in Gun's eyes. He was smiling with an expression of adventure in his face. "What was her remark, Gun?"

"She was telling me how ill the Prince had been since she had lived in Rittenhausen. He is a confirmed invalid now. Since Leopold's death he's not been the same man." You understand, Greville? Suspicion came to me with those words; this afternoon those dread suspicions were confirmed."

Greville remained silent. Quickly the realization followed Gun's explanation. The Prince Frederick they had seen was not the Prince-Frederick Gun had known. Tode and Maurice had been anxious to keep Gun from seeing the Prince. Non-recognition on his part would have meant exposure. Gun must have played his part well.

"The man was like the Prince then?" Greville inquired.

"Like enough, but it wasn't Prince Frederick of Ritzhausen—not the one I knew, Greville. No, sir!"

Greville whistled softly in amazement. "And the real Prince, where's he?"

"That," said Gun, laughing softly, "is what you and I are here to find out."

WITH his peculiar instinct for scenting trouble, Gun from the very first had suspected all was not well at Ritzhausen. The moment of his meeting with Maurice's Prince had sent a thrill down his spine comparable only to a man's first vertical turn in an aeroplane. There was no question about leaving Ritzhausen now. Their best course was to lull Tode & Co.'s minds into a state of unwatchfulness and then move cautiously to their ultimate purpose of finding the real Prince, if he still lived.

"Bluffing for eleven years," Greville said. "How the devil have they done it?"

"The impostor is not so unlike what His genuine Highness might be," Gun answered seriously. "The war must have changed things at Ritzhausen. I understand now why it was necessary to dismiss all the old servants. Once they'd got them out of the way the course became fairly clear. All they had to give out was that the Prince was an invalid; the rest must have been comparatively easy."

"But Valerie?"

"She was not likely to recollect him so well. Remember she was only a kid before the war, and returning afterwards with no reason to suspect anything, she must have accepted the Prince quite naturally as her uncle."

"Why get her back at all?" Greville asked. "The reason for that's obvious. The Prince was her trustee and had full control of her money, so that Tode & Co. automatically took over the control of her fortune, something you can be sure that they wouldn't leave out of their calculations."

"And the real Prince?"

"Our job's to find him."

"You're sure he's . . . alive, Gun?"

Gun leaned back in his chair. In the haunting solitude of the forest the frail hunting-box seemed to offer little protection against a possible offensive from their enemies.

"I believe he's alive. I don't think they would take the risk of doing away with him."

"What's the next move?" Greville asked anxiously.

"I'm not certain yet. They talked about a further meeting with the Prince. Was that to ally suspicion, or was it because they are now anxious to know what business brought you to Ritzhausen in the first instance? That's the question," Gun said. "We may be invited to Kerscholt again. Tode may not be convinced that I have not recognised their Prince as a fake."

"And Valerie, are we going to tell her?"

"Not yet. What we know is something that is dangerous to know."

Greville laughed a little harshly, and there was an uneasy look in his eye.

"We've got to be careful on all sides, but it would be quite natural to see her, couldn't it?" He glanced inquiringly at Gun.

"Heaven knows what would strike Tode & Co. as natural," Gun replied. "Listen!"

Somewhere in the darkness of the forest the drumming of hoof-beats broke the silence of the night. As the two men listened the sound died away and was lost.

"Someone's in a hurry to-night," Gun said softly, "Ritzhausen way."

Greville stared moodily before him. He had learned enough that day to give him anxious moments. The diabolical schemes into which chance had thrust him filled him with anger. As he watched Gun, with his easy manner and calm outlook, he wondered whether his friend was not half-inclined to enjoy the situation as an adventure to be met with a smile and that haunting laugh of his.

"I've less time than I thought," a soft voice spoke.

Both men were suddenly aware of Valerie's presence in the doorway.

"What makes you think that?" Gun asked, while Greville, speechless with surprise, looked on.

"You're not as surprised to see me as Greville," she said laughingly.

"I have long ago ceased to be surprised at anything a woman, especially a beautiful woman, will do," Gun replied, bowing while Valerie gave her hand to Greville.

"Aren't you taking a great risk in coming here?" he suggested.

"It's done now," she answered with a haughty toss of her little head.

"But you said you'd less time than you thought," Gun brought her back to her first remark.

"Someone has just passed through the forest, riding all out for Ritzhausen," she said in her rich tones. "I heard him coming and hid in the trees; in the darkness it was difficult to recognise the horseman, but no one rides like that except one person—Maurice."

"Why at this time of night?" Greville inquired anxiously.

Valerie shrugged her shoulders. In her riding breeches and jumper her young figure showed to advantage. The mystery horseman had brought a strange excitement into her blue eyes, and the light of adventure animated her face.

"If you'll excuse me," Gun said, moving vaguely towards the door, "you see . . ."

"You've got to pack, or you've letters to write," Valerie said, with laughter in her eyes. "Gun Cotton ought to have a better excuse than that; much too ordinary altogether."

"I want to sleep," Gun replied frankly, "or to dream."

"About me?"

"About you both," he answered, smiling.

Later, as he lay in bed, Gun wondered what Greville had said to Valerie. He hoped the subject of the Prince had not arisen. Greville would easily betray his thoughts under the watchful fascination of Valerie's eyes. Was he making love to her, desperately and devotedly, or casually with shy diffidence?

Gun was lighting a final cigarette when Valerie returned; as Gun surmised, he had been to see her on her way.

"Fun?" Gun asked.

"Oh, I don't know, that's rather a funny word."

"Exactly," Gun laughed; "that's where the English language is so brilliant."

"Well, I did have fun, then," Greville said. "I was telling her about my hunters and the pack I ride with. She's played golf on nearly all the German courses I know—those sort of things make links—excuse the pun, but they do, you know," Greville added seriously.

"I told Valerie nothing about our interview. I think she guessed something was wrong, but she never mentioned it. There was a puzzled expression in her eyes."

Gun watched his friend pacing the room, stopping every few minutes before the open window and gazing out into the forest.

"A deep and deadly business, Gun," said Greville, suddenly betraying his thoughts.

"I hope Maurice's ride over to Ritzhausen was not to discover her movements. I wouldn't like to think that I was bringing more disfavor on her. You don't seem to trouble much," he exclaimed, turning to Gun.

"There's enough trouble as it is," Gun was leaning back on his pillow, a smoking cigarette between his lips.

"Yes, but for heaven's sake, we've got to do something," Greville cried hoarsely.

"Calm down, Greville. Getting excited doesn't help. Our only hope of getting to the bottom of this business is to keep the other side satisfied that we've no objection to their Prince. If they suspect that we know the truth, then the job's going to be infinitely more difficult. This business is like a horse—it needs gentle handling."

"Yes, but—"

"But it's a fatal thing to discuss your plans at an open window, after all," said Gun, blowing out the candle at his bedside. "We've learned something useful to-day. I can see farther now, Greville. To-day we've pushed back the trees from the horizon. Good night."

"YOU think I should accept service with Count Maurice?"

"It may be the shortest way of re-establishing yourself at Ritzhausen," Gun replied. Tauber stood twisting his hat in his hands, an expression of uncertainty in his wise old eyes. "Besides, there you may learn so much."

"Is it possible that I might learn the reason why Herr Tode should fear me?"

"You might, though there are some things which it is wisest not to learn."

"I am ready to take your advice, then," said Tauber resignedly.

They were standing behind the hunting-box in a part that was given over to the stables. Tauber had sought out Gun to ask his advice. He had been thinking over Tode's offer, and he knew that it would not be long before Tode learned that he was staying with the Englishman. Gun realised that with Tauber at Kerscholt they would have someone who might later turn out useful to them.

"I am willing to serve my master as I used to before I left the Castle; my family have been faithful to his house for many generations now, and my loyalty is still as strong as ever," Tauber paused thoughtfully. "I am only anxious that it is His Highness who is taking me back and not Count Maurice."

The man's genuine feeling towards the Prince was so unmistakable and sincere that Gun was persuaded that Tauber should be warned of the true state of affairs.

"His Highness has changed, Tauber," Gun said seriously.

"He must have changed in mind, certainly," the servant replied.

"Yes, but more particularly in appearance. I want you to remember that so that you will not offend him by showing surprise; although being surprised is not an offence in itself, yet, my friend," Gun continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "the consequences of showing it too plainly sometimes lead to disaster; you understand."

"I understand all you want me to," Tauber replied shrewdly. "I understand as well that service at Kerscholt may not be as pleasant as I would have liked, but I am prepared to risk that to regain my position."

"Do they know that you have been to see me?"

"I think not; I walked here through the forest in the evening by little-known tracks. I told no one. I passed no one, and Bauer is my friend." The old man shook his head

doubtfully. "But with Herr Tode there is little that escapes his knowledge."

Gun could hear Greville calling him from the front of the hunting-box. Bauer appeared, and Gun sent him back with a message to Greville that he would join him later.

Greville, seated in a deep armchair, leaned forward and twisted his cigarette impatiently into an ash-tray. The business of the Prince was beginning to get on his nerves. The impostor they had come to call Prince "Z." Since their discovery of the great deception they had made no move; Gun had decided that for the time being any action on their part might arouse the suspicion of Tode & Co.

Gun entered the room and interrupted his thoughts. He stood leaning against the doorway, a cigarette between his lips.

"Our campaign opens, Greville," he said; "your impatience has been rewarded—Tauber goes to Kerscholt to-night."

"On Tode's invitation?"

"Exactly."

"You have warned him?"

I HAVE told him everything," Gun replied. "At first I meant to tell him just a little, but it didn't seem quite fair. After all, there's no knowing what they might do to him if he gave away the fact that he knew."

"He's an old man. Gun, you don't think he'll forget?"

"A pilot would forget to post a ship's letters before Tauber would forget."

"Supposing Tode knows that Tauber has been here with us?"

Gun shrugged his shoulders. "We're chancing that. They say Tode's got men under cover watching everything for him, but these things are often grossly exaggerated."

"Like Mark Twain's death?"

"Splendid," Gun said, with his pleasant laugh. "That's the first bright remark I've heard from you for three days."

"Oh, I've had news from Valerie. It came swallow-winged," said Greville sarcastically; then pointing to a man standing by his horse in the trees, he added: "In the person of that bird over there, and he's waiting for an answer." Greville tossed over the letter from Ritzhausen.

Gun read:

"Greville dear, I can't get over to see you this evening. My uncle has heard of our meetings and he disapproves—he has forbidden me to visit you again. What am I to do? I can disobey him, of course, but I'm independent enough to know that often what you want comes quicker through persuasion than disobedience. To-morrow I will visit my uncle, disguised as the goddess 'Gaudia,' with honey on my lips and the thought of you in my heart. The writer of this charming letter is a little worried, perhaps unnecessarily, but instinctively."

The letter reverted to the first person.

"Greville, I don't understand what is going on. Won't you tell me? I've seen the trouble in your eyes, something you're trying to hide from me: if you'd only take me into your confidence I might be able to help you. I'm not going to ask Gun—he only laughs and lights more cigarettes, which is merely deceitful. The more I know, the more persuasive I can be, obviously; so I leave it to you to decide for

"VALERIE."

Gun folded up the letter and returned it to Greville. "It's not a letter, it's an ultimatum. There'll be four of us in the know then. Write to her to come over when she likes—it's dangerous sometimes keeping

something from a woman when she suspects. They've so few scruples from whom they make their inquiries."

Greville sent for Bauer, who delivered the reply to the messenger. Gun watched the man wipe his brow, for the afternoon was sultry; spurring his horse he took the dusty ride that led to Ritzhausen.

"I suppose it's all right," Gun said. "You understand I was anxious not to tell her until we had cleared things up. Tauber knows, and now Valerie is to know. In my opinion, without being melodramatic, I feel it may be slightly dangerous for the person who knows too much about Prince Frederick and Prince 'Z.'"

"It's going to be a shock to her," said Greville. "Although she only saw very little of him, I believe she liked her uncle."

"When do you think she'll be over?"

"To-night, I imagine, as soon as she gets your reply. There is nothing so inquisitive as a woman—unless it's a man." Gun stood up. "Bauer!" he called.

The servant entered with his usual expression of patient gloom.

"This place is beginning to depress me," Gun exclaimed. "Have I just interrupted you screwing up a coffin? Cheer up, Bauer, things are never so bad that they couldn't be worse. A duster, quick," he added, pointing to his feet. While Bauer polished up the dusty boots, Gun explained to Greville: "I'll leave you to tell Valerie everything. I'm not too good at that sort of thing myself. She ought to be thankful that the fellow's not really her uncle; but women are queer creatures, the more beautiful the more peculiar, and she may even cry—so be prepared."

"Yes, but why leave it to me?" Greville protested.

"Because I crave for the wild life of Ritzhausen, and the gay revelry of the Grabenhof."

"Well, you're easily pleased if you expect to find amusement there."

"Then perhaps it is the cool shadows of the houses, sunset in the Marktplatz, and the starry lights in Fraulein Hansi's eyes."

"And who is Fraulein Hansi?" Greville asked seriously.

"Hansi, my friend, is quite the most beautiful lady I ever bought cigars from, but her taste is execrable."

"Her taste in cigars?"

"No, her taste in men. It is well known in Ritzhausen that she is more than interested in Maurice."

"And Maurice?"

Gun raised his eyebrows. "It's difficult to say with that astonishing man," he answered, "his feelings are as fickle as a summer night's dream or a winter night's dream—but why d'you keep me talking here when I'm all impatience to leave your depressing presence?"

"Go along, Gun, get out of it," cried Greville, smiling; "you always do exactly as you like and then pretend that someone else has persuaded you to do it. I want to see Valerie alone."

Gun noticed a nervous look in Greville's eye.

"Besides, you take this whole business as a joke—don't try to deny it," Greville accused him, knocking out his pipe viciously on the red-brick hearth.

"Don't be ridiculous," replied Gun, throwing a cigarette through the air to Greville; "it's no good trying to make out that I'm a man of blood. I'm essentially a man of peace."

There was a laughing devilry in his eyes that belied the words.

"What I mean is this," continued Greville seriously. "We're drifting into trouble. You know Prince 'Z' is an impostor; then why

on earth don't we inform the police and have the whole matter gone into and let them do the prosecuting?"

"For this reason," Gun answered quietly, in the low tones he adopted in his most serious moments. "If we get the police in at this stage of the game, the risk to our real Prince would be terrible should the police hangle it. Who's to prove that Prince 'Z' is not the real and only one? People have got to remember back fourteen years and then swear to his being an impostor. It can only be proved satisfactorily by the presence of the actual Prince Frederick. Moreover, the only police we can appeal to are the Ritzhausen force, and they would think we were lunatics. Imagine two foreigners going on a similar errand to Scotland Yard!"

Greville shook his head, unconvinced; on which Gun forced the point home.

"Your idea is that the police, on the suggestion of two Englishmen, and, mark you, one of them definitely in love, would immediately rush to Kerscholt and arrest Maurice and Tode. Having done that, they would proceed with an inquiry and declare the Prince an impostor on the evidence of two mad Englishmen, and I repeat, one of them definitely in love."

"The real Prince would be there."

"That's presuming he is, Greville, but Kerscholt is not a place to be swooped down on and searched. You've seen enough of it to know that there'd be no surprise entry for the police there. Tode & Co. would have wind of the matter first; long before the hammering at the drawbridge began they'd know the game was up unless the real Prince was out of the way." Gun drew his hand quickly across his throat. "Kaputt, the end! Long live Prince 'Z'! Who would doubt that he was not genuine? Tauber and myself! What would our evidence count for against the others—with no real Prince Frederick of Ritzhausen to produce, and a little Princess who doesn't know?"

Greville walked towards Gun. "It's a devilish serious thing we're letting ourselves in for," he whispered. "You're absolutely certain, Gun, that the Prince we saw is an impostor?"

Gun looked Greville seriously in the eyes. "I'm as certain of it"—he smiled grimly—"as that Grant Street, Bombay, is too long, or that there are forty thousand speak-easies in New York, or . . . but I'll spare you the rest. Besides," he added, with his whimsical smile, "I'm not the kind to steer my own fate or anyone else's by a shooting star." Outside through the window, he could see Bauer standing patiently with his horse. He stood silent, a cigarette between his lips, watching Greville. "Any more orders?" he inquired airily.

"Yes," Greville replied; "don't waste too much time buying cigars, and don't drink too much beer in Ritzhausen."

KRANTZ had served the Stalheim family since childhood, his father before him too; often they had been ill-paid, but, everything taken into account, he, like his father, had been, and was content to remain on, doing his work silently and efficiently, asking—and answering—no questions. On hearing the news that Tauber was to join the household, Krantz had not been altogether pleased. He knew Tauber, and up to a point he liked him.

Krantz looked up quickly from his meditations. The small motor car, which had been sent to collect Tauber, appeared on the white road. As the car stopped before the most Krantz cried a greeting, and turning the wheel that operated the weights beside him, he lowered the drawbridge into position. The shining top of the car, mov-

ing slowly across and under the great archway, became lost to view. Wearily he turned again to the wheel.

In a large, oblong room, with vaulted ceiling and long, narrow windows, Tode and Maurice were seated, deep in conversation. "Not a word from the Englishman?" Tode lisped.

"I don't see there's any reason to worry about that," Maurice replied. "They're probably packing up, and in a few days we shall hear that they've left. You can't hurry a confounded Englishman."

"You may not be able to hurry them, Maurice, but can you deceive them?" Tode suppressed a laugh that he felt would not ring true. A thousand times he had asked Maurice this question, until Maurice, too, was growing uneasy.

TODE spoke quietly, but there was a sinister quality in his voice. "We've nothing to fear from this man Cotton—he's a bigger fool than you think."

"Well, if you think that, Tode, you're certainly not a bigger fool than I think you. The man is clever, but all clever men are not blessed with good memories. He may have forgotten the Prince, but he would never be so stupid as to underestimate another man's cleverness."

There was a sallow, flabby look about Tode's face, and a cunning expression in the eyes.

"Tauber will have no way of communicating with outside. I will see to that," Tode said, stroking his cheek. "When's he going to see the Prince? To-morrow?"

"Perhaps."

"Why not to-night in the candlelight, Maurice?"

"To-morrow's best," the Count of Stalheim replied. "It's most important that we should see Tauber's expression clearly. Only from that can we judge whether we've deceived him. Besides, I'm going into Ritzhausen to-night."

"Why must you go there, Maurice?" Tode pleaded. "One day you will commit an indiscretion there, and only trouble can come of it. Your affair with Fraulein Hansi under the Castle walls is madness, and your friendship with Frau Gotz should be terminated immediately."

"Poor Tode," Maurice replied, his dark eyes flashing with amusement. "I have always been indiscreet. Wasn't I indiscreet when almost at our first meeting I suggested to you that I had met a gentleman in Cannes extraordinarily like our poor invalid Prince—wasn't that indiscreet?" Maurice held up his hand, smothering Tode's attempted interruption. "But, you must understand," he continued, "I am only indiscreet to the right people. Hansi loves me. Why shouldn't she? I have been with her to church. I have watched her little serious face during Mass. I have held her hand in mine, and together we have listened to the love songs of the wind in the treetops. I have stroked her hair and felt her long black lashes on my cheek before I kissed the softest mouth in Ritzhausen—the most beautiful mouth—all but one."

"Whose might that be? I thought you were giving me a lesson in discretion? But to return to less interesting people, you referred to Mother Gotz. That old lady was my friend in Ritzhausen when the Prince disapproved of me; when no one would speak to me—except, of course, the women." Maurice bowed gracefully. "Then Mother Gotz remained my friend."

Tode grunted scornfully. He was a man who had given way to temptation. Beneath all his cunning there lurked a strange strain

of respectability. Maurice, despite his unscrupulousness, was naturally too honest to conceal his weaknesses; he gloried in them until time had caused his faithless heart, his winning ways and cheating lips to become a tradition accepted as a fact, feared as such by men and interesting to women.

Tode regretted these qualities in Maurice—not so much because he liked him, but rather because he saw in them a danger to his own security. Since his coming to Ritzhausen, and the substitution of their Prince for the real one, his life had been peculiarly peaceful. Once or twice the easy tenor of existence had been shaken.

Tode remembered still, with a feeling of apprehension, the meeting with the gipsy in the forest. She had warned him that his life would be forfeit in the event of the violent death of someone high in the realm. How had she known about the Prince's presence in captivity at Kerscholt? The warning had come only just in time; already he had discussed the advisability of doing away with the Prince.

Tode had been disconcerted by the gipsy's prophecy. Always a superstitious man, at all costs now he would have no hand in the Prince's death. Cunningly his mind contrived a means to circumvent the gipsy's warning.

"The trouble with you, Tode, is that lately you have developed the dangerous habit of thinking too much."

"I'm worried," Tode answered drearly; "worried about these Englishmen and worried about our Prince."

"You mean because he's ill?"

"Yes, and where should we be if he died on us?"

Maurice's handsome face lit up in a dazzling smile. "We'd bring back the real Prince, or"—his laugh echoed through the room as he thought of some even madder adventure, purposeless except to consummate the devilish workings of Maurice's mind—"or I marry the softest lips in Ritzhausen and . . ."

"We still control the duchy and the estate."

"Well, I do, and who knows—out of kindness of my heart I might find you a position."

Tode squirmed back in his chair. There was something about Maurice's mocking laugh and flashing eyes that frightened him.

"You see, I have never forgotten Mother Gotz," he continued rising from his seat, "therefore, why should I forget you?"

"Ring for my men to carry me away," said Tode abruptly, "unless you yourself are leaving, as you gave me every encouragement to hope was true."

"All right, Tode, I know of eyes more beautiful than yours, a body with more grace, and grace is always irresistible. I'll leave you to your childish thoughts, and don't worry. He waved his hand in farewell. "Good-bye!" The street lamps and the forest stars are calling me. Good-bye, Tode, and if you can't be good, be cautious."

MAURICE'S two-seater Bentley waited in the courtyard. Leaping into it, still hatless, he dismissed the chauffeur, and letting in the clutch, raced for the archway. The drawbridge moved in answer to his three hoots of the siren.

Maurice made a long detour of the town, as the majority of the streets were too narrow for his car. Then, pulling in by the Castle, he drew up silently before the lighted windows of the Grabenhof, sprang out and entered the inn. Mother Gotz was there, seated at her usual place beside the door.

"You come with the darkness."

"And my Bentley."

The crafty little eyes of the woman softened, and she smiled affectionately at Maurice. "A private room for a private gentleman?"

"For a private meeting, Mother."

The old woman led the way along the dimly-lit passage. "I hear Tauber has been taken back into the service of His Highness? A car called for him to-day to take him to Kerscholt."

"News travels fast in Ritzhausen," Maurice replied grimly.

"Aye, bad news does, as it does everywhere."

Mother Gotz knew there were few visits to the inn when Count Maurice had no need of her advice. She led him to his room; it was safer to talk there than in the hall below. She was not disappointed.

"The Englishmen, have they been here?" "One of them, yes, twice."

"Which one?"

"The dark one with the laughing eyes and the cool manner, the one you saw here in this room. He treats me like a great lady, but all the time his eyes are laughing. He's cool and understands life, Count Maurice. I trust he is not an enemy or a rival."

"How could he be that?" Maurice said softly. The old woman's words had disturbed him vaguely.

"I don't know how he could be your enemy, though men of your character do have enemies," she said archly. "But he might be a rival."

"A rival in what?" Maurice cross-examined.

"In anything that men care for."

"Meaning . . . ?"

The old woman shook her head gravely, and shuffled to the door.

GUN COTTON left his horse at the livery stables on the outskirts of the town. As he made his way across the Marktplatz he glanced curiously at the windows of the Grabenhof. A light showed in the window of the room where he had first met Maurice in Ritzhausen. At that moment a figure appeared at the window, and he had no difficulty in recognising the graceful silhouette of Maurice of Stalheim.

A side street branching off the Marktplatz brought him to the front of the inn, with the Castle towering above him. Maurice's Bentley stood before the door, black and gleaming where the lights from the windows were shining on the bright chromium plating.

As Gun entered he saw immediately that Mother Gotz was not in her usual seat. A moment later and he saw Maurice advancing down the passage with the old woman at his heels.

"Will she do as you suggest?" Mother Gotz cried.

As Gun caught these words, Maurice saw him, and Gun could have sworn that he hissed a warning to the old woman behind him.

"Ah, Cotton," he said, "well met."

Gun bowed politely to Mother Gotz. "It is obvious, madame, that you entertain only the most distinguished guests at your hotel," he said. Then, nodding casually to Maurice, he led the way into the smoke-room.

"Care to have a drink, Stalheim?"

"No, thanks," Gun noticed a sulky expression in his eyes.

"Then I'll have a large whisky and soda," said Gun, turning to Mother Gotz. He strolled over to the window, aware of Maurice's angry stare following his movements.

Mother Gotz brought in Gun's drink and

placed it on the table that stood between the two men. Each was eyeing the other carefully. Maurice slightly flushed and Gun superbly cool, like a cold flint capable of hot fire.

Suddenly he drew something from his pocket.

"Catch," he said, throwing it to Gun. The Englishman turned over the object in his hand thoughtfully.

"You would have made a splendid conjuror; pearls of wisdom from your mouth—and now a bullet," said Gun, weighing it in his hand. "There surely must be a rabbit somewhere about you?"

"You know what that is?" asked Maurice tersely, indicating Gun's hand.

"It looks to me extraordinarily like a bullet. I remember seeing quite a selection of these at the Great War Exhibition of 1914-18. It's a size too big for my automatic," he added, tossing it back to Maurice.

"Thanks, Cotton. You see, it's not as far to the station as you thought. Ah, you don't follow me?"

"If I had my choice, no."

"Any time I feel you want it, I can promise not to keep you waiting." This Maurice cried with a gleam in his eye, and then, holding up the bullet, "This," he continued stily, "is a one-way ticket to the devil."

"We're still a little matter to settle, Stahlheim, a matter outstanding since—Of course," Gun broke off. "I don't wish to press you. If I remember rightly it was you who were insulted."

"All right, Cotton, that matter will be settled along with other matters." Maurice seated himself at the table beside which Gun stood. "It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf," he said quietly, looking up at Gun. Maurice winked his eye confidentially.

Gun watched him narrowly; he was well aware that Maurice was eager to know exactly how much he and Greville had learned of the visit to Kerscholt. He was certain that Maurice would gain little help from him in this direction.

"I've no secret to hide from you, Cotton, and you can stay here as long as you can, but if I find you interfering in my business or the affairs of the Prince, I'll run you out of Rittenhausen."

Gun whistled softly. "His Highness Prince Maurice speaks? Well," Gun said slowly, "I'll do anything possible to oblige you within reason, and I'm a man of peace and I hate agencies of all descriptions, but I must admit that I'm first and foremost an inquisitive man, so it looks as though you and I were going to see quite a lot of each other."

"I've nothing to add to what I have already said."

"That being so, I won't detain you. I've just time for a mild cigar, and then home by the bridge-path, Stahlheim, with the moon rising in a silver drive above me, and the murmur of evening winds among the trees." Maurice made an impatient gesture, and then seemed to pause.

"You're an odd fellow, Cotton," he said slowly. "There are moments when I like you. We might have been friends if fate had arranged things differently." Maurice leapt to his feet. Gun heard him speaking to Mother Goetz in the hall. He stood in the doorway glancing over his shoulder at Gun, with his hair black and tousled in the candle-light. "At least," he continued, "we can drink once more together before we part—after all, an open enemy is better than a false friend."

They lifted their glasses. Gun drew thoughtfully at his cigar long after the low throbb of Maurice's Bentley had died away in the distance. He

had decided to dine, and in Rittenhausen he knew a cafe that suited his present mood. He paid his reckoning, not without leaving a generous tip for the good of the house.

Gun turned to his left outside the inn. By keeping the Castle walls on his right, he knew he would eventually end up in the new quarter of the town. He was not disappointed. Soon bright lights appeared ahead of him.

At the end of the avenue he could see a bandstand from whence the strains of a Viennese waltz came wafted through the air. As he strode towards a large open-air restaurant he watched everything about him with that casual yet observant scrutiny characteristic of the seafarer.

The cooking was good, and he felt rewarded for his careful choice; his cigar was in perfect condition; he leaned back contentedly.

Gun was a man who could be satisfied with the simplest things in life, but he had roughed it sufficiently to know the pleasure of securing the best when this was possible. Now, as he sipped his brandy and inhaled the fragrance of his cigar, he enjoyed the thought of all the discomforts that had taught him to enjoy his pleasures.

Suddenly he knew that someone was watching him. He was rarely mistaken about these things. His eyes narrowed slightly. Someone was interested in him, was scrutinising him with the intent gaze that will arouse a sleeping man to consciousness. Gun called for his bill; he knew that anyone intentionally there to keep an eye on him would in all likelihood do the same thing.

As he crossed the market-square he saw a man hurrying towards him.

"Herr Cotton, I have the key of the stables," the man cried.

Gun recognised the stableman.

"I knew you would be crossing this way," the fellow continued. "I was informed so at the Grabenhof."

"Thanks," Gun replied, pocketing the key.

As he wished the man good night he wondered how the Grabenhof had known his movements so accurately.

Gun unlocked the door, and, striking a match, found his way to the inner yard. In the coach-room a dim gaslight was burning. Gun stepped across the yard. Here he would find his saddle and bridle. As he opened the coach-house door the draught extinguished the low-burning gas in a sudden gust. He swore under his breath, and in the darkness he felt for his matches. Suddenly the sensation he had experienced in the restaurant that evening returned to him. Someone was watching him; his sixth sense warned him that he was not alone. In the stable he could hear his horse moving restlessly. He stood motionless, uncertain which way to move. In the darkness a hand fell lightly on his shoulder.

THERE is nothing more disconcerting than a hand laid lightly on your shoulder in the dark. Quickly Gun slid his hand up and gripped the unknown wrist. At the same moment he realised that it was a woman's wrist that he was holding. "What a cold hand," he said softly, as he drew the girl out into the yard. "We must have more light on this scene." He found his matches, and leaving the girl in the doorway re-entered the coach-house and lit the gas.

"Now you can see whether you've got the right man," Gun said, looking intently at the girl framed in the entrance. "And who are you?"

"Hansel's my sister. I'm Mitzi."

Gun liked the independent spirit in the directness and arrangement of the words. They seemed to give some reason for Hansel's existence.

"You're younger?"

The girl nodded; her dark head and the eyes that watched him sleepily had the same gleam as Hansel's.

"I know who you are," she continued. "I followed you from Grabenhof to the new town and then I followed you here. I watched you, as I have often done."

"Why didn't you speak to me before?"

The girl touched her red lips with the tip of her finger, a childish action full of mystery. She shook her head slowly.

"I might have been seen talking to you, and what I have to ask you is for your ears alone." The girl then rested her head wearily against the door-post, her hands light on her slim hips.

GUN judged her to be about fifteen, and yet in her eyes he read the wisdom of the ages.

"Tell me all about it, serious lady," he said, with his friendly smile.

"You know Count Maurice?"

Gun nodded.

"You know Hansel?"

"Yes."

"Hansel must be saved from Count Maurice," she murmured passionately. "No one here in this town or in Rittenhausen would dare interfere; my father has left us and our mother is helpless. We were a gipsy family until Count Maurice entered into our lives. Only you, an Englishman, with nothing to fear from Kerscholt, can save our Hansel for us."

In the girl's eagerness she had moved up to Gun, and he could feel her breath on his cheek, her friendly little hand grip his arm.

"Please don't refuse, please," she pleaded.

"What do you want me to do?" Gun asked.

"I don't see how I can help you."

"You can see Count Maurice, you can tell him that if he really loves Hansel then he will not ruin her life. You can tell him that he is killing our mother, tell him—"

Gun interrupted the flow of words.

"Does Hansel love him?"

"No; she is fascinated and a little frightened by him."

"Can't your mother do anything?"

The girl shook her head.

"I promise to do my best to help you, Mitzi. We'll shake hands on the bargain, I think."

She put her hand in his.

Before he started out for the shooting-box he had walked back with Mitzi to her home and he had seen her mother, a pale, life-tired woman, with a haunted expression in her eyes. Mitzi told her what Gun had promised to do, and the woman made no attempt to hide her gratitude.

Horse and rider had come up to where the hand-bridge crossed the stream. Gun put his horse to the water. The animal had grown slightly restive; his ears went back, and he side-stepped, churning up the stream to muddy water. At the same instant two bullets whined over Gun's head. Then two more sang past him and he bent quickly over his horse's neck. In the small clearing beside the river it was quite impossible to discern anything among the black shadows of the surrounding trees. Spurring his horse, he galloped into the nearest cover. Two more bullets whined past his ears, but he reached the trees safely.

Maurice had wasted no time in opening up hostilities. Shooting a man in the night while he slowed up his horse to ford a stream was not the spirit that Gun had hoped to

find in Maurice, but now that he knew, he could prepare himself for any eventuality.

Making the slight detour necessary to avoid the clearing, he came to the shooting-box by the back entrance. His body was tingling, and he felt definitely annoyed at the dirty method of attack. It impressed on his mind how serious were Maurice's prospects in the event of his losing.

Gun dismounted, unsaddled his horse, and stabled it. Cautiously he stepped out to the yard. At the same instant, from a corner a few yards away, a pistol blazed away at him; he jumped back, his automatic in his hand, and as he slid along the wall bullets cut into the edge of the stable door. He knew that by circling the building he would be bound to come behind or directly on to his attacker. In the darkness all he could tell was that the gun was barking from a corner of the stables. Silently he cat-footed along the wall. He gained the corner quickly; he could now see a dark figure flattened against the wall. Unaware of his near presence, the figure crouched forward and peered round the corner in the direction where Gun had been but a moment before. Cautiously Gun approached, lessening the distance between them and withholding his fire. The dark figure before him was growing uneasy. Gun leapt forward, an exclamation of astonishment on his lips. Two pieces of hot lead whizzed past his head; he felt a burning streak across his wrist. Dropping his gun he gripped the wrist that held the shining automatic.

"That's a dangerous toy to play with, Hansi," Gun said, unlocking the fingers gripped around the stock.

It was easier to see her now as she stood leaning against the wall, her hair unruly over her brow and her black eyes restless and hunted.

"That was the second attempt?" Gun asked. "Once at the stream, then here?"

She nodded sullenly. Bad shooting had saved him, and good luck—a bit of both.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Give you some hot coffee."

Bauer hurried out, alarmed by the shooting.

"What is it, sir?" he cried.

"Shots that pass in the night," Gun answered dreamily, for now his left wrist was beginning to pain him. Taking Hansi's arm he drew her towards the hunting-box. Her pistol was in his pocket. Inside the hall he seated her in a big armchair, then fetching bandages he made her tie up his wrist, while Bauer prepared the coffee.

"It's only a scratch," Gun said, "but that doesn't mean that I want you to do it again."

HANSI sat pale and wide-eyed, and with trembling fingers she tied up the ends of the bandage.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. Tears were very near. Gun wanted to avoid that at all costs.

"Never mind," he said. "It's not going to affect the price of next summer's tea." He watched her curiously as he drank his coffee. She wore no hat, and her straight hair, cut in a fringe above her eyes, emphasised the pallor of her skin. A curious encounter this, after meeting Miti. This was the little tiger he was to rescue from the clutches of Maurice.

The color was slowly coming back to her cheeks. Gun had thrown a half-glass of brandy into her cups. He slipped his hand into his pocket and produced her weapon.

"Much too heavy for you, Hansi," he

chaffed. "He should have given you something lighter." Her eyes were downcast. "Shouldn't he, Hansi?"

"Perhaps." Her full red lips hardly whispered the word.

"What about getting you back to-night?"

She shook her head. "They don't expect me back to-night," she muttered.

Gun knew this was true.

In the hall Bauer fixed up the sofa for him with blankets and cushions. Gun hoped that any minute Greville would return. Situated as they were, with Maurice openly their enemy, he grew anxious about Greville's absence. The complication of Hansi in the next room was more than he cared to think about.

Gun was standing in the doorway when Greville rode up.

"Is Bauer there?" he asked, as he dismounted. "You might send for him to stable the mare."

Bauer had heard his arrival; descending the steps, he led the animal away.

Gun took Greville by the arm. "I've a visitor here to-night in my room. As an ordinary precaution we might have a talk here outside before we turn in. I'm sleeping on the sofa," Gun explained.

"Who is it?"

Briefly Gun told him the details of his evening, from the time of his meeting with Maurice at the Grabenhof.

Obviously Greville was by no means pleased, though he tried to hide his annoyance. In telling his story Gun had not disclosed the fact that Hansi had done her best to "bump him off"; that, he felt, was a private matter that concerned no one else.

In reply to Greville's question as to what was to become of Hansi, Gun assured him that there would be no difficulty in packing her off in the morning, although privately he felt by no means confident about it.

Apparently satisfied on that point, Greville explained that he had dined at the Castle.

"I told her everything—from A to Z. I tell you, Gun, she would hardly believe me; she was incredulous and a bit cross. How was I to convince her? I'd never seen the real Prince. So I had to explain that it was you who were convinced that Toto's man was a fake."

Gun nodded. "Would she accept my ruling on the matter?" he asked.

"More or less; but she said you were always far too convinced that you were right."

"Well, there's no reason for her to believe it."

"Oh, I think she does believe what you say. You know, Valerie's funny about you—she's got confidence in you, but she hates confessing it."

"She thinks it may come to my ears, I suppose," Gun said, smiling at his friend.

"After that she insisted on me going to the Castle. By that time, you can understand, Gun, she was anxious to accept your theory. It gives her freedom."

"I hope you warned her."

"Rather; I told her that on no account must she let them suspect at Kerscholt that she had heard a whisper of what was going on."

Gun nodded approval.

"She wants us to stay with her there," Greville continued enthusiastically. "She says it's not safe for us here any longer. I'm not sure she's not right, too; it's a pretty insecure place."

"I know it," Gun replied, for this very question had been running through his mind. Situated as they were in the centre of the forest, with no protection beyond a few automatics, they were at the mercy of

any of Maurice's attacks, should he wish to become really desperate. "Although it's not really too bad," he continued reflectively. "The shutters aren't easily opened from the outside. Bauer has arranged to have the stable dog loose, and another dog in the front, so that nothing can be done without our being first warned. Keep the curtains well drawn over."

"Yes, I know, but there is another thing making me anxious."

They were standing talking in undertones on the steps that led up to the hunting-box. There was the small clearing in front of them; then the forest, dark and mysterious in the night, surrounding and pressing in upon them.

Weird forest noises filled the night with eerie cacophony.

"Anxious?" Gun queried. "What's making you extra-anxious?" He asked the question, knowing full well the reply that was forthcoming. Greville had noticed too.

"Gipsies, Gun. Their encampments are all round us now, absolutely surrounding us. When first we came there were just one or two, but lately, the last few days, they have been increasing." Greville paused and looked at Gun. "They're not all by the river, either—they're between here and Ritsenhof and between here and Kerscholt. How long shall we be able to move freely, Gun—how long?"

For a few moments a strange silence hung over the forest; then, far away, towards Kerscholt, the weird hooting of an owl broke the uneasy peace of the night.

Greville shivered. "I hate this place, Gun. It's getting me down."

Gun laughed lightly, but there was a worried expression in his eyes.

GREAT clouds were banking up over the forest. A steady drizzle was falling on the dust-laden roads that led from Ritsenhof. Everywhere the smell of rain was in the air. Gun turned restlessly in his sleep; the faint beat of rain was drumming on the roof. Bauer opened the shutters, and Gun awoke to the pleasant smell of fresh-made coffee.

"The little lady left early this morning," Bauer stated in his dull, expressionless way. "She had coffee before she left," he continued, "but she was most anxious you should not be disturbed."

After his bath Bauer bandaged Gun's wrist again—the wound was airtight, a furrow merely, which apart from a constant throbbing gave no pain. Greville followed quickly to the bathroom.

After breakfast they inspected their arsenal. Gun could produce two Colts and a Webley automatic; Greville had one Mauser which he had bought at Ritsenhof. Bauer had no arms, but in the gun-room there were eighteen shotguns of various calibre, which included the guns on the wall, with sufficient ammunition to withstand a long siege.

"Magnificent," Gun exclaimed cheerfully. "Do you think Maurice would be likely to attack us here?"

"No," Gun replied, "not as long as we don't interfere with him at Kerscholt; he may decide to leave us alone here. On the other hand, from what I know of that young man, he may grow impatient and bring the war into our camp." Gun chose a cigarette carefully, then flicked his lighter. "I'm going to wander round here this morning and spy out these gipsy people. They're probably reporting all our movements to Maurice, in which case heaven help Hansi if he learns that she spent the night here."

"All right, Gun," Greville replied. "Valerie

will probably be along here soon, so I'll hang around. The shutters want inspecting, and I'll look over our defences."

Gun put on a belted army raincoat and with an old check cap and the collar of his coat turned up to his ears, he started out on his reconnaissance of the dripping forest. At night time it was easier to locate the encampments, for during the last few nights he had seen their fires glowing through the trees. In the gloomy atmosphere the track stretched on into the twilight of the forest. For the first hundred yards it ran straight, and then, climbing the hill that stood before Kerscholt, it twisted and wandered in endless curves. Gun moved forward cautiously. He guessed that he had already passed all the encampments that lay between Kerscholt and their hunting-box. The smell of damp earth was all about him. As the rain filtered through the foliage to the hot earth, a sultry vapor arose from the pine-needles, and the tree-roots glistened and shone in the dimness. Through a sudden break he could see the grey overcast sky stretched like a dirty blanket over the forest. He knew now that the path must be approaching Kerscholt, but still there was no opening in the woods ahead which should have heralded the edge of the ravine and the clearing before the castle. The path turned suddenly where the trunk of a great tree sprawled across the track. Gun's nerves tensed. A man was walking ahead of him; walking forward with the long strides of a gipsy, his long arms reaching almost to his knees. Gun stepped quickly aside. The man hesitated, stood still, then turned. But was the man making for Kerscholt? Gun watched him curiously. Should he cut through to the left or follow the stranger by the longer route? For a moment Gun hesitated. He had heard once what he was never to forget—in shadowing a man the first lesson is always to keep him in sight; never anticipate what his movements will be; if you try to short-cut him you may find that he has turned in at one of twelve houses, or turned off into one of twelve paths. Later on he was to thank the decision that kept him to that twisting forest path.

Moving easily in long strides, with an occasional glance back over his shoulder to make sure that he himself was not in turn being followed, Gun soon began to overhaul the loose-limbed giant loping ahead of him. He had to take the greatest care to keep concealed, and yet to keep his man in sight. The man had stopped. Like a forest shadow, Gun hid behind a tree; from his hiding-place, he could see that the woodland had come to an end, and that the tall figure was standing in a clearing, through which ran the road from Rittenhausen. The gipsy moved continually to the edge of the road, looking towards Kerscholt. In Gun's leafy retreat, a few drops of rain forced their way through the interlaced branches. The air was cool, perfumed with the fragrant smell of rain-soaked leaves, and that strange, earthy pungency of damp ferns and pine-wood humus. Suddenly the man's figure stiffened—something was due to happen. At the same moment, he turned to see the great drawbridge at the Castle being slowly lowered. Before it touched the ground, a powerful grey car leapt on to the road, and Gun knew that the impatient Maurice was driving his Bentley to the meeting-place with the gipsy. The next moment the rich undertone of the engine reached Gun's ears, and Maurice, a dark frown on his handsome face, was slipping from the car. "What news have you for me, Murdo?" Maurice's voice was easily audible, but the

gipsy's voice, lower in tone, carried less clearly. He said something—a confused mumble—then Maurice exclaimed, "The little fool!"

The gipsy addressed as Murdo spoke again, and this time Maurice laughed—a harsh, sneering laugh, an ugly sound in Gun's ears. It was difficult to judge whether the news Murdo brought was pleasing him or not. Often during the report Maurice swung his arm excitedly, cutting the air with the leather gauntlets that he held in his hand. Maurice was speaking less loudly now, something serious, for he kept emphasising, some point, thumping the hand that gripped the gloves emphatically into the open palm of the other.

Gun leant forward eagerly.

WEDNESDAY at nine o'clock," he caught; then the name "Fürstenberg," and then "Barge 47." Then the word "Verlängerungstuck," an unusual word, and one which Gun believed meant "extension bit." But what exactly was an "extension bit or an extension piece"? More was said, but Gun, straining his hearing to the uttermost, could distinguish nothing more.

The two were parting; Murdo was returning along the path by which he had arrived, and Maurice was slipping his car into gear. It moved down the road with that hollow sound so familiar to Gun, whose own Bentley now stood in idleness at Sutton. Behind him came the soft pit-pat of a man passing through the wood, the snap of breaking twigs and the crunch of hard-pressed pine needles; and along the road to Rittenhausen the distant sound of Maurice letting her all out. Gun had heard enough to set him thinking—"Fürstenberg" and "Barge 47." Verlängerungstuck, Gun had visited Fürstenberg. The matter of "Barge 47" would have to be investigated. He doubled back on his track for a hundred yards, and then, turning from the path, made his way through the trees to a part of the forest that he knew would overlook the Castle. Gradually the great mass showed up. To his left, where the stream descended to the ravine, the trees grew right up to the edge, so that he was able to approach without risking observation from the Castle windows. Slowly he made a detour, wading knee-deep through the stream and emerging on the far side of Kerscholt. Below him the moat received the water of the forest stream.

Crossing over the lock under the slilt windows of the Castle, Gun clambered down the steep incline to the level of the moat. Great boulders lay about here. The rain had passed, and, crouching behind one, he lit his pipe before Maurice should return. No word had come from Tauber, and Gun wondered whether the old man was being kept prisoner in Kerscholt. Twice a week, on Saturdays and Wednesdays, a Kerscholt car conveyed those servants who wished to go into the town. By this means, Tauber had hoped to give Gun the latest inside news. Gun had no idea what that latest development, "Fürstenberg—Barge 47," meant, but as far as he could see, if Prince Frederick were to be rescued, by some means entrance would have to be gained to the Castle. He knew that the Kerscholt staff numbered roughly twelve men. To get into the place, to locate the Prince, and to rescue him was going to be about as stiff a job as two men could wish for.

Around the angle of the Castle, Gun could see the rough iron plates clamped to the road on to which the outer edge of the drawbridge fell. As he gazed towards Rittenhausen, he saw a car approaching; it

neared the Castle, and he recognised His Highness' colors, brown with a thin red line. For a moment the car, chauffeur-driven, stood waiting while the drawbridge was gently lowered. The footman beside the chauffeur bent forward in his seat, and Gun recognised Valerie in the car. What reason could she have for visiting the Prince?

The drawbridge was down now, and the great brown car passed over. Gun sat thoughtfully gazing into the deep waters of the moat. The grey walls of the Castle were reflected in its turbid surface, and, nearer still, the sky appeared. Drops of heavy rain were beginning to fall again. He watched his own reflection. Suddenly he felt a cold hand clutch at his heart. In the reflected waters something was moving behind him.

"Good morning, Herr Doktor," Gun exclaimed, turning to the figure behind him. He recognised the doctor, whom they had met on their visit to the Castle, and who returned Gun's greeting pleasantly.

"And how's the Prince?" Gun inquired.

"His Highness is a constant anxiety," the other replied. "You often take this walk?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Yes, but more often I walk to the town."

There was a kindly expression about the man, and Gun found his presence restful and pleasing.

"I too, enjoy being alone," he said. "I think I know every square inch of this part of the country. I prefer being here at Kerscholt to working in the town, where life is so much busier."

"You must have given up a good practice to come here."

"I did indeed," the man replied in his mild way. "I was badly in debt at the time. The exchange and fluctuation of our money persuaded me to accept what at the time was a magnificent offer. Times have changed now. It is too late for me to consider starting a practice—one day I may buy one. In the meantime, His Highness is kindness itself, and life flows easily."

The voice was the voice of a weary man, disappointed in life and yet anxious to make no change in case it might be for the worse.

"Perhaps you would care to lunch with me," the doctor said, to Gun's surprise. "I have my meals alone in my apartments. I ask whom I like as my guest, and we shall be undisturbed."

Gun willingly accepted. Here was an unhoped-for opportunity.

"There is nothing I should like better."

Putting away his pipe and pouch, Gun jumped to his feet, and together they strode towards the drawbridge. Gun looked anxiously along the Rittenhausen road. With any luck, unless Maurice suddenly appeared on the scene, he might learn something from this doctor. Weidemann (he had introduced himself to Gun solemnly as "Herr Doktor Weidemann").

Weidemann led the way through a door on the opposite side to Maurice's quarters. A similar spiral staircase led up to a long, vault-like corridor. Opening a door before him, Weidemann ushered Gun into his private sitting-room. There was a pleasant atmosphere about it—books in easily accessible shelves, comfortable chairs, pipes, tobacco. Two windows, barred and small, level with the tops of the trees, looked out over the moat on to the Rittenhausen road. The view was extremely beautiful, commanding the distant friendly tower of Rittenhausen, and beyond that the misty blue hills brooding over the river.

"You live here more than at Ritten-

We stood spellbound for a

hausen?" Gun asked, surprised to see the homelike surroundings.

"Between the two," Weidemann answered. "I have my books here and I have them there."

"That's a curious arrangement."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "We are here now as often as we are there."

"I should hardly have thought that an old place surrounded by water would be an ideal spot to choose for an invalid."

"Certainly not ideal. I suggested that the water might be allowed to run more freely through the lock gates, so that only a stream would encircle the Castle, but Count Maurice would not hear of it. It had always been so, and it was to remain so."

"But His Highness . . ." Gun questioned. "Had he nothing to say in the matter?"

"It's not his home."

"Then why does he spend so much time here?"

Doctor Weidemann looked curiously at Gun. "It seems," he said softly, "that you would like to know many things that puzzle me, too."

Gun laughed—the moment was an embarrassing one. "Herr Tode knows best what is for His Highness' good," Gun said.

"Indeed, there is nothing that he does not know."

The man was interesting Gun. Either he was extremely clever or else he was an honest fool, used as a tool by Tode & Co.

If Weidemann could be trusted, Gun felt that he could be of the greatest use to them, but the risk was too great to take without testing him further.

"I'm afraid you're not here for long?" the doctor asked, passing a box containing cigarettes across the table.

"A few more days, perhaps," Gun replied casually.

"And your friend? I'm afraid he fell into disgrace at Ritzhausen."

"Ridiculous, in my opinion."

"I quite agree, Herr Cotton. The Princess Valerie is above suspicion."

"Like Caesar's wife," Gun smiled thoughtfully, but it was not his own thoughts that amused him, but the slight flush in Weidemann's cheeks. "In this country, it appears," he continued, "it is difficult for a lady to take a friendly interest in anyone without the most serious construction being placed on the most harmless companionship."

"I quite agree. They do not understand friendship," assented the doctor gravely.

Gun disliked misleading the poor man, but already he was beginning to make the best of the situation.

"Now, had it been with Count Maurice," continued Gun, "there might have been good reason for gossip."

At the mention of Valerie's name coupled with that of Maurice, the flush reappeared in Weidemann's face, but this time it was accompanied by an angry expression in his eyes. It had not been difficult to learn the man's secret; he was obviously hopelessly in love with the Princess Valerie. It remained only to decide the rather unpleasant question of how this could be best made use of.

Gun took a fresh cigarette. At any moment Maurice might be returning. There was little time to be spared if he was to form contact with this quiet-faced doctor.

"I'm sorry to be leaving," Gun said. "So is Greville, too."

Weidemann picked up his ears. "I, too, am sorry," he said politely.

"What we don't like is having to leave the little Princess with none to whom she may turn for advice should she need it."

"Advice!" the other repeated lightly puzzled.

"In questions of marriage and other matters, some people may think that Maurice of Stalheim is the right man to run Ritzhausen, but I personally, as an old friend who has known the Princess since her childhood—I," Gun repeated, "would prefer someone else." Gun watched the effect of his words. There was a bright look in Weidemann's eye. Gun had scored a bull.

"I understand better than you imagine just what you feel," the doctor answered softly, and Gun could have laughed at the man's simplicity, except that he was keenly aware of his own unscrupulousness in trying to make use of this wretched man's affection and discussing the owner of the castle whose hospitality he was at that moment enjoying in such terms. The fact that Maurice would have probably seen nothing out of order in it did a little to deaden Gun's sensibilities. "All's fair . . ." Gun murmured, and to his surprise Weidemann continued, "in love and war." He paused, and then looking at Gun seriously, he said: "The Princess must not go to Count Maurice—no love of his or war of his could justify that."

"No one can prevent it," Gun exclaimed.

"You mean that?"

"I mean no one man alone can prevent it. He needs help."

Suddenly the doctor touched the sleeve of Gun's coat. "You've come to the man who needs it," he said.

"You will be in Ritzhausen?"

"To-morrow," Weidemann replied, "to go to my dispensary at the Castle."

"At six-thirty, then—at the Krokodil."

The doctor nodded. "My mother-tongue is silence, Herr Doktor," Gun whispered.

"And mine . . . Herr Cotton."

CHANCE brought Gun into the courtyard at the same moment as Valerie was stepping into her car. She smiled with pleasure and surprise on seeing him. He answered her greeting, and, followed by Weidemann, crossed the courtyard at her side.

"I'll give you a lift," Valerie said.

Gun noticed that Tode was seated in the doorway, and saw him cast an angry glance in the Doktor's direction. He nodded a curt greeting to Gun as the Englishman jumped into the car.

Valerie watched Gun out of the corner of her eye. The car passed over the drawbridge, and a deep sigh of relief came from her lips.

"I lunched with Tode, as the Prince was not well enough to receive me. I'm glad I didn't see him," Valerie said thoughtfully. "I don't think you can possibly realise, Gun, what it means after ten years to be suddenly told that a person is not all you have believed him to be during those years." She touched Gun's coat, stroking the sleeve. "It's so overwhelming that I find myself without any real feeling about my real uncle. I only feel that he is a man who has been terribly ill-treated. The Prince was always kind to me," she said simply. "He has always been kind and gentle with me, though I saw very little of him. If there was ever any trouble I felt always that it originated from Tode, just as the trouble about Greville started."

"Rotten luck on him."

"Poor Greville," Valerie said, "he doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels."

"He's head over heels, certainly."

"You mean in love?"

Gun nodded.

"There'll be lots of time to think about that when . . ."

. . . when we've cleared up the mess at Kerscholt," Gun interrupted. "He advised you to go there this afternoon?"

"Yes. To keep them happy about my attitude?"

"I believe Weidemann should be willing to help us. I may be wrong, of course, but that's my opinion."

"Doctor Weidemann," she seemed puzzled. "But why?"

"Because of you," Gun replied, marveling at her warm beauty.

Her lips parted in a faint smile. They were driving through Ritzhausen now.

"Will you drop me here, Valerie," he said, "by the tobaccoist's?"

"Hansel, or cigarettes?"

"You know her?" Gun asked, in surprise.

"Of course I do. Because I live in a castle do you imagine that I know nothing? She's lovely. I've seen her at the opera." She nodded her head in the direction of the new town. "She was pointed out to me."

"By whom?"

"Maurice. After all, he's quicker to notice beauty than most people," she said, a warm glow creeping into her cheeks. "However dishonorable he is."

The car had pulled up. The footman stood holding the door open for Gun.

"Greville is dining with me . . . are you coming too?" She waited, smiling, for Gun was kissing her hand in parting, and continued to do so without making reply. She drew her hand away, laughing. "That means you don't want to."

"It means I don't want to say Yes or No . . . Make it if possible," he pleaded.

She nodded her little head in agreement. "You're a girl worth dreaming about," Gun whispered.

"That's the first nice thing you've said to me. Do you mean it?"

"Well, it's what Greville says. He watched the disappointment in her eyes. Leaning in the door of the car he took her hand again and laughed lightly as she tried to draw it away.

"I believe you're afraid of me," she said, watching him curiously.

"I've always been afraid of fire," he confessed, "especially beautiful fire."

"You're forgiven," she said softly, and Gun watched her lips part in a faint smile.

In going to see Hansel, Gun had no real object, except that through her he might learn something that might be of use to them. Hansel, in his strange encounter with her in the forest, had not impressed him with her discretion. From the inn he knew that a door communicated directly with the shop; in fact, it was from the shop that the inn drew its supplies. Mother Gotz, as usual, was there to wish Gun good evening as he passed into the dining-room.

"Tea," he cried, "for a poor Englishman who knows no better, and bring it in a big bowl."

"Instantly," Mother Gotz replied.

Gun had seated himself at a table, covered with a white cloth, by the window. He noticed that this seemed to upset the old lady.

"You had better sit here," she said, pointing to a table by the door. "That cloth is dirty . . . besides, from here I shall be able to talk to you, and at the same time watch the hall."

"Now that is an inducement; sit here I will," Gun announced.

As she moved over to take with her the cloth from the table by the window, Gun caught her by the shoulders, and, turning her round, gently pushed her through the door.

"I'm thirsty," he said pleadingly.

"You're a mad race," Gun heard her mumble as she passed down the hall. Immediately he stepped over to the table

by the window—the one at which she had taken such pains he should not seat himself. The old lady would have done better had she said nothing. As it was, her anxiety to keep him away from the table had only aroused his interest. He looked down quickly. Mother Gots was not likely to be away long. He whistled softly as he gazed at a rough plan drawn carelessly on the tablecloth.

Quickly he made a copy on a loose slip of paper, and had just time to complete the sketch before Mother Gots was in the doorway. Gun was back at the other table but he saw that her first glance had been towards the window. He had no idea what the sketch in his pocket was intended for, but he did know that it was of importance—otherwise why Mother Gots's concern? Placing the tea on his table she passed on, and taking the cloth from each table she folded them up. Cunniff in her way, Gun reflected. She had taken all the cloth off.

"You are faithful to my poor roof," she said pleasantly, for, in spite of all she guessed, she found it difficult not to like this insolent Englishman with his friendly and at the same time grand manner, with his laughing eyes and casual assurance.

She had warned Count Maurice that a man could not be too careful how he chose his enemies. This time she felt that the Count had made a mistake. Whatever his business might be with this Herr Cotton, it would have to be of a nature and conclusion satisfactory to the Englishman.

Gun had his tea, picked up his brown felt hat, and made the old woman a sweeping bow of farewell.

In the tobacco shop he found Hansi gazing distantly at the clock in the Marktplatz.

"Is business good?"
She turned quickly in surprise. "You frightened me," she said. "You came in so quietly."

"I came from the Inn."

"I didn't see you there."

"I've only been there a short time, but I passed in the street, and you were sitting by the window with—"

She nodded, and put her finger on her lips, mysteriously interrupting Gun.

"Is it so secret?" he whispered humorously.

"Not secret, but in everybody's life there are whispers, things that don't sound best aloud. Yes?" she inquired, her head slightly on one side and her dark eyes watching Gun intently.

"SORRY," Gun apologized quietly. "In future, Maurice's name will be spoken only in a well-bred whisper."

She dismissed the subject with a wave of her small hand.

"Does the armistice still continue?" Gun asked.

"Between us?" she asked, showing plainly her knowledge of Maurice's desires. "Between us, yes," she answered. "I wanted to kill you; I felt that you were standing in the way of my happiness."

"You were told that?" Gun watched her closely. About her there was that half-fearful, half-daring expression that he had seen in the eyes of men in captivity; a look both haunting and arresting. What secret was she hiding from him, and did she really believe that he stood in the way of her happiness, or unhappiness rather? She nodded gravely in reply to his question.

"You will be here to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And the next day?"

"Yes."

"And the next day?"

"No. But why do you ask?" she countered, a trifle suspiciously.

"So that I may be prepared for a day's disappointment . . . Good-bye," he said abruptly, his thoughts elsewhere.

"You are going so soon?" she cried.

"So long," he answered vaguely.

The date on which she would not be working was Wednesday, the day he had overheard mentioned by the gipsy to Maurice. Gun stood outside. From the Marktplatz he heard the clock boom out the hour of seven.

He had been longer than he imagined at the Grabenhof. At one time it had been his intention to visit Furstenberg and follow up some inquiries there; now it was too late, and his greatest wish was to find some spot where he could be alone, and at liberty to look over the copy of Maurice's plans which rested in his pocket.

He strolled towards the road that led up from beyond the Grabenhof to the Castle. Perhaps, after all, he would dine with Valerie. She had invited him, and though he knew she would prefer to be alone with Greville, Gun felt that talk between them might be a good thing at that moment. As Gun decided on this plan of action, a car pulled up beside him; Greville hailed him from the near seat.

"Hello, Greville, I'm dining with you," Gun announced. "Jump out and we'll walk up together."

"Excellent," Greville got out and dismissed the car, after ordering the chauffeur to be at the Castle at ten-thirty.

"I thought you were still among the gipsies," Greville said.

The two friends were climbing the road that led up to the Castle. Below, the old town huddled together in a seemingly endless muster of old roofs. As they arrived at the great gates they could see the dust rising off the long white road leading to Furstenberg.

"Someone's letting a car out on that road," Gun said.

"I believe I know what it is, too, but I'll tell you all about that later," Gun said, taking Greville's arm as they entered the courtyard.

There was the usual stir of servants and grooms.

"What they want all these loafers about for I can't imagine."

"I suppose Tode & Co. felt that keeping them on after the war would give an air of stability to their deception; it inspires confidence, and there seems to be any amount of money to do it."

"The Prince's wife must have been a clever woman."

"Rather, you depend on it; everything they had was converted into American securities, otherwise the wretched Prince wouldn't be in the terrible position he is in now."

At the door the major-domo was there to escort them to a small salon to await Valerie.

"The place seems healthier without Tode," Greville said.

Later they were conducted up to Valerie's suite. She greeted them with her usual dignity, mixed with a warmth that could not be hidden even by the discipline of her upbringing, and turned to Greville.

"I'm so glad you've come along. I've had a message from Kerscholt to say that Uncle Frederick—you understand how difficult it is for me to think of him as anything else—well, he wants me to go and stay there." She turned away. "Oh, Gun, I don't want to go there. Just being there for 'hond to-day made me miserable."

"We'll have to think it out," Gun observed calmly.

They dined that night in the great gloomy room, surrounded by Valerie's ancestors looking down at them with cynical indifference. The windows faced west towards Kerscholt, the sunset streaming the walls of the room in bars of pink and red. Private conversation was impossible before the servants, one of whom stood behind each chair, with the butler supervising and a wine official in attendance. They talked of everything that mattered least to them until the long dinner at last came to a close.

Afterwards, in her room, lighted by the last glow of daylight, they spoke openly. Greville for the first time told Valerie the reason for his coming to Ritzhausen: he told her how he carried poor Leopold's iron cross with him, and how the opportunity to tell the Prince had passed until the moment when he fumbled it. Valerie understood. She sat there watching Greville with her eyes starlike in the gloom, her lips parted.

"Why were you frightened to tell him?"

Greville's whispered answer caused Gun to stroll to the window, where he lit his long cigar. When Gun turned, her head was resting on Greville's shoulder, and there was a look of infinite tenderness in her eyes.

"Perhaps it's just as well you didn't tell him; as things have turned out, it doesn't matter much," she said softly. "You killed his son in fair fight; you've the chance now of putting things right."

"I don't feel we're moving quickly enough," Greville said impatiently. "Anything might be happening to him now—they may take him somewhere before we've a chance of rescuing him."

"We mustn't hurry things," Gun put in quietly, seating himself; "a false move would ruin everything. We mustn't make Maurice feel that their position is desperate—a desperate man becomes suddenly resourceful—a man well loaded would sink quickly to the bottom of the moat at Kerscholt."

"You think they wouldn't stop at murder?"

"If it's a question of the game being up, I fancy young Maurice would play his final trump without a moment's hesitation."

Gun leaned back comfortably in his chair and flicked his cigar-ash into the fireplace.

"The real Prince is the trump card, whoever uses it."

"Why haven't they done away with him before, then?" Valerie asked.

"He's been useful to them, and I don't imagine murder's really in Tode's game if he can avoid it. Murder is dangerous. If trouble arose Tode could always say that he knew nothing of the real Prince, and that he, too, had been hoodwinked. How could Maurice prove otherwise? But to be a party to murder, with Maurice the reckless as accomplice—that's not my idea of Tode," Gun said.

Briefly he told them of the interview between Maurice and the gipsy, and of the words he had overheard; then he showed them the plan he had copied from the tablecloth at the Grabenhof. Greville eagerly turned on the lights, and on a small table Gun spread out his rough drawing.

"It means nothing to me," said Valerie. Bending over the table the faint, attractive perfume of her hair was wafted to him. As she gazed down at the paper he saw her long lashes lying like dark shadows on her cheeks.

"It looks like the sketch of a dog's leg to me," Gun exclaimed.

"How extraordinary that you should say that," she cried excitedly, "because there's a certain bend of the river known to the people of the district as . . . the Dog's Leg."

"What part of the river is it?"

"Where it flows past Kerscholt."

"And 'Barge 47'?" Greville broke in.

"Barge 47 is most suggestive," Gun said. "A visit to Furstenberg might clear things up a lot. A river running conveniently beside a castle and the use of a barge, does it suggest anything to you?"

"The Prince," Valerie whispered, "they're moving him."

A silence fell on the room. Gun paced its length impatiently. There was more behind this barge business.

"We've got the date, that's something," Gun exclaimed presently. "I believe we're safe till then."

I'M ready to go to Kerscholt," Valerie said, "if it's going to help you."

"We don't want her going there," Greville said, "we can manage things without her."

"Why not leave it open," Gun said. "Valerie has very sportingly offered to go to Kerscholt if we think it would help us. I understand your feelings, Greville," he continued, "but I don't think she'd come to any harm there, though we might lose touch with her."

"They'd never let her out once she was in," Greville persisted, but Gun had already turned to Valerie.

"You'll stand by, then," he said to her. She made a quick military salute with her small right hand.

"Is there anyone you can trust here?" he asked.

"Not a soul."

"Your maid?"

She shook her head. "She's not been with me long, and it wasn't I who really engaged her, though I approved of her."

Before they left the Castle that night it had been arranged that Valerie should stay at Ritsenhausen until Gun had been to Furstenberg.

The car dropped them on the Kerscholt road where the track led to the hunting-box.

As they entered the lodge Bauer was there to receive them, with a tray with glasses and a decanter of whisky. Reaching on one of the glasses Gun saw a letter. Throwing his hat into a chair, he seized it.

"From Tauber," he said.

Pushing Greville into a chair, he read: "Sir,—This letter will reach you through the hands of Bauer. You forewarned me, and thus I was forearmed. My own Prince is here, although I have not seen him. Count Maurice takes his meals to him, no one else. His window faces the drawbridge by the water-edge. I am watched all the time. I am not allowed to leave the Castle."

"Tauber."

"Well, that's that."

"Yes, but is it, Greville. Has this letter been read, or has it been written for him. Are we safe in assuming that he wrote it? How did you receive this, Bauer?" Gun called to the servant. "You see, he writes that he's not allowed out."

"Under the stone by the bridge where he arranged with me to leave his letters."

"Yes, but who took it there for him, that's the point?"

"He may have friends, sir; there are few who would not be willing to help Tauber. He has a good name in these parts."

Gun dismissed him. "In these parts"—it seemed years since Maurice of Stalheim

had used those words on that first afternoon in the forest. Gun wiped his forehead; the heat was oppressive. If what this letter said was correct, no time should be lost in getting into touch with the Prince.

Gun took the glass of whisky Greville offered him and seated himself at the writing-table. Greville watched him warily. It had been a long and trying day. He wondered who Gun could be writing to; then it occurred to him it would be most likely to the Prince.

Gun nodded in answer to his question. At length he stood up, handed the letter to Greville, and then emptied his tobacco-pouch into a jar on a side table.

"Well, I must get busy," he said, "and go to the castle."

"Not to-night?" Greville inquired, handing back the letter.

"Some old nuisance at school taught me that there was no time like the present."

"I'll come along with you," Greville said. Gun looked him over casually. There was no turning back about Greville.

Bauer had ordered to clean and load the remaining pistols. One he took for himself and one for Greville.

"Back in an hour or two, Bauer, with luck."

"You don't mind my coming?" Greville asked.

Gun laughed. "My luck's never been too good to share, you know."

Before they disappeared into the forest Bauer was busy cleaning the shot-guns that ranged the walls, and it was after twelve before he drew water from the well.

They had reached the place where Gun had hidden in the undergrowth; now he bore off to the left—that way, he knew, would bring him out where the forest stream fell over the ravine and filled the Castle moat. That way, he felt, there was less chance of being seen by any possible watcher. By the main road, at all costs, it was necessary to avoid any sudden chance of being caught and revealed in the headlights of Maurice's car. Once, on the edge of the forest, they moved down to within fifty yards of the drawbridge. The great walls of the Castle loomed up dark and sinister against the luminous sky.

The moon illumined the open ground between the forest and the Castle. Gun decided to drop back into the forest and then move nearer to the moat from the direction of the stream. Walking the horses, they edged their way nearer. In the moonlight, through the trellis of branches, the Castle rose sheer from the sluggish water, impregnable and forbidding.

Quickly Gun undressed, until he stood clad only in his vest and shorts.

"Move down towards the drawbridge, Greville, and keep a sharp watch. A whistle from you and I shall know that someone is stirring. Even if it's only a light going on, I want you to warn me."

Gun emerged from the mysterious shadows into the clear light of the moon, and Greville watched him cross the intervening space, the letter in the tobacco-pouch and his torch clutched in his hand. Gun stood silent a moment, taking his bearings, then lowered himself quickly into the sluggish water of the moat. He slid like a ghostly seal beneath the black surface and merged silently beyond. Keeping to the edge of the Castle walls he hauled himself noiselessly towards the drawbridge. The slimy walls made it difficult for him to get a grip on them, but occasionally the natural rock, the foundations of the Castle, jutted above the water, giving a foothold. Twice he passed a narrow slit of window; now he could see the next ahead of him, the one he was aiming for. The slightest sound in the water might rouse the attention of the drawbridge keeper. Even a ripple on the surface might catch his eye.

Slowly Gun approached the fatal window. He gripped the sill. Inside, through the slit, all was in darkness.

"Hohelt," he whispered. "Highness, make no sound moving, but answer me quickly."

Then out of the gloom Gun heard a voice.

"Who is it? Who calls me Highness?"

"Gun Cotton."

The voice within repeated the name, slowly, without recognition.

"You remember," Gun whispered, "the English friend of Leopold's before the war. Young, irresponsible, at Heidelberg with your son."

"Gun Cotton," the voice repeated, but now a warm tone had crept into the sound of the words. "I remember," he said. "I should have remembered sooner, for they were speaking to me of you the other day."

"Pardon me, I'm here to get you out, Highness."

For a moment the Prince was silent, but Gun could hear his quick breathing. His breath seemed to be coming in quick sobs.

"Is it possible?" he whispered.

"Anything is possible," Gun said in a low tone.

"I mean that anyone should know, anyone should realise—A slight sob came again from the darkness. "I have lived for this moment, I have defied death for twelve years."

Gun put his hand out into the darkness. There were no bars across the window, but the opening was too narrow to allow a man to slip through. In such a prison no bars were necessary.

"My only chance was to slip through."

"You could never have done it," Gun replied softly.

"You have a light?" the voice asked.

"A torch."

"Throw its beam into the cell. I will stand against the far wall; perhaps then you will see how I have been contriving the only means of escape."

A movement inside, and then Gun flashed his torch into the slit, throwing the figure of Prince Frederick into brilliant relief against the darkness of his cell. For a second longer than he intended Gun kept the beam shining on the man's body. Defiance of death. The words rang through his brain. The figure he saw before him was naked but for a pair of shorts. Above them the emaciated body of the Prince shone palely. The ribs showed clearly, while the arms, stretched stiffly at his sides, disclosed thick, swelling veins. On the second finger of the left hand a ring glittered. Black glasses covered the eyes, and the face and head were hairless and shining, round and colorless. Gun switched off his light.

"YOU have seen," the voice whispered; "my only hope of escape was starvation, to grow thin enough to escape. Give me your hand."

Gun slipped his arm through the aperture.

"Feel these muscles, for I had to keep strong, too."

The courage in the man thrilled Gun. Here was courage extending over twelve years, and with it sanity.

"Who told you I was here?"

"Tauber."

"God bless him. But why has he waited twelve years?"

"He only knew a few days ago."

"Where are you living?"

Gun told him.

"This is not the moment to thank you, Count Maurice." He spoke in undertones. "You have informed the police?"

"No," Gun replied.

"That was wise of you. Had you done so you would never have heard of me again. Have you any plan?"

"Not yet. It is possible that you will be moved the day after to-morrow. We will be watching."

"Has Maurice guessed that you know?"

"He suspects."

"That's bad. Why did you let him suspect?"

"Because I refused to leave here until I had seen you."

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HE impostor Prince. You were not deceived." The prisoner's voice was grateful.

"When they questioned me I told them I knew little about you, so they took the risk. Read this letter," Gun whispered, passing the parchment to him. "It will give you information about everything that has happened since my friend Greville's arrival here—then there will be nothing that you will not know."

"To-morrow, if you will swim over I will have a letter for you."

"If I can't, my friend will."

Out of the darkness suddenly Gun caught the word "friend" hissed. As he listened with the eerie sound of water lapping around him, he heard, from inside the Castle, the sound of footsteps approaching the Prince's cell.

"Keep your head down."

Gun was just in time to take the warning. A light appeared at the window, and a mocking laugh echoed through the night.

"Comfortable, Your Highness, I hope!" The laugh and voice were those of Maurice. What devilry was he up to? Had he suspected anything or was it chance that had brought him to the cell that night? "I had you restless and disturbed."

"Restless in a confined space. How will it all end, Count Maurice?" Gun recognized the Prince's voice.

"How indeed?" Maurice answered lightly. "If Tode were not so superstitious you might be enjoying yourself, Highness, in another world."

"Your pleasant jests have helped to keep me alive too, Count Maurice, so you, too, must have something on your conscience."

"It's a long time now since you left Kerscholtz; years and years," Maurice mused, "except for your exercise on the north tower."

"I don't know where your mind is leading you, Count Maurice, but be careful you don't make an even greater mistake than you have already."

"Don't talk in parables. You refer to yourself, I suppose," Maurice hesitated. "We all have regrets; once it was done there was no turning back. You would have exposed us."

"For the price of my freedom I might do."

"It was too risky; and besides, there was the money, a very necessary thing in this life."

Gun wondered what Maurice's visit to the Prince portended. He had been in many uncomfortable positions in his life, but none more uncomfortable than the present one. His fingers on the sill ached, for to let his body sink back completely into the water was to risk observation from the tower.

He glanced back over to the far bank of the moat. He knew that Greville awaited him in the forest. He wondered where the Prince had concealed the letter

that he had given him. He could hear Maurice's laughing voice now.

"It's no good looking back."

Then the Prince answered: "Confucius suggested that you should study the past to divine the future."

Maurice laughed softly.

"Why not bury the past?" the Prince continued, "for . . ."

"Or what? Life's full of ore and bits. Don't let's add to them," Maurice replied.

Gun could hear his voice. "Louder now that he was moving towards the window."

"It's hot here, in spite of the moat; a Turkish bath in summer and an ice-box in winter. Well, I didn't build the place," he said pleasantly.

"You're not the type that builds anything: destroying is your métier, Count Maurice."

"You grow morbid," the other replied. He whistled softly, unconcerned and entirely oblivious to the sarcasm and scorn in the Prince's voice. "There's a friend of yours at Rittenhausen. Does that interest you?"

he continued.

"There is always something interesting behind anything you say," the Prince replied.

In his imagination Gun could see Maurice bending slightly before the Prince in reply to the scornful compliment. His white teeth would be shining, and he would be stroking his black moustache.

"Cotton, Gun Cotton, an old-fashioned explosive."

"So that's why Tode questioned me about him the other day?"

"Certainly. He visited your successor."

"Was he deceived, Count Maurice?"

"I hope so—for your sake," came the reply in a smothered tone.

Suddenly Maurice's voice broke loudly on Gun's ear. He was standing at the window with his back to the Prince. Gun slipped quickly down into the water. Maurice's movement had been sudden and unexpected, and Gun held his breath. Rims of water were rippling away into the moonlight—sprilling from his body on the slow-moving waters of the moat, and shining like a silver watch spring. Fortunately Maurice appeared too engrossed in the subject he was introducing to notice what the water of the moat had to tell.

"Your freedom, Prince Frederick, is in sight, though not through this small opening," Maurice sneered. He had probably guessed the Prince's amazing idea of reducing himself in girth and weight in order to escape by that narrow window.

"I've heard you speak similar words before, Count Maurice. You must excuse me, therefore, if my interest is not so keen as yours."

"Keep your sarcasm for another occasion. What I have to say is important," Maurice paused. "If you are willing to sign a certain document, we will promise you freedom."

"It is pleasant after all these years to know that my signature can be of such value to me. You're sure that it's my signature that you want?"

Maurice hesitated. "You'd like me to explain?"

"This important document and its contents are naturally of interest to me. Perhaps I sign first and the document is written in after?"

"The document that you will sign will be one disclaiming all claim to be Prince Frederick of Rittenhausen. It will admit that for many years you have been masquerading in different parts of the country as His Highness, and that in future you will make no claim to be other than . . ."

"Other than who?" The Prince's voice broke in on the words coldly, and with a ring of authority.

"That is for you to choose," Maurice answered. "There are so many names in the world to choose from that there is no need to select an unpleasant one. Remember also, that besides your liberty you will also receive an income which will more than cover your requirements. You will live in comfort for the rest of your days—and in freedom."

Pressed against the slimy pane of the Castle, Gun's body felt numb and cold in the water. Somehow the Prince must be warned to sign no paper that might be put before him by Maurice or Tode.

"I have the document here," Gun heard Maurice say, "also a fountain pen."

"Ah! the stage is set. Let me see the paper."

Silence fell and Gun knew that the Prince was reading it. Knew also that he was reading his own death warrant. He read the document aloud.

"Owing to my resemblance to Prince Frederick of Rittenhausen, I have constantly pledged my credit and made use of the likeness to extract money from him," the Prince laughed mirthlessly. "You want me to sign this," he said. "What came do you suggest?"

"Hermann Glauber, 435 Friedrichstrasse, Berlin. That strikes me as good a name as any other."

"Excellent!" the Prince replied. "Whenever you wish me to sign anything, it is always by that name. Now that the important question of my name is settled, how can it be proved that you yourself did not sign this document? Why in my signature or the name of Hermann Glauber always necessary? Under compulsion I have signed Hermann Glauber to so many letters—of the purport of which I had no idea—that I am used to the name. I have almost come to believe that the name is really mine."

"Why not? A change in name sometimes brings luck."

How was the Prince to be warned not to sign? Then, to Gun's unspeakable relief, he heard him telling Maurice that he intended to think the matter over before he came to any decision.

"Much as I desire my freedom, I know you well enough not to trust you. Therefore I am not prepared to affix my signature without giving the matter my full consideration."

"Very well," Maurice replied brusquely, and Gun recognised a note of anger in his voice. "As far as I'm concerned you're no trouble to us here—it is Tode's wish that you should have the opportunity of freeing yourself."

Maurice had now moved away from the window, and Gun hauled himself out of the water back to his original position. At the same moment the door of the cell banged behind the angry person of Maurice of Stolheim.

"Your Highness," Gun whispered, "on no account sign that paper; I have heard

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FEELING of great relief spread over Gun at the sound of the Prince's formal words. They were spoken like the Prince he remembered at Rittenhausen before the war.

"I have given you my answer—tonight I will not sign the paper. To-morrow I may, to-morrow I may see—delay often makes wise men of us, Count Maurice."

"Delay often brings danger."

"Not when it is accompanied by deliberation."

"Very well," Maurice replied brusquely, and Gun recognised a note of anger in his voice. "As far as I'm concerned you're no trouble to us here—it is Tode's wish that you should have the opportunity of freeing yourself."

Maurice had now moved away from the window, and Gun hauled himself out of the water back to his original position. At the same moment the door of the cell banged behind the angry person of Maurice of Stolheim.

"Your Highness," Gun whispered, "on no account sign that paper; I have heard

everything that Maurice had to say—read the letter I have written you. In the meantime," he added, "make any excuse for not signing that paper. How long have you been signing the name Hermann Glauber?"

"Ten years or perhaps twelve. I have lost accurate touch with time."

"What sort of letters were they?"

"They were mostly business letters, I believe, the sale of shares and other financial transactions."

"How often?" Gun asked eagerly.

"Sometimes two or three times a week."

Gun whistled softly, a certain sign that he was deeply interested.

"Dawn will be here shortly," Gun whispered, "so I've only a few minutes left to talk with you. To-morrow morning tell Maurice that you want three days to make up your mind."

"If he says 'No' . . . ?"

"He won't," Gun replied.

"They have ways of making me sign I would sooner not speak of."

"If you do," Gun said, "I swear you'll have cashed in by to-morrow night—they're desperate. I believe, they've guessed we're suspecting something and they've got to get you out of the way."

Dawn was breaking along the eastern skyline and smudging the stars away. Beyond the Castle by the forest edge the cattle lowed, emerging into the open spaces from the mysterious twilight of the trees.

"Good luck!" said Gun, slipping into the water. A flash of wings sparkled above him. He swam carefully, keeping to the west of the drawbridge. With his underclothes clinging uncomfortably to him he raced across the open space between the water and the forest. Greville hurried from his hidden corner and met him in the green shade of trees that led to their hut.

"I say, Gun, you were the devil of a long time," Greville's face wreathed in a friendly smile; he could see that Gun was worn out with his long immersion.

"Let's hear what happened," Greville asked.

Gun told him.

"I don't understand why he's been made to sign Hermann Glauber for all these years."

"I didn't at first, but I think I do now—that's why I want to make a hurried visit to Berlin."

"Why on earth Berlin?"

"No. 430 Friedrichstrasse. Hermann Glauber is obviously the name of the man who is impersonating the Prince. He is our friend, the impostor Prince . . ."

Greville breathed an exclamation of surprise.

"Don't you see their plan?" Gun continued. "All they've got to do is to dress up the Prince in Glauber's clothes, and then bump him off a l'Al Capone. They've furnished him with an identity—now they're in a position to prove that far from being Prince Frederick of Rittenhausen, he is really Glauber, his very signature is Glauber's, while the Prince's is that of Glauber, and has been for twelve years. Rather neat, Greville, eh?"

"I should say rather more than neat."

"Well, leave that to another time, because I'm dying to have a hot tub and get a little sleep." They were approaching the hunting-box, down the path with the lilac bushes.

"It'll take you a long time to get to Berlin and back."

"By aeroplane about eight hours. I can hire one at Bladenburg or get a taxiplane."

"What about the doctor from the Castle? You've made an appointment with him at the local Ritz."

"To-day we'll have to fix something about that," Gun said, smiling. "I always go out

of my way to do something for a man who's in love."

"Who . . . ?"

"Never mind who," Gun interrupted wearily; "but who is the letter for?" he added, pointing to a white envelope lying on the step before the door of the hunting-box.

"It's for you," Greville said; but Gun was already on his way through the hall into his room.

"You read it, if it's for me, Greville," he called back, "and if it's not important and only unpleasant let's leave it till to-morrow morning."

When Greville entered the room a few minutes later he found Gun asleep. In any case he had decided that the letter could wait till later in the morning; it was one of warning, so that Gun was hardly likely to be interested in it. If it had been signed—

"A new one on me," Greville had murmured when he first read it. The writing was strangely young and affectionate. She knew that his life was in danger, and he was not to accept any invitation to dine at Kerscholt. Whoever the girl might be, Greville decided that her action in leaving the letter on the verandah showed that she knew very little of the watchfulness prevailing in the forest.

He sighed. Suddenly Gun turned and looked up at him. "Sorry, I thought you were asleep," Greville said.

"I was, but a thought woke me up. I was wondering how you, I and Maurice would do together in commerce?"

"What the deuce are you driving at, Gun? What sort of commerce?"

"Trade, Greville, trading lead with Maurice." Gun watched Greville's eyes travel to the automatic by his bedside, and then, nodding sleepily, and satisfied, he turned over towards the wall.

"YOU think he'll be

there?"

"I'm certain he will be," Maurice murmured sulkily.

Tode bared his teeth in a sour smile. "Rather near to town to arrange a rendezvous, especially if it's to be a noisy one. Well, if anything goes wrong it will be your funeral."

Maurice gazed angrily at Tode, seated there heavily in his chair, with the brilliant sunshine piercing the narrow windows and falling in splashes on either side of him.

"The girl was willing to write the letter; she asked him to meet her at nine o'clock, and if I know Gun Cotton, he'll be there."

"But does the girl know that she is preparing a trap for him, putting him on the spot—that is how I understand you, Maurice," Tode persisted.

Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"No, she means to meet Cotton to warn him; but does it matter what she thinks and what she knows, once I know that he'll be there?"

Hansel told Mitzel that we intended kidnapping Cotton and running him over the frontier. Mitzel then wrote a letter to him asking him for a rendezvous. Hansel stole the letter for love of me," Maurice said, smiling. "Cotton has received the letter; all we have to do now is to keep the appointment."

"Very well, but I'd like to feel that you knew your own business best," Tode sneered sulkily. "Cotton may suspect even though the letter is from Mitzel. I think you may make a mistake when you let a woman occupy too important a position," he said.

"You're just old-fashioned, Tode. In these days there are few things that women can't do as well as men."

Maurice rose impatiently and crossed the room.

"You're losing your nerve, Maurice," Tode said quietly.

"At least I didn't lose my head so completely as to have that man Tauber in the Castle. That was a crowning folly."

"On the contrary, here he is under my eye; he sees nothing, he knows nothing."

"Only because up to the present you have managed to keep him away from the Prince."

"All right, Maurice—no good will come of quarrelling together. If you must have a shooting match with Gun Cotton, I warn you to shoot straight." He paused, and then said softly, "I believe it's the only straight thing you can do, Maurice." The words were spoken in a tone of affectionate indulgence, and Maurice, his dark eyes shining, laughed easily from the window.

"Don't worry," he said lightly. "By this time to-morrow Gun Cotton will be many miles from here, either in the next state or the next world."

"You're not using one of our cars?"

"Certainly not."

"Wiser not. Whom are you taking?"

"Hans and Vossman."

"I feel it's little use the man being out of the way temporarily. He will return—I know the breed, and yet I won't stand for murder. You understand, Maurice."

"I understand," Maurice answered irritably; "but it will give us time."

"Time for what?"

"Time to settle with the Prince," Maurice explained.

Tode pointed a stubby finger at Maurice.

"Remember," he said, "I hold you responsible if anything happens to him."

"According to the old gipsy you're for it—you're doomed," laughed Maurice.

There was a wild expression in Tode's face as he gripped the arms of his chair.

There was a knock at the door, and Maurice turned to Tode angrily. "I hate this piebald idea of servants knocking on the doors of living-rooms."

"Come in," Tode growled.

It was a servant to announce that the Princess Valerie had arrived at the Castle and awaited Count Maurice in the East Room.

"That means she's not staying here. She has come to make her excuses."

Tode nodded, leaning back and frowning in his chair as Maurice left.

His way to the East Room led him down the long passage of the west wing, then downstairs to the east wing through the main hall. Here he came across Doctor Weidemann.

"With your permission, Count Maurice, I'm going into Rittenhausen this evening."

"Is she dark or fair?"

"You misunderstand me, Count."

Maurice laughed at the other's discomfiture. "Of course you can go—with my blessing on the wine."

The doctor clicked his heels and bowed stiffly.

In the East Room Maurice found Valerie, a graceful figure in the old gloomy chamber. She was holding her hat in her hand, and her fair hair shone in a mass of little curls.

"Valerie, your hair is the color of spun gold."

"My dear Maurice, what a terrible cliché. You've been reading love novels. The idea's quite out of date—all the gold's in France and America, and besides, there's always something dirty about gold."

"Success solidified."

She laughed at the boldness in his eyes.

"You would have made your fortune on the stage or the talkies if you had been am-

bitious enough to earn your own living. You're a fine actor, Maurice."

"A finer one than Gun Cotton?"

"Oh, Gun doesn't pay compliments—he just states things without the least interest in whether they please or not."

Maurice watched her carefully. He was anxious to know her feelings towards Gun Cotton. Instinctively he had put Greville in the background.

"I can offer you tea or something almost as delicious," he said.

"No, thank you, I'm going to a tea-party."

"In the forest?"

"Perhaps, but please first find out whether my uncle would like to see me. He may be disappointed if he hears that I have been over and not seen him."

"I'll find out myself," Maurice replied.

Left alone in the sombre room, Valerie strolled to the window. Her car stood in the courtyard. Several servants lounged about the entrance to the stables and garages. She wondered why it had never occurred to her to question how Maurice of Stalheim could afford to keep up Kerscholt in this manner, with horses, cars, and sufficient men-servants to maintain a much larger establishment.

"Dreaming into a courtyard," Maurice asked softly, "or into the future?"

"Not dreaming," she answered, "just wondering."

LONG after she had left the Castle Maurice stood in that same place where she had stood, beside the window overlooking the courtyard, wondering as she had wondered, and with the faintest pang of conscience in his heart.

He was still in this position when Valerie overtook the doctor on the Ritzhausen road. Weidemann knew that she had been at the Castle, and had hoped that he might meet her; now what he had hoped for had come to pass.

"I am dining in the town with Mr. Cotton," he explained.

"In that case," she answered, "you will leave me by the bridge, and the car can take you on into Ritzhausen."

Neither by word nor sign had he ever given her reason to suspect his devotion to her, and now, as he sat nervously beside her he found himself speechless. When the car drew up he protested that he could easily walk into the town from the bridge, but Valerie insisted that he should be driven to his destination.

"I'm going to the hunting-box, and you know I can't take the car through the stream. I may see you to-night, Herr Doktor—if you are dining with Herr Cotton," she said, with her flashing smile.

Lately she had dropped to some extent the careful chaperonage and the perpetual attendance of servants which the ceremony of the little Court entailed, and with this new sense of freedom a fresh joy had entered into her life. Under the trees she found cool protection from the burning sun. As she crossed the hand-bridge she stood for one moment looking into the cool sparkling water, and felt melancholy that it should have to throw itself into the slimy depths of Kerscholt moat before it could reach the Danube. On the verandah of the hunting-box she saw Gun seated, cigarette between his lips, and Greville standing in the doorway. They welcomed her with that quiet restraint she had learned to associate with English people.

"Everything ready, Valerie—thermos and the whole bag of tricks. I hate picnics myself," Gun said, "but I'm sure no self-

respecting picnicker worthy of the name would consent to take a thermos flask. I know they're marvellous things for keeping your tea hot, but what happens to the great fire-adventure—finding those big stones, the dry sticks, the wind, the matches, the first flame, the singing kettle and the clean white ashes?"

"Don't take any notice of him, Valerie, he's been like that all the morning," Greville said, laughing.

"You're not coming with us?" Valerie asked.

"No, I'm going into Ritzhausen."

"Our picnic would bore you," she said.

"Not at all. No one enjoys a little good clean fun in the country more than I do, but I have business in the town."

"Important?"

"Yes, it is rather," he answered hesitatingly. "It's so difficult to know what is important until it's too late. You know what I mean," he added lamely.

"See you later, then," Greville exclaimed.

"Before old Jamaica sets," Gun replied.

Valerie suspected that Greville must have recognised the forest that morning for he led her directly to the very spot she would have chosen herself. A grassy slope secluded in a leafy glade, with branches like pale green trellis-work above their heads, the smell of pine, and not far away the sound of bubbling water winding playfully through the forest.

"When we've cleared up all this agony here, will you marry me, Valerie?" Greville asked the question suddenly.

She was silent for a moment, her eyes resting on his eager face. There were so many things about him she was fond of, and yet

"I love you, Greville, but I'm not in love with you—not at present."

"But if you love me?"

"It's not quite the same," she answered. "It's not devastating enough. I love you because of the good, sweet things about you that I know, but I don't know your bad points, your weaknesses and little wickednesses. If I knew those I might be in love with you."

She looked at Greville with a smile of such tenderness that he kissed her upon it.

"Sometimes you're so impetuous," she said softly. "I think those are the moments when I love you best—or perhaps when you're quiet and peaceful—then I feel that you're sound and reliable, something to lean on, well-built—"

"Like a six-barred gate," Greville broke in. "As long as you always do that, and as long as you don't sit on it, it's all right with me."

Valerie laughed, stretching her young limbs lazily and luxuriously, then seating herself suddenly, with her chin resting on her knees, on the green fragrant moss.

"You'll be careful of yourself to-night, Greville?"

"You bet I will. I take no unnecessary risks. I'm too precious to myself since I met you—since you first recognised me with a smile. Of course, there may be risks," Greville said cheerfully.

"What though success will not attend at all?"

"Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall."

You see, Valerie, a husband who can quote from the poets would be an asset to you."

"That, of course, would be an asset, but you mustn't forget that the art of quotation requires more 'felicity in the practice than those people give it who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract; and that," she said triumphantly, "is what Diarmid said sometime between the years 1766 and 1843."

"I say, you must have been a big note at school, Valerie!"

"I learned quite a lot, in spite of being naturally lazy."

"You're not too lazy to help me put these things into the basket?"

It was with a heavy heart that Greville returned to the shooting-box. The forest seemed lonelier without Valerie, and he stood in a clearing gazing silently at the distant tower of Ritzhausen standing out against the horizon. After the grim battlements of Kerscholt it seemed friendly to him, and friendlier still when the sunshine caught its massive height and played and flashed on the long, straight windows. On his return he found Gun seated where they had left him.

"You didn't go into the town?"

"I did. It doesn't take long when you're in a hurry."

"Did you fix your business?"

"Rather, Greville. I wish I was selling seats for the signing of the contract."

"You're not going in to-night?"

Gun nodded.

"Not to keep that mad appointment?"

"I don't see anything mad about it. The girl's got something she wants to tell me. You may think it's a trap, I don't."

"You're going alone?"

"I've been asked to, and it would be very ungalant if I took a chaperon."

"You're a fool, Gun."

"Ignoring that gaff, tell me what you did this afternoon."

Greville laughed. "The subject has changed, I see," he said. "I must think exactly what we did do. Oh, I know," he continued casually, "we took things out of a basket, spread things out, ate things, drank things, and then lay on our backs and smoked things."

"I suppose you talked things, too?" Gun suggested, with his affectionate smile.

"Of course, we talked about lots of things. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing much, Greville. But marriage, you know, is one of those risky things," he said gravely, "especially for a single man."

GUN dined with the doctor that night as he had arranged. Even with the knowledge that the man was infatuated with Valerie he felt afraid to take him too much into his confidence. One false move on their part and it might cost the Prince his life.

They were dining at the Krokodil, a small restaurant in the Hohentrass. Gun was anxious that they should not be seen together; the news would soon travel back to Maurice, and the man would either lose his appointment or be placed in a position where he would be of no use to them.

"The Princess Valerie has many devoted followers, but mostly from a distance, I'm afraid," Gun said deliberately. "I mean that they are not directly in her service, or else they prefer to consider their own interests."

The doctor's face cleared. "I am only to be counted in the first category. I would willingly serve Her Highness if she would accept my poor services. My own interests would weigh as nothing against those of hers."

"You may wonder why I should raise this subject with you, Herr Doktor?"

"I must admit that I am curious." He looked steadily at Gun with his faded blue eyes.

"After your charming offer of service, so charmingly worded, I have no hesitation in telling you, Herr Doktor, that the Princess is in great danger—and one can use the term 'dancer' in secret and confidence."

The other nodded his head gravely.
"By that I mean," Gun continued, "no help can be expected from the police. Indeed, it would be unwise to consult them in the matter." Gun was speaking in his most correct German with grave formality, "Herr Doktor" his guest with commendable regularity.

"You can do something for the Princess this very night," Gun tempted. "If you wish to show your devotion to her cause."

"I do," the other replied, and then with that sudden cunning that at a certain drinking stage shows itself in most men, he leant over. "Exactly what is her cause?" he murmured.

"To do what she requires of us without question, without explanation."

"I understand," he said, "and I am willing."

GUN beckoned him to lean over, so that the waiters should not overhear their conversation.

This annoyed the table waiter, for he had heard the Princess' name more than once, and as the dinner had progressed the doctor's voice had grown louder; but now, with their two heads close together, it was useless trying to pick up the threads. Every few minutes the German would nod his head. The dark foreigner seemed to be giving him instructions; now he was repeating them. The waiter edged nearer.

"The bill, please."

"Ah!"

From the restaurant the two men emerged into the dark night. Heavy clouds were banking up over the tower of Ritzhausen and spreading westwards in fleecy black ribbons. Occasionally the moon broke through, casting a beam of silver light on the roof-tops. At the foot of the Castle, where the last streets of the new town mingled with the old, the two men stopped.

"Show no hesitation, and call for Mitzi, you understand," Gun whispered.

"Rely on me."

The two figures parted. One moved slowly, a little unsteadily, towards the Marktplatz, while the other, hugging the base of the Castle, moved forward in the shadows, swiftly avoiding the lights of the Grabenhof and quickly reaching the maze of narrow streets that formed the old town. He picked his way carefully through the most deserted of them. He was on the edge of the town now, where the forest blocked the alley heads. He crossed the road swiftly and moved towards the stables, keeping to the forest edge. Opposite the stables Gun glanced at his watch, and then, changing his automatic from his hip to his inside breast-pocket, he cat-footed silently across the street. A faint light from the coachhouse pierced the gloom. Peeping cautiously through the window, he saw that the place was empty; also that there was no opportunity of remaining hidden there. The only cupboard was panelled in glass. Safety was in the darkness outside, or in the gallery above. This ran down one side of the stables with an unused room leading off it.

He decided on taking the gallery seats, and climbed up from here, leaning over the rail in the darkness so that he would be able to watch.

At that moment a clock struck the quarter. The old clock in the Marktplatz struck only the hours. . . . Someone was climbing the stairs that led to the gallery. Gun touched his automatic. He could hear the occasional creak of a loose board. Silently he stepped back into the doorway of the empty room. There was no retreat except

over the balcony and the drop into the yard. The unknown was still mounting, and in the darkness he could dimly make out a man's head and shoulders. Gun contemplated leaping over the gallery into the yard.

Below, Gun could hear the sound of a scuffle, then silence, with the unknown within a few yards of him. Gun became aware of other figures in the darkness. The gallery was peopled with silent, treading figures. Something was being carried up the stairs. Perhaps, after all, he should have stayed below; indeed here he was more than in the front row, he was trapped. He cursed his stupidity. Should anyone strike a casual match, he would be discovered, overpowered and— He drew back into the corner farthest away from the door. The heat was oppressive. A figure was standing in the doorway, peering in. Gun held his breath. "Bring her in here," a voice whispered; "if she won't speak, we can't make her." In the darkness something was flung against him, and Gun stood rigid and motionless against the door. He had recognised the voice: it was Maurice taking charge of affairs himself.

"Now get down to the harness-room, either side of the door. The car's ready—as little noise as possible."—Gun heard the men's stealthy tread as they descended the stairs. Maurice was still somewhere near. "Curse the girl," Gun heard him whisper. Maurice was on the balcony, Gun could hear him moving about. Silence. Suddenly the chimes from the nearby clock rang out; the hour sounded immediately in the heavy clangor of the old clock in the Marktplatz. The last echo died away. Then, breaking the silence, he heard Doctor Weidemann's voice from below calling, "Mitzi, Mitzi." A whistle came from the gallery—that was Maurice. At the same moment Gun heard a short, frightened shout, a shuffling noise below and the sound of heavy breathing. . . . hurried footsteps on the gallery making for the stairs. Gun stepped quietly out. Maurice was below now—he could hear his voice giving commands in an undertone. A hurried stampede followed, a heavy bundle was being carried to the car. Gun choked back an almost irrepressible desire to laugh. The car was moving off. Someone had returned to the stable; Gun recognised Maurice's light foot. He crouched back. There was no time to free Mitzi, for the light steps were mounting the stairs. Along the gallery Gun heard him in the room lifting his burden.

"Silly girl," he heard Maurice say, "we'll have to talk this out below, where there are lights, where I can see the meaning in your eyes." The stairs creaked. As the door banged below, somewhere along the road Gun heard two shots fired. Somewhere complications were arising; there was no time to be lost in dealing with Maurice. Gun moved cautiously along the gallery and down the stairs. The harness-room was still lighted, and peering through the window he was able to see Maurice. As he moved over to the left Mitzi's head came into view.

"Someone must have frightened you," he heard Maurice say. "I found you in a dead faint."

Out of a small, pale face two dark eyes looked up at Maurice, and even in that moment Gun noticed that they were filled with hatred.

"Tell me why you came here," Maurice said.

"Is it forbidden to come here, Count Maurice?" She stood up, and, swaying slightly, put her hand to the wall for support.

Maurice slipped his arm around her. Quickly she drew away, but he held her.

"Not so fast, little one," he whispered, his handsome face close to hers. "Your sister must have been hiding you." Suddenly he stood back to see her better. With an appraising glance he stroked her black hair. "No aristocrat," he whispered, "but you have the beauty of the people."

Mitzi watched him calmly with a haughty stare; there was something pathetically childlike in her attitude, her young body leaning back and her head slightly on one side.

Her full red lips curled in contempt. "I like spirit," Maurice said, "even more, perhaps, than Gun Cotton," he sneered.

"If anything happens to him," the girl said fiercely, "I won't be afraid to speak, you understand. There are higher courts than the court-house in the Castle." She jerked her head towards Ritzhausen, and there was an insolent tone in her voice.

The jerk of her head was delightfully gaminic; Maurice had been quick to realise her strange beauty.

"So I am answerable to you?"

She nodded her head. "You knew about the letter I wrote to Gun Cotton. I fell into the trap and warned him when my sister told me what you intended to do. I meant to save him, and now," she said bitterly, "I have ruined him." Her eyes flashed angrily. "But you will pay for it," she added grimly.

Her face was so pale that Gun, watching through the window, thought she was about to fall. She swayed, then steadied herself. Gun had no wish to time his entry for a dramatic climax; he had delayed because there had been the chance that Maurice might have disclosed something. Moreover, Gun had not been quite sure up to that time whether Mitzi was not in the plan to kidnap him. After all, the letter had come from her in her handwriting. Gun's hand was on the door-latch.

"Gun Cotton's a fool, and a fool's best under supervision."

"Touch the ceiling," said Gun, entering quietly.

Maurice turned a startled face to the door. "Life's full of little surprises—put your hands up."

Maurice hesitated. A bullet from Gun's automatic buried itself in the woodwork above Maurice's shoulder. Instantly he raised his hands.

"I'm sorry, Mitzi, but Maurice seems a little dumb to-night, and he needs convincing. How are you feeling?"

"All right," she replied, her eyes shining.

"THEN take that gun off him—right-hand pocket of his coat—that's right. Now feel his other pockets—hip pocket. Thanks," Gun took the weapon she handed him.

"I say, Maurice, where did you learn these tricks?" said Gun, examining a cumbersome automatic with a silencer on the business end.

"That shot may have attracted attention," Mitzi said hurriedly.

"It may," Gun replied, "but Maurice here can explain to the police how dangerous firearms are—the slightest mistake, a little pressure on the trigger, and—"

"You'll pay for this," Maurice threatened.

"You'll pay with interest."

"That sounds very depressing," Gun rejoined quietly. "I suppose in your game you become a regular expert at making threats and intimidating remarks. It's all right with me. I take absolutely no notice of them. I don't mean to be insulting to you, but I'm just one of those people who don't mind hearing these sort of things."

"How long are you carrying on this farce for?"

"Until the cars arrive. I've ordered two to be here at ten o'clock. One for you and one for me. I would have ordered them earlier, but I had no idea your plans would work so well to time."

The anger in Maurice's eyes gave way to sudden amusement.

"You're a cool customer, Cotton," he said. "You don't plan things out too badly yourself. Much as I dislike you, I must admit that you've livened things up a good deal since your arrival."

Gun stood silent. Mitzel's eyes were gazing over his shoulder. Maurice, too, was looking that way. Behind him Gun felt the door being slowly opened. A look of devilish triumph appeared in Maurice's eyes.

"Hans!" he cried.

Hans—Maurice's courier. Gun cursed himself for having delayed so long. Was Hans responsible for the firing up the road?

"The tables are turned, Gun Cotton," Maurice cried in his triumph, but then a pleasant voice spoke in broken German:

"My poor Count Maurice, things like that only happen in books and fairy stories."

With relief, Gun recognised Greville's voice. He turned to find Hans behind him, and Greville covering him from the open doorway.

"I'm glad to see you, Gun," Greville said. "I didn't expect to. I held up the car, but they fired on me and got away. I thought they had got you, but I collared this shyster and I brought him along here, because he told me that Maurice was here."

"Thanks, Greville," said Gun, with his affectionate smile. Then, turning to Maurice, he continued: "I hate breaking up this pleasant party, but I can see that you're not enjoying it. Frankly, neither am I. The cars will be waiting for us now." Gun opened the door. Maurice stepped forward.

"Ladies first," said Gun banteringly, arresting his progress. "You know the old idea?"

Mitzel, her eyes shining, passed out without glancing in Maurice's direction.

"Now you," Gun said, in a voice that showed that he was tired of the affair.

Outside on the corner, two cars were drawn up. Maurice stood dark and sullen by the first car.

"You enjoy it all the more when you wait for it," he said; "my turn will come, and I will make better use of it than you have. You're not afraid?" he asked, his mood changing suddenly, and a smile curving on his lips.

"No, I'm not," Gun answered softly.

"Then give me back my gun."

"YOU can have this one," Gun said, throwing him his own. "Yours is a little too silent and sinister for my liking."

With a laugh Maurice caught it in his two hands.

Hans had jumped to the wheel and Maurice was about to get in. Gun detained him. There was no threatening tone in his voice, but there was a hard look in his eyes, and by the light of the street lamp Maurice watched him warily.

"Carry my best respects to the Prince. I'm sure that you have your own interests too much at heart with his to allow any danger to overtake him," said Gun quietly.

Greville saw Maurice's hand tighten on the automatic in his coat pocket; for one moment he thought the man would shoot.

"Rest assured," he replied with a sneer, "we have looked after him for so long that we know exactly what suits him best. At your suggestion we will take even more care of him, now that we know others are

also interested in him. I will, of course, convey your best wishes to him. Good-night, my friend, and take care of yourself. Don't do what I wouldn't do myself," he added, laughing as he jumped in and slammed the door.

As the car drove off Gun turned to Greville and took his arm.

"Well, that's that," he said, and Greville facetiously replied:

"Yes, but it doesn't explain what's what."

Mitzel was already seated in their car. "What are we going to do with her?" he continued in a low voice.

"Drive to the Castle," Gun said, "and talk to Valerie. And we can bandage up that arm of yours as well."

"You noticed?" Greville held up his hand, then wiped it with his handkerchief.

The major-domo, as usual, received them at the door. Gun would have liked to know to what extent he was in Maurice's confidence; possibly he was Tode's man, and that meant he knew nothing.

"Her Highness awaits you in her room."

A servant, after relieving them of their hats, conducted them up the great broad staircase.

Gun presented Mitzel. Valerie hardly seemed to have noticed her presence in the room, but now she turned to apologise with that fascinating candor which made her instantaneous friends with all who met her. She seemed always to dominate the position, always to be the centre of interest. Mitzel behaved charmingly. Greville thought, with her big black eyes shining and watching Valerie in awe and wonder. Then Gun spoke out.

"Do something about this poor fellow, Valerie."

"What's wrong with him?"

"He's been trading lead with Tode & Co."

said Greville seriously, but winking a blue eye at Gun.

"He's got a bullet in his arm, or a hole there," said Gun softly.

With a little cry Valerie sped over to Greville.

"Coat off," she said, helping him tenderly to slip the sleeve down. She led him through a door to her own bathroom.

"Explain about Mitzel," Gun called out to Greville, "and don't be long."

"Don't be callous, Gun. I got this trying to rescue you," he cried back over his shoulder. "By the way, who was in that car, and what were you doing with Maurice?"

"Come on, hurry, Greville." It was Valerie's voice calling him.

Mitzel was seated in a big chair. As Greville left the room she rose and put her hand on Gun's arm.

"It was all my fault," she said, looking up at him. "I'm sorry," she added softly.

"Why did you write to me to meet you there?"

"Because my sister told me that Count Maurice meant to kill you."

Gun felt her trembling. "Sit down again," he said, leading her to the big chair.

"I wrote to you, but my sister saw the letter before you received it. She told me what Maurice intended to do to you so as to get me to arrange a meeting with you; they thought that with me you might not suspect," she said ruefully. "Only when I arrived at the stable did I guess the trap I had unwittingly drawn you into; then you know what happened . . . it was my fault that your friend"—she nodded to the other room—"was shot."

At that moment Valerie and Greville, with his arm in a sling, returned to the room.

"I'm off now," Gun said, and then, in answer to Valerie's inquiry, "I'm flying to Berlin and returning to-morrow night," he explained.

"Oh, take me with you," Mitzel cried, jumping excitedly from her chair.

"Certainly not," Gun said sternly.

"I'll look after her," said Valerie, smiling; "she can stay here to-night, and Greville is going to the bachelor's wing. But there's lots I want to hear."

"Mitzel will tell you everything she knows, and what she doesn't I've told her to invent," Gun explained, smiling from the door.

"But who was kidnapped instead of you?"

"A friend I dined with to-night."

Valerie smiled incredulously. "Not—you don't mean to say it was . . ."

Gun nodded gleefully. "You see what a German doctor will do—when he's in love"

"LEAVE the dual control in," Gun said, "and we'll take watches."

"Contact!"

"Contact!"

They watched the sun rise, with the land laid out below them like a black shadow. Gradually the black turned to grey and the grey to green until the face of Europe disclosed itself in quilted views of fields and mountains, rivers and woods. Sometimes they flew above the clouds, riding on a billowy mass of wool-packs which broke occasionally to give a fleeting peep of roofs thousands of feet below, or the silver sheen of some great winding river. Once they swooped, down and over the wooded banks of the Rhine; then, soaring north, passed swiftly over a black, smoke-pallied town. Fields, tracks of moorland, sleepy villages, then up again above the clouds, rolling in a vaporous feather bed, or sweeping above sharp points of white, like snow-clad mountain peaks. The hours passed quickly to Gun. It had been all pleasure—the touch of the stick, the feeling of the rudder, trimming her tail, bringing her nose on to the horizon—moments of sheer undiluted joy, with the wind playing devil's music through the stays, and the glorious feeling of majestic independence when, with the engine throttled down, they glided gently over the Berlin lakes.

Spread out on all sides surrounding the city were the wooded lakes, dark blue in the deepest places, like rough-cut jewels scattered on a bright green card-table. The city below, its domes and buildings, shining brightly in the sun, the Spree winding apologetically past grandiose edifices, and creeping under bridges too important for their purpose. The Tiergarten, a bouquet of green with streaming white ribbons. Above the Tempelhof Aerodrome they circled round the landing-signal, and then side-slipped with the cold air fanning one side of their faces, straightened up into the wind like a graceful, white-winged albatross, and landed.

Gun had already pulled off his helmet and goggles before landing. Unbuckling himself, he climbed lazily out and stretched drowsily in the sun.

"Go and sleep," he said to the pilot. "I want you to be ready to take off at twenty."

The man smiled pleasantly. In the air he had recognised Gun immediately as an old hand, and he had appreciated his landing as that of an experienced pilot.

Gun drove straight to the Adlon. The trees in the Tiergarten were dusty, and the sun beat down mercilessly on the Pariser Platz as they glided under the Brandenburger Tor. Gun glanced at the blistering windows of the French Embassy. He wondered whether an attaché friend of his was in Berlin, or whether he had wangled leave and escaped to Zoppot to avoid the

DEATH RIDES THE FOREST

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

best of the city, as he and Gun had often done before.

Gun had chosen the Adlon because it was close to the Friedrichstrasse, and also because he liked Herr Adlon, the white-haired, distinguished hotelier, who was there to greet him when he entered. After the blazing heat outside, the interior was cool and restful. The fountain in the courtyard threw a fairy spray of water into the hot air. A room to change in. Coffee and rolls and fruit. Gun splashed luxuriously to his bath with the sunlight playing on the water. He changed into a cream, sun-proof suit. The coffee was excellent, like all German coffee, the grapefruit food and cooling. It was ten o'clock as he lit a mild cigar and sauntered down the stairs into the hall.

Gun passed out into the Unter den Linden. The passing of the Hohenzollerns had left a city of museums and memories. At the street crossing he glanced down to the British Embassy. Standing with its facade to the shade, Gun recalled the discomforts of that old palace, so dignified and so impractical.

He strolled past the Bristol, where the chef makes Irish stew better than the Irish—on Wednesdays. Gun reflected, unless things had changed.

He followed his course through the facade of cheap-jack goods, postcards, souvenirs and pornographic literature. As the numbers ran, Gun realised that No. 430 was further down, in the middle of the film business. He took a cab. Since the war the old quarter of Berlin, the Unter den Linden, the Friedrichstrasse, had been gradually deserted for the new West End in the vicinity of the Kurfurstendamm. Gun noticed that the shops in the Friedrichstrasse were less smart, and that the old residential houses of the street had been given over to offices.

He paid off his cab at No. 430 and pushed his way into the building, through swing doors. Most of the floors were occupied by film-renters, production companies, and theatrical agents. Then he noticed on the board, against the sixth-floor list, the name of F. Schultz, Attorney-at-Law. He stepped into the Patentroom, the continuously moving lift; one door led into a lift going up, the other into one descending. The continuous motion was slow enough to allow people to step on and off as the lift passed a floor. Opposite him Gun found a door with F. Schultz painted in bold letters across the glass panel. He inquired for Herr Schultz, giving his name.

A few minutes later he was ushered into the presence of a man much younger than he had expected to see. Gun received a frank and friendly greeting, and his first impression was confirmed after he had talked with the attorney for a short time. He explained that he had come to Berlin on business that concerned a certain Herr Glauber. At the mention of this name Gun noticed a look of suspicion on Schultz's face. He wished to hear all that Herr Cotton had to say, which was not at all what Gun wanted, for he had very little to say, and wanted to say as little of that as possible.

Several times Gun hesitated, and he could see the man's suspicion growing stronger. At last he interrupted.

"Herr Cotton," he said, "you are not one of my own countrymen, otherwise I might treat you differently. You visit me here bent on inquiry rather than bringing me information. If you have inquiries to make you have come to the wrong person. I am Herr Glauber's lawyer, and his business is confidential. If you represent him, as you wish me to imagine, you can return

and tell him that I am far from satisfied, and would feel no regret if he took his business elsewhere."

The German was obviously anxious to bring the interview to a close, but Gun felt that here was someone whom he might trust—certainly a little further than he had done so far. Briefly he told the lawyer that he was not satisfied that the man Glauber was the man he pretended to be. "But he is the companion and friend of Prince Frederick of Ritsenhausen," the man exclaimed.

Gun shook his head. "You deny that? I know it, though I have never seen him. Why even in his will—" He drew himself up sharply, and coughed to cover his indiscretion.

IN his will he has left everything to Prince Frederick," Gun continued from the point where the lawyer had left off.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It is all very unsatisfactory."

"Why are you dissatisfied?"

"I make money, but I'm not happy about it."

"What makes you uneasy?"

Gun's honest intentions must have convinced the lawyer that it was safe to speak openly to him. In addition, he was human enough to want to discuss what had been worrying him for many months. He began hesitantly, but soon his confidence increased, and he spoke freely.

"I bought this practice from another man. After a short time I learned that I had been swindled. There was the business undoubtedly, but it was of such a nature that no self-respecting man could continue with his connections." He banged the table with his fist. "Ninety-nine per cent of his business was shady—to say the least—and the money was uncertain. I was young, I had invested my only capital. I continued."

Schultz lowered his voice. "Gradually I built up my own connection, an honest one. Gradually I dropped the old clients, the old connections." He leaned over the table. "All but our friend—I was tempted, there was big money in it. Then one day I came across an old deed of some fifteen years ago. On it was Glauber's name—it was his name, you understand—but it was not his signature."

The lawyer paused. "Perhaps there was an explanation of that, but it was difficult, for all the papers and letters to do with his business previous to his becoming the Prince's companion, all had been destroyed."

He took a cigarette from Gun's case and lit it.

"One day," he said, in the manner of a man settling down to a story, "I was in the Ritsenhausen district on a walking tour. Knowing that I was going near Kercholt Castle, and knowing that there were important papers to be signed, I instructed my office here to send them to me. With these papers I visited Kercholt." He blew a smoke-ring into the air. "After a great deal of delay I saw my client for the first time, but though the matter was important he refused to sign the papers."

"Perhaps he wished to consider them?"

"It was on his instructions that they were drawn up."

Gun nodded.

"Eventually I persuaded him of the importance. I must explain that it was a deed of transfer, stocks which he was transferring to the Prince. He left me." The lawyer held up his hand, his fingers outspread. "Ten minutes later he returned with the two signatures—his own scrawling

hand and the Prince's real signature. I, too, had to sign. I took his fountain-pen from him and signed."

Gun wiped his forehead. "The heat was oppressive. 'What was strange about that?' he asked."

"The fact that the Prince's signature was written with one pen, while the signature of Herr Glauber was written with another pen. The pen I signed with, the Prince's pen, was the one with which Herr Glauber's signature had been written!"

Gun smiled grimly. "Why haven't you done anything about it?"

The other lifted his shoulders in a movement of resignation.

"What could I do? What could I prove?"

"I understand," Gun said. "Twelve years is a long way back."

"This, I think, may interest you. Yesterday a deed was signed whereby all property, money, etc., available on the death of any one of the three—Prince Frederick of Ritsenhausen, Herr Glauber and Count Maurice of Stalheim—should be divided equally between the two surviving members."

"Sounds very complicated."

"It was signed yesterday and prepared in a hurry."

"That's interesting. It seems to me that the sooner I get back the better."

"I don't know what you're doing there,"

Schultz said, holding out his hand, "but I wish you luck, and if I can be of any assistance, to you please telegraph to me." He handed Gun a sheet of telegraphic address, embossed with his name and telegraphic address.

With his permission Gun telephoned to the aerodrome. His pilot had left to make some purchases, but Gun learned that he was expected back in an hour's time. Thanking the lawyer, Gun left the office. In the bar at the Adlon, at the small crescent bar, Fix mixed him a cocktail. Gun looked at his watch. It was already twelve-thirty. At that moment Bodka, Reuter's correspondent, hailed him.

"No drinks," Gun replied. "I'm in a terrible hurry."

His tall friend laughed. "Always in a hurry, but never hurrying. Where are you off to now?"

"Place called Ritsenhausen," Gun replied.

At the Tempelhof crowds were lunching in the open, drinking iced beer, large parents with large families, large families with small parents.

Gun's pilot was there. The plane had been refuelled and was ready waiting. The pilot wiped his forehead.

"The heat," he said.

"The heat," Gun whispered, as people do sometimes in the summer. Loud voices are heard more often in the winter.

"Contact!"

"Contact!"

Gun lifted the plane, and then banking south-east, climbed into a cloudless sky, brilliantly blue and limpid.

As Gun saw Ritsenhausen State spread out below them like a map, the feeling occurred to him that the names of towns, villages and rivers should be printed clearly on the earth for all who fly to read.

Ten minutes later they were landing at the Bienenburg airport. Gun slipped his cheque into the pilot's hands. A car awaited him. Ten miles to Ritsenhausen, pick up Greville, hear the latest news, then see.

At the Castle the porte-cochere admitted Gun without delay. Valerie had heard her instructions. He was conducted straight to her room.

"I can't believe you've been in Berlin,"

Valerie exclaimed.

"I have, and that's to prove it." He produced a box of chocolates.

"Thank you so much. We heard you flying over, didn't we?" She turned to Greville.

"I've just returned from Furstenberg," said Greville.

"Did you learn anything?"

"I took Bauer along with me. He went on to the riverside, and then he found the barge lying alongside the quay. I don't know what the devil it means. Gun, but she left this afternoon. Barge 47."

"Up or down the river?"

"Downstream."

"That means Kerscholt."

"But why a barge?"

"I don't know, Valerie," Gun said seriously. "I know nothing except that some dirty work has been planned, and planned for to-night. I've my own ideas of what it means, but they're so vague and uncertain that it's no use telling you, at any rate until I'm more certain in my mind."

Silence fell on the group, each one busy with his thoughts.

"How's the arm, Greville?" Gun asked at length.

Greville lifted it in the sling. "Good enough for an emergency, Gun."

"He's got to be careful," Valerie said.

"Do you feel strong enough to go through with things to-night?"

"Rather!" cried Greville instantly. "What are the plans?"

"I've none, but I do know that somehow we've got to get the Prince out of Kerscholt to-night. I wish I knew what that barge was up to—that's the unknown quantity that frightens me."

"What happened in Berlin?" Valerie asked.

Gun told them in a few words as possible. "So you see there's not much time to lose," he concluded. He stroled over to the window. For a moment he stood running his fingers through his dark hair. "I wish I could be sure what Maurice's game with the barge is."

"It's not a thing you'd choose to whisk a man away on unobserved," Greville said.

"Was it an old barge?"

"I can't tell you. It was well tarred and it looked like any other one to me. Why?"

"I just wondered," Gun replied dreamily.

"Will you come along with us, Valerie?"

"Certainly," Her eyes were shining with excitement.

"I believe that you can help us, and I'd like you to bring Mitzi with you, too."

"In my own car?"

"If you don't mind, Valerie; and I'd like you to drive it. There's no one that we can trust here, is there?"

She shook her head.

"I want you to leave here just as though you were going to drop us on the road. At all costs we must not let them know our destination."

There was a knock on the door, and it opened to admit the major-domo.

"Will Her Highness be dining in the Castle?"

"No, I am dining at the hunting-box with my friends. If His Highness Prince Frederick calls up here, please inform him of that."

The man bowed, his face expressionless, and then retired, closing the door softly after him.

"That was a good idea," Gun said.

"I thought that if they heard I had left for Kerscholt they would have been wondering what had happened to me—that is if I'm delayed," she added with a smile.

"Before we leave," Gun said, seating himself at the writing-table. "I want to get a letter off; it's just as well to leave a full account of what's going on at Kerscholt. Just in the event," he continued after a

smiling pause, "of Maurice getting too serious with those guns of his."

While he was writing Mitzi entered the room. Immediately she saw Gun she walked over to him.

"Who are you writing to?"

"My executors."

"Why?"

"Just an old Spanish custom."

The others watched him patiently while he finished his report. Sealing it up, he addressed it to the Chief of Police, Bladenburg. That was out of the State, and notice would have to be taken of it.

"We're ready," Valerie said.

"Have we any plans at all?" Greville asked.

"No, honestly I don't know what we're going to do except that we must do something."

As they drove through the town and out on to the Kerscholt road the rosy afterglow of sunset painted the sky. The road showed dimly grey in the twilight.

"We know something about Maurice and Tode, so we go into it with our eyes open," grunted Gun cheerfully.

Valerie was driving without headlights, as otherwise their progress could be seen from both castles.

A mile beyond the bridge Gun signalled Valerie to slow up, and then at his direction they parked the car in an opening in the undergrowth just off the road. He led them down one of the still dark aisles of the forest, redolent with the perfume of pine. A little farther on they crossed the road and headed for the river. Gun suspected that the gipsies, on Maurice's instructions, would be on the look-out. He looked back quickly; the road behind fell away between two hills; ahead it stretched with only a slight bend to the drawbridge of Kerscholt. Suddenly Gun, who was leading, pulled up. They had arrived at the edge of the riverbank. The river lay before their eyes in gloomy peacefulness. The lap of water washing the grassy banks broke the stillness of the dusk.

Valerie caught Greville's arm lightly, while Mitzi, not understanding, gazed in wonder at the look of excitement in Gun's eyes. They stood silent for a minute, then Gun whispered:

"Crouch down."

A distant roll of thunder rumbled ominously from the south. Mitzi had caught Gun's hand in hers; she felt it cold and rigid. Her eyes followed his gaze. Slowly, as though with some set purpose, riding downstream on the sulky waters in dark majesty, a great black barge was gliding.

AS the group of silent

watchers lay gazing at the river, dusk enveloped the drifting barge.

"We must follow the thing down," whispered Gun, leading the way along the bank.

Once they had to make a detour where the stream had flooded the banks; tall reeds grew there, and the soggy marsh beneath their feet oozed gurgling where they trod. Hurrying forward they once more gained the undergrowth at the edge, and peering through the gloom, could see the barge like a dark shadow in the waters.

It seemed to Gun to have drawn in nearer to the bank. He reckoned that the lock-gate which drained the Kerscholt moat and stream into the larger river lay a hundred yards ahead.

"Will you stay here, Greville?" he said.

"Watch the man—you're armed?"

"What are you going to do?" Greville whispered.

"With the help of Valerie I'm going to

try to get in touch with the Prince," he said softly.

He left Greville crouching behind a line of tall reeds with his able hand clutching his gun, and his eyes on the dim figure of the bargeman. Gun had got close enough to recognise the figure of Murdo, the gipsy he had shadowed; but that led him nowhere.

"Back to the car," he said to Valerie.

"I want you to give me twenty minutes' start, then drive to the Castle and make some excuse for calling there. I don't imagine that they'd dare refuse you admittance." To Mitzi he said: "Go back to the hunting-box and lead Bauer to Greville; you're not afraid?"

"I know the way," she answered, "and I can take care of myself."

"Twenty minutes," Valerie said without question, "and good luck!"

Gun moved cautiously down the side of the road, keeping to the edge of the forest. At the back, the dark line of Kerscholt loomed up, grey and stark. No lights showed. He walked deeper into the forest, until he had come up to the clearing before the moat; here he crossed the open space cautiously. He could see no sign of the handkerchief on the sill below the window which would indicate the Prince's presence, as they had arranged. That meant that the Prince had been removed.

Gun swore softly under his breath. Crouching down, he slid his body carefully along the moat until he found a ledge over the water, directly opposite the drawbridge. Keeping well down, he waited patiently for Valerie's coming. The minutes passed slowly, and he wondered why he had not told her ten minutes instead of twenty. Of course he had hoped to talk with the Prince through his cell window. Every minute now meant additional risk of being seen by the watcher in the tower over the drawbridge. Where was the Prince?

Gun held painfully to the slippery stonework. A light appeared beyond the trellis of trees. He bent lower. Valerie would have to approach with headlights on in the customary way. To do otherwise might excite suspicion. As the powerful gleam searched the road, Gun bent his head lower, his body taut against the breastwork of the moat. Twice Valerie turned her lights on and off, leaving them off as she drew up before the moat. Gun could have touched the starting handle with his hand. She sounded the horn one, twice, and a third time impatiently.

"Who is it?" someone shouted from the tower.

Then came Valerie's clear tones: "Princess Valerie of Ritzhausen!"

Gun smiled at the sound of hauteur in the youthful voice. A minute passed—perhaps five minutes, that seemed to Gun like five years. Then slowly he was aware of the great iron mass of the bridge falling slowly towards him. He bent lower with the feeling that at any moment he might be crushed under its gigantic frame.

The movement stopped—the drawbridge was in place. Gun had wriggled to the right-hand corner of the framework. He could touch the walls of the Castle, could see the vague outline of the watch-turret. Round the turret a small ledge flanked with a low battlement ran. He hauled himself up astride of the ironwork, getting his hands to the battlement, paused a moment to secure a firm grip, and the next second he had swung his leg over the breastwork and was standing beside the watch-turret opening. A figure moved in the doorway. Gun leapt forward and seized the man by the throat. His hands gripped at Gun's head.

Suddenly Gun let go, and with his full strength drove his fist to the man's chin. He fell like a log. Pulling the inert body into a corner of the turret, Gun glanced about him quickly. Beside him was the wheel that worked the drawbridge. He turned—in front of him stood a door. As he did so, he noticed a length of cord. With this he tied up the motionless figure. Steps led down directly from the doorway. Leaving the room, he locked the door after him and crept down into the inky darkness. The thunder was about overhead now—echoing and re-echoing through the corridors and stone staircases of the Castle.

At the end of the passage, Gun found another spiral staircase, similar to the one that he had discerned from the watchtower. He knew now that any moment he might run into one of the servants.

The storm had increased—frequent flashes of lightning lit up the bare walls, and thunder drumming like heavy artillery rumbled in the corridors and died away below in the dungeons of the Castle. He had reached the ground floor. A door on his right he judged must open on to the central hall. Another door facing him would lead to the servants' quarters, and beyond that, to the stables and garages—automobile kennels, Greville called them.

Gun stood still—footsteps were approaching. Quickly he pushed open the hall door. The hall was well lighted and empty. He passed through hurriedly. There was a door ahead of him. Behind him he heard the footsteps—someone was at the doorway. Ahead of him lay the unknown. He opened the door and stepped in. Darkness! He stood silent, holding his breath. Someone was climbing the stairs. He could hear the man's breathing—a man breathing cautiously. He could hear his hands rubbing along the rough stone walls. He was moving stealthily.

The man below was turning the second bend in the stairs. There was a better chance of coming through undiscovered above than from below. Gun moved cautiously but swiftly upward, feeling the walls with his hands like the unknown below, wondering who could be walking the Castle in darkness. He had reached the room above. He felt the larger air space; the stairs continued their upward flight. Should he remain there in the room or should he follow the stairway? He continued his upward climb. Behind him he heard the unknown hesitate, then follow after him—moving more quickly now. Suddenly Gun knew that he was being overtaken. The man behind was moving faster, with greater certainty. Gun turned quickly. He was too late. A torchlight flashed in his face, blinding him to everything except its brilliance. In the glare Gun felt a hand catch his own in a vice-like grip.

"It's me," a voice whispered.
"Tauber!" Gun exclaimed with a sigh of great relief.

THEY'VE had me locked up for three days. I've just got out—and I was trying to make my way to the watch-tower."

Gun paused; he felt the other's grip tighten on his wrist. From below had come the same rasping cough that Gun had heard a few moments before.

"Who's that?" Gun whispered.
"I can't tell you. I've no idea what part of the Castle I'm in—my only idea was to climb to the watch-tower."

"And then . . . ?"
"To persuade Krantz to lower the draw-bridge for me!"

"I'm afraid he won't feel like doing that for you at the moment."

"Have you seen anything of the Prince?"
"You mean the real Prince?" whispered Gun.

The old man gasped. "You mean that he's alive here?"

"He is, Tauber, and we've got to get him out of this place somehow." Gun put out his hand. "Give me your torch. Where did you find it?"

"In the servants' quarters."

"We've got to take a chance." With his automatic in one hand, and the torch in the other, Gun, followed by Tauber, descended to the halfway room. Flashing the torch about, he saw that they stood on a small landing. A light showed under the door ahead.

"Wait here," Gun said, "until I call you."

Turning the handle he stepped inside. He found himself in a long, low room, a room in which he had been before—he recognised the vault-shaped ceiling, the narrow windows, and the bed. He turned—to meet the pallid countenance of the Prince.

"Shove your hands up," Gun whispered, "quickly!"

The man's hands went up. He was sitting up in bed with a tray of half-eaten food at his side.

"All right," Gun continued, "you can drop your hands." He could see that the man was about to have one of his coughing fits. He looked harmless enough in bed, with an old-fashioned canopy above him, from which heavy curtains drooped.

"Where's the Prince? Tell me, or you're for it, my friend."

"I don't know," came the answer in a feeble voice.

"You've got to know, and so have I."

"But I can't tell you what I don't know," the man replied sulkily.

"Come on, out with it, you liar!"

Gun heard footsteps in the passage leading to the other door. If he stood at the head of the bed he was hidden. He remembered Tode had sat there.

"Who's that?" he whispered.

"Tode, probably," the other replied with a gleam of relief in his watery eyes.

Gun moved swiftly over to the bed. "One word from you, or any suggestion of giving the alarm, and I'll empty this gun into your wretched body. I can see your eyes in that mirror opposite," Gun whispered. Slipping behind the curtain, he stood awaiting the coming of Tode.

Presently Gun heard a knock, and immediately the cortege—two men carrying Tode on his chair—entered the room. They put him down. "Closer to His Highness," Gun heard him snap irritably. A second later he heard the two servants leave the room.

Tode wiped his hot forehead. "Maurice is mad!" he said suddenly, "completely mad! He was taking him . . ."

"Taking who?"

"Who'd you think?" Tode said. "Then Her Royal Highness must put in her appearance."

"That's delayed Maurice?"

"Of course it's delayed him. He's talking to her now."

Prince "Z" coughed and held his chest. Gun could observe him in the mirror; his face was deathly pale, and the hand he raised to his mouth trembled.

"Maurice should have landed him over the river by now—though why he should want to go by river when he could have run him round by car . . ." Tode paused. "How curious that is!"

"What?"

"That he should want to cross the river here when the bridge is open at Bladenburg."

Tode's voice had fallen to a whisper. "I wonder . . . the swine! . . ." In the mirror, Gun saw him raise his podgy hands above his head. "I don't think he'd dare, and yet is there anything that the devil wouldn't dare?"

A servant was at the door; Tode looked up crossly.

"Her Highness Princess Valerie wishes to see His Highness," the man announced.

"Certainly! Conduct Her Highness here," commanded Tode. "That will give Maurice a chance to get away."

"If he takes it."

Yes, if he takes it. Gun smiled to himself grimly from behind the curtain, for when Valerie entered, she was followed by Maurice. Gun saw her hesitate slightly at the bedside. She stood with high color in her cheeks, and a sad smile on her lips. The Prince spoke to her gently—in tones that Gun had not recognised in his voice before. He told her that he was disappointed that she had not come to stay at Kerscholt.

YOU see," he said, "how happy I am here—the air seems to suit me better." But the cough that followed gave the lie to his remark.

Valerie answered calmly that she preferred her home even to the kind hospitality that she always received at Kerscholt.

Someone was knocking loudly at the door. A servant appeared—his face white and a strange expression in his eyes.

"Durchlaucht," he said, "Krantz is lying unconscious in the watchtower."

"Is someone attending to him?" Tode inquired nervously. Already he saw the trouble starting—he had prophesied trouble, he had warned Maurice. But that young man seemed in no way perturbed.

"That means someone is in the Castle—someone who has got in by the drawbridge." Maurice was smiling. "Well, we've got him now, Gun Cotton or Greville Manning," he cried triumphantly. "The poor fool thought that he'd find . . ." He stopped short, glancing at Valerie. "With the drawbridge up there's no escape."

Making as little movement as possible, Gun slipped the torch he was holding into his pocket and then felt for his other automatic. Both hands were armed now, and he was ready for anything that was coming to him. He would have to fight his way out. Maurice's words were muffled. In that instant his thoughts ran back to England and to Tony: the natural red of her lips, her smile, and a shadow of anxiety in her eyes. "Look after yourself, Gun," he imagined her soft whisper.

"I'll have the Castle searched," Maurice cried, leaping to the door, "the poor fool's come too late—but just in time for his own funeral."

Gun watched him leave, and stepping out suddenly from behind the curtain, levelled a revolver at Tode.

"Excuse the liberty I'm taking, but I'll be gone in a minute," Gun said pleasantly, "and a word of advice to you. A bad enemy's better than a false friend."

Tode's puffy face, white and surprised, gazed blankly at Gun.

"You'll find Maurice has double-crossed you, my old plug-ugly," said Gun. He was moving steadily to the door. "In the hall," he whispered to Valerie as he passed her, "out by the other door."

"Leaving so soon?" Tode inquired, an ugly smile on his face.

Gun swore softly. Taking his time would be his undoing one day.

Maurice, of Stalheim, had returned; he was standing in the doorway, an evil smile on his handsome face. Gun was covered. "A pleasant meeting," Maurice said. "You're a remarkable fellow," Gun answered slowly, with the slight drawl that came out in tight places. "You don't look a day older than when we met last week." Maurice frowned angrily. "What the devil are you doing here?" "Tell me first," Gun said calmly. "You've been warned several times, Cotton," said Maurice.

"Is it necessary for you to read the Riot Act again, Stalheim?" Gun interrupted. "Hullo," he said, turning to Tode. "I see old plug-ugly's got his gun out too, bless him."

Goaded to fury, Tode fired, and the bullet splintered in the wall above Gun's head. He stepped quickly aside. Tode fired again, unsteadily, and again the bullet sang past him. Gun leapt quickly for the door; a swing to the shoulder-blade jerked Stalheim from his path.

Gun was in the dimly-lighted passage; Maurice fired from the doorway. Servants appeared, and he ran lightly down the passage—a servant was approaching him. Suddenly the man's pistol went up, a second too late. He collapsed with a bullet in his throat.

"Wild shooting," Gun cried to Maurice. Bullets splattered the walls round him. He heard Maurice shouting, "Guard the drawbridge." Gun took the staircase two steps at a time. Where was Tauber? If Valerie left by the door he had told her she would find him. Now a servant by the door was advancing towards him. Gun drove his fist into his face, and the man dropped.

A flash of lightning lit up the whole scene. The rain was beating heavily, filling the gutters and pounding the shining flagstones. Four men were lined up by the drawbridge—four men between him and escape—between him and the Prince's life. Then Maurice advanced from the side entrance. On three sides of them the light from the Castle windows was shining on to the glittering courtyard. Through the rain it was difficult to focus accurately. Gun had closed the door behind him; he was safe from an attack through the door in the rear. Beside him Valerie's car was drawn up, facing the drawbridge. With the bridge up, what use was it to him?

Maurice lifted his gun and fired . . . once, twice . . . three times. Gun's automatic barked—the other men were advancing on him. He retreated behind the car. Five guns were speaking lead on all sides of him, tearing through the rain and splattering the walls beyond. Bullets were coming at eye-wink intervals. Gun knew that it couldn't last—only the driving rain had saved him. Two of Maurice's men were down—another had joined them.

SUDDENLY, Tauber was beside him: the old man was pushing another gun into his hands. "Full magazine," he whispered. "Behind the car quickly, Tauber." The car . . . Suddenly the thought came to him. Why hadn't he thought of it before! Maurice was laughing—taking aim casually . . . the swine!

"Tauber, the headlights." The old man stepped to Gun's side. Maurice's car barked. Tauber crumpled up. "You swine!" Gun hissed. "You'll pay for that."

Gun had worked up to the door of the car. Leaning over, his hand groped for the dashboard. Suddenly he switched on. In

that second Maurice and the four men stood clearly exposed in the blinding headlights of the car.

"Can you see better? More light on the scene, Maurice," Gun cried as he sent a burst of fire into their ranks. Hidden in the darkness, Gun laughed softly. "I could get you now, Maurice, but there are better times coming."

A bullet ripped past Gun's head—a sharp whine, dangerously close. "How did you like that one?" Gun said, putting a bullet just over Maurice's head in return. "Are you fond of music, Stalheim?"

Gun was back now feeling at the switch-board. Quickly he turned the lights over to the right, a continental anti-dazzle gadget. He leaped forward, running up the black shadow outside the rays. He took them by surprise. In a minute he was in among them, striking out with the butt-end of his automatic. He was through them—a blinding flash. The small door beside the drawbridge was open. Gun headed for it. He was through. A bullet whizzed past him. Below him the black waters of the moat. He dived. Bullets sang into the moat. He kept under as long as possible, swimming to the left. He came up, breathed deeply, and swam strongly until he felt the moat wall. Scrambling up on the far side, he looked back. The great drawbridge was falling, black against the lightning.

Gun hurried up the ridge. Run, Gun, run. His weary body ached. He felt sore in a thousand places. Run, Gun, run. Now the storm seemed to have circled the Castle, rumbling away, then returning, and breaking in shattering crashes with intensified fury.

The ground, soggy underfoot, made heavy going. Run, Gun, run. Why hadn't he realised before what a Verlängerungstuck signified? He cursed himself. Anyone but a fool would have understood the significance of that. He could only be about fifty yards from the river. Above the banks he saw the outline of the barge, blacker than the night and shining with the glistening raindrops.

Gun moved slowly now. There was delicate work to be done—something quieter—with fewer bullets flying about. There seemed to be no sign of anyone on the bank. Carefully he scanned the ground where he had left Greville. Cautiously he closed up with the barge. The heavy rain had thinned out to a small drizzle. Overhead a star was blazing. The thunder was distant and a brooding peacefulness hung over everything. He crept up to the barge; here was deathly silence. He shuddered. His wet clothes clung to him. One way or the other there was no time to be lost.

Ahead of him, in the stern, he saw a hatchway. A light showed below decks. Cautiously he came up to the companion-way, and then taking a chance, climbed down. The light from the lamp threw a circle of white on the deck of the barge. She was empty of cargo. Around him lay deep shadows. He peered forward . . . a faint moan sounded in the darkness.

Gun stepped over to the dark corner from whence the sound seemed to proceed. A shoe, feet, a body, breathing heavily, free, not tied up. Bending over, he pulled the body into the light, and caught his breath.

"The Prince," he whispered. "That's luck!" What was the next move? At that moment he saw Greville, lying gagged and bound in the corner beyond. Gun cursed softly. Someone would pay for this. Why was Greville bound and not the Prince? With Greville free and the possibility of the Prince

regaining consciousness they ought to be able to tackle Maurice and his cut-throats. "All right, Greville," Gun whispered. "I'll untie you. But how the deuce did you get into such a mess?"

He stooped over the ropes; they were sailors' knots, firm and efficient. Greville's eyes were making signs to him. Gun fumbled to remove the gag. Suddenly his sixth sense, the danger sense, was working. . . . Someone was behind him; he turned. Too late. He heard a singing in his ears. The lamp had gone out; he was falling back into a fathomless pit—a jabbing pain, and he had touched bottom. Somewhere, a long distance away, he heard the thunder, then a harsh voice saying, "You fool, Murdo, you've cut her from her moorings."

"Good riddance, Hans," the other answered. "They'll sleep better on the bed than on the surface."

GUN came back to consciousness, fighting for breath in a barge half full of water. His eyes were painful and his head throbbed. Something was cutting into his side. He turned over. Gradually his brain became clearer. He was lying in six or seven inches of cold water. He moved his head slowly from side to side: his eyes fell on a piece of shining steel. What was it? His brain was waking to action. He was on the barge; there was water in the barge. That meant . . . he raised head and shoulder with painful effort and looked about him. . . . Greville! Tied up—and the Prince—he remembered all. The shining steel—he turned and picked it up from the water, muttered a grunt of surprise. He held an expansion filament. With this he cut the gag and ropes that bound Greville.

"Ye gods, Gun! We're only just in time. I was tied too well to move an inch," whispered Greville.

Gun was already shaking the Prince, slapping his face. Gradually a little color was coming into the man's pale cheeks.

"Doped!" Gun said. "How much longer will this thing keep afloat?"

"Twenty minutes—but there's no hope of swimming ashore with a six-knot current running." Greville staggered through the water to the hatch. "Midstream," he called down.

"Put her helm over," Gun cried. Sinking, with a helpless body on their hands, and a six-knot current running. Suddenly Gun's eyes fell on the expansion filament. He called to Greville to get the Prince on deck. He searched the barge and found where the water was coming in, and staggered on deck with the expansion in his hand. Dawn was breaking, and he could just see the shadow of the river banks. In the distance lay Keracholt. They must have drifted a mile downstream.

The Prince's eyes were open, and Greville was explaining to him what had happened. Gun, too, was interested.

"Bauer never turned up," Greville said. "I don't know what happened. Milti never came back, either. What do you think happened to them?"

"I can't think," Gun said. For he didn't want to think. His own thoughts filled him with bitterness. Was it possible that Milti had betrayed them—that all the time she had been working for Maurice?

Then he remembered the scene with Maurice at the stables: did she really love Maurice, and was she acting against him out of jealousy? The memory of Tauber's death returned, like some half-forgotten dream—not clear and cutting like the thought of Milti's betrayal. Greville had warned him.

"I remember nothing, I remember nothing," the Prince murmured between his blue lips.

They were gradually approaching the river bank. Gun swung the tiller over to keep her out.

They were by no means safe yet. There still were difficulties likely to crop up everywhere. Getting the Prince back to Ritzhausen was not going to be easy. Suppose Maurice and Tode made a final stand against him?

"Pull the helm over," Gun shouted. "We've got to land here before daylight."

"But it's miles from anywhere," Greville said, "and I thought that's what you wanted to avoid."

"Yes, but I've changed my mind," Gun put the tiller over.

Greville looked at him blankly.

"If news gets around that this barge is still on the river," Gun explained, "they'll know that we're still alive and kicking, which strikes me as a bit of a mistake. Now how do you feel like walking, Your Highness?" he said, turning to the Prince.

"If I can't walk, I can crawl," he answered pluckily. "My head's still bad, but I'll be all right."

Greville helped him ashore.

"I'll take her out a bit," Gun said. "It's not too deep here, and we don't want clues or wrecks."

"Not too far," Greville pleaded. "We can mark the spot where we've sunk her—the current's strong."

As she drifted away from the bank, Gun kicked out the plug in the hull; her upper structure was weighty enough to sink her—Maurice would have made no mistake on that score. A few minutes later he reached the bank again, but lower downstream where the current had swept him. From the shelter of the wooded ridge the three men watched the black, shining barge as she drifted lower and lower in the water to the centre of the river. At last they saw her swallowed without a sound by the hungry waters.

Gun sat down and shut his eyes wearily. When he opened them, dawn was flooding the sky in searching rays, spreading from the east like an open fan. Over the ridge a stretch of pasture land extended before them far away into the distance.

"Those are the advance sentries of Ritzhausen forest," the Prince announced. "You see that place there?"—he indicated a mass of farm buildings lying below them—"that's mine . . . that's mine!" he repeated. His eyes were shining, and the two men with him stood silent.

"CAN you trust the people there to keep a still tongue in their heads?" Greville inquired.

"If I ask them to," the Prince spoke with confidence.

At the farm they were received by the farmer's wife. Clean white sheets were stretched across a bed, and Gun flung himself down to sleep, clad in one of the farmer's nightshirts. He heard from Greville later that Prince Frederick had been recognised by the farmer's wife even before he had declared himself.

For three hours Gun slept, his clothes meanwhile drying before the fire. When he awoke it was to find Greville seated at the end of the bed.

"I've slept, too," he said, "but not before I'd told the Prince everything. He took it wonderfully. He said it seemed as though Leopold had sent us to his side just when he needed help most. He's a good fellow, Gun, once you get under his brusque manner."

Gun wrote to Valerie, explaining much that had happened. He told her that all at Castle Kerscholt should be kept in ignorance of their safety. The Prince's return must take them completely by surprise. They were planning a coup d'état which would leave Tode no option but to recognise His Highness as Prince Frederick of Ritzhausen.

The farmer's wife was chosen as messenger. Gun asked her to give the bearer of the letter an answer. The bearer would also explain to her where they were lodged. Gun added a postscript advising Valerie that Greville had told the Prince of the manner of Leopold's death, and that everything had been cleared up satisfactorily. The woman was instructed to inform no one other than Princess Valerie of their whereabouts.

At last the farm woman returned. She had a letter for the Prince, and one for Gun. The Prince read the letter, and then put it in his pocket. Gun guessed the difficulty Valerie must have had in writing it.

"To welcome me home," the Prince said a little sadly. "Poor child, how could she have known? She has nothing to reproach herself with."

The letter to Gun told him that, as far as she knew Maurice probably thought that they had all been drowned. No word had appeared in the papers about the fighting—or if anything had leaked out, it had been promptly hushed up. The impostor Prince had suffered a complete collapse.

Gun told the farm lady that they were staying there the night.

At seven o'clock Herr Doktor Weidemann was at the door.

"The Princess Valerie has sent me to you. They'll know why I sent you—those were the words, Herr Ootou."

"Excellent," Gun said, "though I don't know where you're going to sleep. I say, Herr Doktor, I hope you were all right in that bag when they kidnapped you," he added apologetically.

"Fifty miles in a canvas bag—I would be telling a lie if I said that I was comfortable."

"Oh, you mustn't do that, Herr Doktor. The great thing is, you weren't too uncomfortable." And then, seeing that he was only sinking farther into the mire of apology he added sincerely: "You did the Princess a great service. What can I do now in return—short of taking your place in a bag?"

Gun took him into a small, quiet room overlooking a darkening meadow, and there told him all that he ought to know. He told the story of the coming of Tode to Ritzhausen, how he had betrayed his trust, how with the help of Maurice they had imprisoned the Prince, their master, and fooled the world for twelve years. The doctor stood listening, amazement written all over his face.

"And now," Gun said, "you will be presented to the real Prince Frederick of Ritzhausen."

Half-dazed, the man was led into the formal little living-room, where he made his short, stiff bow and clicked his heels together smartly.

Gun had hoped that Weidemann would have brought him other news from Valerie. He wanted to know where Mitzi was and what had happened to her. For some reason he could not bring himself to believe that she had betrayed them. She was, of course, of the same blood as Hansi, but from the first she had impressed Gun as being genuine. He knew that an attractive personality could always interest him—Maurice was a case in point. Gun

knew him for the unscrupulous scoundrel that he was, and yet, despite this he found it hard not to like him.

Gun heard someone at the door. Another letter from Valerie—he opened it hurriedly. No news of Mitzi; a notice had gone out from Kerscholt saying that the Prince would not be well enough to receive his birthday congratulations. "His Highness is indisposed—a severe attack of bronchitis." The rumor that the Prince would attend his birthday celebrations in person was therefore untrue. "Oh, Gun, what can I do about Mitzi? I didn't go to her house; the news would go straight back to Maurice. Pray Heaven everything goes well to-morrow and then we shall be able to try to pick up all the little pieces our lives have broken into." The letter continued with messages to Greville, and instructions as to how his arm was to be dressed, and a postscript: "See the messenger." The farm lady was still waiting in the doorway while Gun read the letter.

"Will you please ask the courier to come in," he said.

To his delight it was Bauer. Gun felt cheered at the sight of his friendly face. He told Gun how the previous night he had been sent off on a false trail by a note which, he presumed, Gun had sent him. He asked forgiveness for his stupidity. He had waited at the stables, and then, at three o'clock, after the storm was over, he had returned to the hunting-box.

"But I've not forgotten your pyjamas and toothbrush," and Gun decided that the world treated him extremely well.

THE next morning they rode through the forest to Ritzhausen. Bauer rode ahead, for Gun was by no means too certain that Maurice had not discovered their escape. In the desperate position in which he had placed himself, he would not be likely to cavil at a little shooting through the trees. Greville and Gun rode on either side of the Prince, while Doctor Weidemann followed close behind, keeping a wary eye on the black mass of Kerscholt as the Castle showed up through the trees. The Prince smiled grimly as he saw the royal pennant flying from the masthead.

As they rode forward the Archduke looked up. His pennant was running up the mast on the round tower. For a second it hung slack; then the wind caught it, and stretched the crimson and golden silk across the cloudless sky.

Against the background of the Castle, on a raised dais of crimson and gold, Valerie stood waiting to welcome her uncle. As the Prince rode over, she stepped, a slim, little figure, from the dais. Gun wasn't certain, but he thought the Prince bent, perhaps to kiss her cheek, or was it only the little hand? But when he looked back at them again the Prince had dismounted and they were walking together to the dais. Gun would have dearly liked a whisky and soda, but the Prince motioned him to take a seat on the dais at his side. Greville, too, was commanded to the platform. Gun wondered whether he could make some excuse to leave; say that his friend, James Corkacrew, wished to see him, or that he wanted to weigh himself. He was just thinking of something better when the deputation with the address of welcome arrived. Quickly the courtyard was flooded with those who were entitled to enter. Presentations were made, and the address was read out.

Then the Prince replied, in a thunderous voice that carried beyond the courtyard.

He thanked them for their loyalty, he thanked them for their memory, and for their faithfulness. "Not one of you," he told them, "can realise how much that means to me." Gun could well believe it.

After that, more presentations. Twelve years had brought a new and younger generation to important positions in the town. Silence fell on the crowd of men and women lining the courtyard. For a second he hesitated. From the porte-cochère could be heard the sound of a horseman mounting the road leading to the Castle. Under the arch the rider suddenly appeared. Gun laughed. A hard look came into the Prince's eyes. Maurice of Stalheim, dressed in black, and mounted on a black horse, rode through the arch; he was smiling pleasantly, entirely at his ease.

"I have come to wish Your Highness the happiest of birthdays, a pleasure and a duty that I hope will be mine for many years to come." He turned to the people in the courtyard. "In our loyalty to His Highness Prince Frederick of Ritzhausen, we pray most ardently for the future happiness of the Princess Valerie." Maurice lifted his hat in the air with a superb gesture and the crowd immediately broke into loud cheers. "May you live always at peace with your enemies." In the silence that followed, Gun heard him say quietly: "You look twelve years younger, Your Highness."

The Prince retained the hard look that had come to him at the sight of Maurice. Gun was delighted with the whole incident; Maurice had carried it off as only he could have done.

"Was it well done?" he asked Gun in a whisper, bending over his horse's head.

"Cochran couldn't have staged it better."

"I have something to show you." He put his finger up to his lips.

The Prince was speaking. Gun missed the first part of the sentence, but he heard the words—"the Princess' betrothal to Mr. Greville Manning, of Windover Manor, Windover, in England."

His guests were streaming into the Castle; round him he had still the chief dignitaries of the town. Something would have to be settled about Maurice. Tode, of course, could be dismissed, and to dispose of his impostor was Tode's affair; but Maurice was more difficult. Kerscholt was his, and it was hardly in his power to banish him.

He turned; the Mayor was addressing him. In the corner of the courtyard by a creeper-covered wall Maurice turned to Gun. He held a small piece of paper in his hand.

"I don't know what it means," he said; and he commenced to read: "Follow the path that leads from the hunting-box by the barkless tree. I killed her because I loved you and I was afraid for you! that's all you'll see unless you follow the path that leads to the river."

"You know who it's from, of course."

"From Hansi."

"Why haven't you followed the path then?"

Maurice hesitated. "I don't mind telling you, Cotton. I'm afraid. I've learned at last what fear is."

"What makes you afraid?"

"That's a message of death," Maurice said softly, folding the paper. "A gipsy once told Tode that if the Prince died his own death would follow after. That's why he was always afraid." Maurice paused, his voice was low and serious. "She told me at the same time that I should learn the meaning of fear too late for it to matter."

Gun called Bauer to his side and ordered his horse.

"There are two deaths in that letter," Maurice said, "mine and—Hansi's."

"Pray Heaven there aren't three," Gun replied fiercely, mounting his horse and thinking of Mitzl. "You won't come?" he cried to Maurice, but the other shook his head.

"You'll find me at the Grabenhof," he said, in his old accustomed manner. "If what the gipsy said is true, then we've many things to discuss in a short time, Cotton."

Gun made no reply. Hansi, her mind distraught, must have killed Mitzl the evening before and then ended her own life in the river. There could be no other meaning to that sinister note. Followed by Bauer, he rode out of the Castle.

A terrible foreboding weighed down on him, a premonition of misfortune, of death that almost strangled his courage. By the bridge he turned out of the burning sun into the long, cool ride that led to the lodge. He knew the little path that Hansi referred to in the letter, a path of strange, mysterious flowers more beautiful than their names. They galloped through the stillness of shaded alleys, past deep dark thickets where the sun strove vainly to pierce the lattice of the trees. They arrived at the river, that quaint tributary brook with its placid stretches and profound darkening pools, its swift dashing rapids bewitching as midsummer moonlight. They dismounted at the hunting-box. Gun threw Bauer the reins as he brushed past the dusty lilac bushes. He found the path—a little wandering path, twisting and curling for no apparent reason, unless it was to keep appointment with some of the loveliest flowers. They found Mitzl just where the path turned. She was lying by a mossy bank, her eyes were closed, and there was a faint smile on the red lips. She lay like a little girl taking a rest on her way to school, knowing she will be late, wondering what excuse she could make, then closing her eyes and letting the little breezes of the forest sing her to sleep.

Gun touched the mass of black hair. There were flowers around her head, yellow and shining like April sunshine. He lifted the little body in his arms and carried her to the hunting-box. Bauer was there before him with a long table, far too long, on which to lay her. Gun had seen death fairly often, but never had he seen it so beautiful.

WITH heavy heart, filled with bitterness, Gun rode back alone to Ritzhausen.

People were still standing in front of the Grabenhof. They had been told that the Princess and her English lover were to drive through the town. They were curious to see the man of whom they had heard; he who had won the hand of their Princess would be well worth looking at. Gun threw his reins to a stable-boy standing beside the door.

"How long will you be gone for?"

"For ever, perhaps," Gun laughed and threw him a crown. "If I don't reclaim the horse, ride him up to the Castle."

The boy looked astonished, but Gun turned aside into the cool shadows of the inn. Mother Gots was there, a slightly scared expression on her face.

"I want a double whisky and soda, immediately, in Count Maurice's room, please," he said pleasantly.

"Count Maurice is not here," Mother Gots mumbled. She was lying.

"Isn't here?" Gun replied. "Well, I'll drink it in his room nevertheless."

"Herr Cotton, because I can't find it in me to hate you, I warn you that Count Maurice is the best swordsman in Austria."

Gun wondered what the old thing knew, as she shuffled out, disappearing into some

mysterious part of the inn that Gun had never explored.

He followed the corridor to the end, then turned up the little stairs, and rapped on the door with his crop. One long, two short, that was the signal for a pilot off Dungeness. He wondered what the signal was for a sky pilot, and which of them would need one before the hotel closed up that night.

He opened the door and entered. Maurice of Stalheim was standing before the window, his graceful figure outlined against the glaring sunshine. He was idly tapping the toe of his boot with the sword he held loosely in his hand.

"I saw you cross the square," he said. "Have you any news for me?"

"I have," Gun replied casually. "Perhaps you'll tell me."

"Later," Gun replied, lighting a cigarette. "Bad news improves with waiting."

"I want to know," Maurice said eagerly.

"You've had your way too often, Stalheim. This time you've met someone as selfish as yourself."

Mother Gots had entered with the whisky. She set it down, looking anxiously from one to the other.

"Aren't you in enough trouble already, Count Maurice? Are you so fond of Herr Cotton that— I know your reputation with a sword, and no good can come of it using it against this gentleman," the old woman whispered. "You will bring discredit on my house."

Shaking her head, the old woman left them.

Gun finished his whisky slowly, taking a keen look round the room. Maurice handed him a sword, first pushing the chairs and tables back against the walls. Gun felt the beautiful blade and marvelled at its suppleness.

Maurice was smiling now, watching Gun with a supercilious expression.

"On guard!" he said pleasantly.

Gun's blade flashed up. With the first kiss of steel memories of Heidelberg and students' duels flashed back to his mind. Maurice had the advantage of the light. Gun looked him squarely in the eyes. The fellow was taking the whole thing so casually, almost insultingly. He wouldn't find it quite as easy as all that, thought Gun, as he parried a half-hearted thrust. The clash of steel against steel echoed through the room—a hard, metallic glide and the two blades slipped gracefully past each other.

"I see you've had some lessons," Maurice sneered.

Gun remained silent—he had yet to feel the strength of Maurice's attack. Up to that time they had been feeling each other's blades.

Gun knew that the man was an expert. He was a born swordsman, with a wrist of steel that yet was flexible, and movements timed to perfection. Gun knew that he was crossing swords with the finest opponent he had ever met; it was a little unfortunate that the occasion should be so important a one.

Maurice touched his arm, the blade whipping back like lightning.

"Touche," he whispered, and then, "Bis!" he exclaimed, thrusting; but that time Gun was too quick for him—the point was turned and Maurice stepped back lightly.

"Ah! Herr Cotton improves."

Gun could now see that the smile on Maurice's face was not so natural. Already his blade was tightening up, his actions were less careless. Gun was pressing him.

Gun watched Maurice eagerly; twice he had felt mastery over the other's blade. He had driven Maurice to the head of the

stairway that led down to the main passage, and was beginning to enjoy the fight—the sudden thrust and the trick of the last minute parry. The cuts on his arm showed in bloodstains through his silk shirt.

Slowly Maurice was beginning to realise that he had made a mistake. Every time he had touched Gun Cotton he had exposed his method of attack, and now he was left with one surprise thrust only. He would have to choose the moment carefully. In the darkened passage he was ready to allow Gun Cotton to beat him back. For the final reckoning he needed light and sunshine, and that, if possible, behind him. Gun was conscious of Mother Gotz near them, crying pitifully into her apron. The clash of thrusting, sliding, parrying steel, engaging and scraping, filled the inn with its metallic hiss. The sound had carried outside. The curious stable boy who held Gun's horse had pushed open the door; wide-eyed, he watched the horse's owner pressing before his sword point, and a dark figure defending himself with ease, but retreating always towards the doorway and the brilliant sunshine in which boy and horse now stood. Gun felt Maurice giving way easily before him. Maurice, too, wished for more space. The clock in the Marktplatz was striking two o'clock when Maurice backed out into the sunshine.

In the square a newspaper boy whistled to a friend. "Two gentlemen are fighting a duel in front of the Grabenhof."

"It's not serious," the other replied scornfully. "Two students, I suppose."

"You think so; then come and watch their eyes!"

IN the Castle the Prince had finished his lunch, and Valerie and Greville were preparing for their drive through the town. The Chief of Police was waiting to be received. He was announced, and the Prince greeted him affably and prepared to hear his business.

"The day is too beautiful to spend indoors," he said, leading the man out through the open window on to the ramparts.

They gazed over the forest to the river. The Prince's eyes followed its sweeping curve to the place a mile beyond where he knew the black barge lay sunk; in the distance the hazy line of foothills, with their V-shaped valleys running east and west; closer about him his own country.

The Chief of Police touched his arm, etiquette forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Sharply in the clear air the sound of steel on steel grated in their ears. The Chief of Police was pointing down towards the Grabenhof.

The Prince gazed down, fascinated. Far below them, in front of the inn, two men were fighting. In the crystal atmosphere it was easy, even from that height, to recognise the men.

"Count Maurice," the Chief whispered, "and Herr Gun Cotton."

Fascinated, like men at a play, they watched the strange scene being enacted below them. Sometimes the sun caught the shining steel, and lightning flashed between them.

Below there were beads of perspiration on the fighters' brows. The crowd stood about them spellbound. Some of the older ones looked up at the Castle, nodding their heads in apprehension. No good would come of fighting under the very eyes of authority. Then someone said that he could see the Prince himself looking over the ramparts, and another pointed out that Weidemann, the Court physician, had

joined the crowd, his black bag hanging ominously from his hand like the broken wing of a raven.

Maurice was talking to Mother Gotz over his shoulder, ordering his dinner and commanding that the wine should have the chill just taken off.

"You may order the feast, but at least I shall be allowed to pay you, Stahlhelm," Gun said, as he stepped back quickly to avoid a slanting point, "seeing that I intend to eat it."

Suddenly his sword was engaged. His fingers tingled and a sharp pain twisted his wrist. The crowd fell backwards as Maurice's sword fell clattering on to the cobblestones at their feet. The point of Gun's sword touched the ground.

"Have you had enough?" The surprise in Maurice's eyes had given place to fury. He sprang forward for his sword.

"You could have killed him!" someone shouted.

Gun shook his head and smiled. Hans groped for his master's sword, picked it up and handed it to him.

Gun's left arm was painful. How cunning Hans could look! Suddenly Maurice was upon him, and the terrible onslaught drove Gun back to the door. Mother Gotz crouched in a corner, and over Maurice's shoulder, as he lunged, Gun saw Hans and Weidemann. Maurice was attacking with the ferocity of a tiger. Gun gained a yard and drew blood. The stab must have brought forth the fury in Maurice's wild fighting. Someone shouted a warning. Maurice rushed forward, breaking down Gun's guard through sheer strength. He held a knife above his head. Gun remembered the cunning look on Hans' face.

A roar of horror went up from the crowd. Gun leapt sideways and then, kicking the sword from Maurice's hand, he clutched with both hands at the arm that held the knife. Gun was stronger than Maurice. Slowly he bent back the wrist. The blood flowed from Maurice's face. Slowly Gun was turning the knife away from him towards Maurice. He could feel Maurice's breath coming in short gusts. His forehead was moist and the dark eyes stared wildly back at Gun, and the point of the knife was over his heart.

Maurice was trying to speak; his eyes were smiling. It seemed to Gun, as he felt the point of the knife.

"A knife that goes straight to the heart," he gasped, "like Valerie."

Those words were the last words Maurice spoke before his long, slim fingers relaxed their hold, and Gun knew that he had started his journey to the stars.

Gun gazed at the handsome face, now calm and at rest. He had enjoyed life well while it lasted. Gun could almost hear his soft laugh now.

He vaguely remembered climbing into an open carriage and driving to the Castle. On either side of him a police guard was seated; he was under arrest. The roofs of Rittenhausen, the forest of Kerscholt, a backcloth to tragedy. His head was aching. He remembered that he must congratulate Valerie and Greville. Valerie would blush, and he must call her "Her Imperial Highness," and perhaps kiss her hand. But would they let him?

They had arrived at the Castle. Gun remembered vaguely being led before the Prince. The Chief of Police stood by His Highness' side. There was talk of arrest, imprisonment and trial, and then the Chief of Police used the words "self-defence." The Prince smiled. The Chief of Police smiled.

Everyone about him seemed to smile. Gun smiled.

The Chief of Police turned to the guards that stood beside Gun. "The prisoner is in my charge; you will return to your stations."

The Chief of Police left the room shortly after. "I will make arrangements for Herr Cotton's detention," he said, with that shadowy smile still on his lips.

Gun felt the Prince's hand on his shoulder. "There is no time to lose; you must leave immediately."

Bauer had entered the room, in his hand a railway guide; with a time-table in his hand a man might conquer the world.

"But Valerie and—"

"I'll give all your messages to them," the Prince replied. "They're still driving round the town; they have learned nothing about your fight with Maurice yet." He took Gun's arm. "Follow me," he commanded.

Leading them out of the room into a small, narrow passage, from a cupboard in the wall, the Prince fitted Gun up in a new coat and a scarf to wind about his neck. "There is no time to lose," the Prince muttered. Turning to the right, followed by Gun and Bauer, he continued down what seemed an interminable flight of stairs. A door opened and they stepped into the sunshine. Gun saw that they had emerged from the Castle by the north side. Descending a narrow, rocky path they came down on to the road where two horses stood tethered to a post.

"Keep to the narrow lanes," the Prince said to Bauer, "on the outskirts of the town."

They mounted the horses and Gun leaned from the saddle to clasp the Prince's outstretched hand. The Prince would have spoken, but Gun, seeing the expression in his eyes, interrupted him. "Shake hands forever," he said, with his affectionate smile. As they rode off Gun turned to look back to where the Prince still stood, shading his eyes against the sunset.

He was leaving, alone, as he had arrived, by the stage door, with the sunset spread like a rosy drop-scene behind the forest, and the first lights in the old town piercing the twilight glow. Bauer rode behind him. Gun beckoned him to his side, where he belonged. It was over, the strange adventure at Rittenhausen.

"Take care!" Bauer's words of warning sounded close beside him.

Gun pulled up his horse in the narrow street. Out of the shadows a man had sprung forward. Gun recognised the crafty eyes of Hans. He had a knife in his hand. Bauer's warning was just in time. As the man leapt Gun's boot shot out, catching the fellow in the stomach. The knife fell from his hand with a clatter on the cobbles.

"Poor devil!" Gun murmured, as the man doubled up and rolled into the gutter, where he belonged. "A timely warning, Bauer; he nearly got me. That comes of dreaming."

"Dreaming's a bad habit, sir."

"Unless you've someone to dream about, someone with the wind in her hair and welcome on her lips. Someone to love, and love you, and tell you sometimes what a fool you are. What do you think, Bauer?" he said, dismounting.

But Bauer made no reply. Gun's friendly hand was in his and they had arrived at the station.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh St. Sydney.